JOHN BULL. MARCH 10, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1447.

IN BRAVEST ENGLAND SEE PAGES 24 & 25

# JOHN BULL

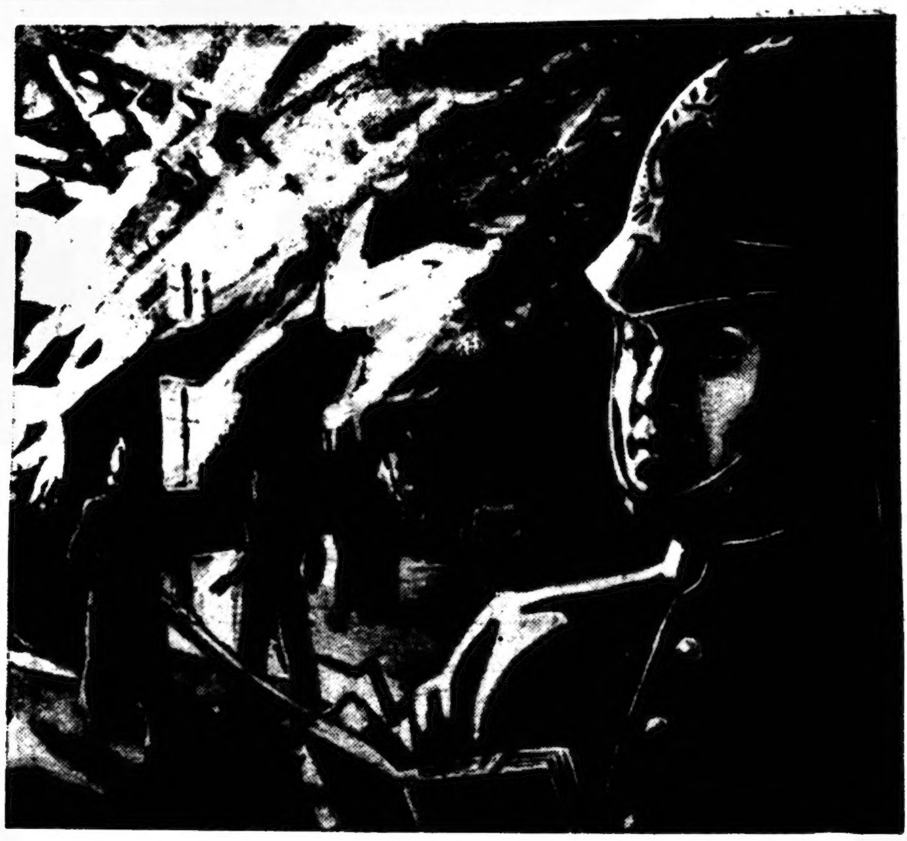
GET WELL
OUT OF WINTER ON
BOVRIL

When the weather is treacherous, when mild sunny spells are followed by cold and wet—put yourself on the safe side by taking Bovril regularly.

Bovril gives extra strength to see you through the trying month of March. It stimulates the vital nutritional processes on which health and strength depend. Bovril will get you fit quickly to enjoy the springtime.

Take care of
yourself—
TAKE BOVRIL

TESTED JB



# "I found the house burning fiercely"

AN SOS galvanised the Louth Police Station into instant action, "No. 51, Tennyson Road is on fire." Immediately, an officer rushed to the scene. The catastrophe is best described in his own graphic report:

"... I found the house burning fiercely. It was impossible to enter owing to the intense heat. I kept watch on the adjoining houses in case the fire should spread; also on furniture which was being removed from the adjoining houses for safety. *The house was completely gutted and all furniture destroyed.* As soon as it was possible, I made an examination. *I found a fireplace loose ... permitting flames to reach a shelf in the wooden cupboard behind.* In this cupboard was a gas-meter ... the lead pipe leading from it becoming intensely hot, had melted ... gas came pouring out, ignited and set the place on fire. ..."

Mr. and Mrs. Janney, the victims of the tragedy, whilst surveying the charred remains of their little home, were able to take comfort in the thought that they were registered for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance. The cheque for £137 10s., which includes the 10 per cent. Bonus, which they have since received from JOHN BULL enabled them to replace the precious belongings devoured by the flames.

**Only JOHN BULL pays Fire Benefits—only JOHN BULL covers the home against Storm, Flood, Sickness. Register *now* if you have not already done so.**

**CUT OUT AND USE THE FORMS BELOW.**

CUT HERE

## JOHN BULL

**Hand this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) ..............................................

Address ..............................................

..............................................

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ..............................................

Address ..............................................

..............................................

.............................. Date ..............................

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 10/3/34.

CUT HERE

## Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

..............................................
Reader's Signature.

Age ..............................

Address ..............................................

..............................................

..............................................

Name and Address of Newsagent. ..............................................

..............................................

.............................. Date ..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 10/3/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

**'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON**

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupons!

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 46.

THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights. 8/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balance monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

*Write to-day for free Art List.*

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

ARE YOU EXPECTING A BABY?

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES—IT DOES NOT PAY—LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR 30/

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long d

75 delightful garments (for Winter Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk, Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

EXTRACT FROM THIS WEEK'S LETTERS:—"I am more than grateful to the friend who recommended your layette. How you can sell these satisfying garments at such a low price, I don't know."

Expectant Mothers SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. [illegible] 66, DOVER [illegible] PORTSMOUTH.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES of the FAMOUS "TWILIGHT" READICUT RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND

FREE RUG BOOK containing 50 new Rug designs in full colours. Send p.c. (1d stamp).

READICUT WOOL Co. Ltd. Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

FROM 1/- PER LB.

RUPTURE ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES

Any style. No extra charge for large pads.

Best Elastic Webbings For Repairs.

Single 10/6
Double 14/6

The new "Cam[illegible]" Air Pads unpuncturable. Customers daily write "For quality and efficiency your appliances cannot be equalled." All receipts have printed Guarantee. "Money refunded if unsatisfied."

FREE TRUSSES for National Health insured persons. Send for illustrated Price List and measurement form POST FREE.

C. A. MACBETH (J.B.T), 124, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11. *Phone: Bat. 4247.*

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, [illegible] 24, COVENTRY

FROM £3-19 CASH or TERMS

GET BATH'S NEW LIST

Garages from £3-7-6 or 3/- Monthly

Incubators from 12/6

Poultry Houses from 24/-

Delivered by LORRY or RAIL.

Cash or Easy Terms Greenhouses from 50/-

T. BATH & Co. LTD 3-7 Southampton St. Strand, London, W.C.2

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedrooms, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

THE 'Elite' COMBINED INCUBATOR AND REARER

The MOTHER of MILLIONS

15 egg size 15/6

30 Egg size 18/-
45 " " 25/-
60 " " 30/-

CATALOGUE FREE.

Full instructions. Ready for immediate use. Complete with all accessories. Carriage Paid to any address in U.K. and Irish Free State. Beware of inferior imitations. Wonderful Testimonials. *Immediate despatch.*

H. M. BEST (Dept. J.B.) 67, STAINES ROAD, HOUNSLOW.

Guaranteed 10 YEARS' WEAR

80 beautifully sprung Easy Chairs (remains of hotel contract), upholstered genuine rex-hide.

Fitted velvet non-sag cushioned seat. A most luxurious chair and a great bargain. Photo and patterns sent free.

Contract price £3 15s. each.

CLEARANCE PRICE 29/6

A few settees to match, 50s. each.

*Satisfaction guaranteed*

JOHN BUCK, 152, Upper Street, Islington, N.1 *(exactly opposite Agricultural Hall). Book to Angel Tube.*

3000 OTHER BIG BARGAINS IN FREE BOOK

HANDSOME NICKELLED WATCH. Keyless movement. Fully warranted. Splendid timekeeper. 4/9

You save enormously by buying jewellery, watches, plate, etc., direct from the Empire's largest Jewellers' factory. Send postcard for Big Free Book and List of Free Prizes.

H. SAMUEL Dept. 100 MARKET ST. MANCHESTER

TORE
HEDS
Design Z.H.
from
3/9
MONTHLY

UTCLIFFE'S

ALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-
Wide. High. Cash or 12 payments.
4ft. 6½ft. £2 1 0 3/9
6ft. 6 ft £2 18 0 5/4
7ft. 6½ft. £4 6 0 7/9
for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer
Poultry Houses, Kennels,
Garages, Aviaries, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

### WOOL SALE

/6 BLACK RUG 9d. lb.

/6 Silky Rug 1/3; Coloured Turkish /- lb.; 1/6 Thrums 6½d. Cable /4½ lb.; Sports 1d., Silky 1½d., Tweeds 1½d., Rug Wool Chenilles ½d. lb. Designs on Canvas 3½d. each.

ld. *POST CARD brings FREE RUG BOOK. 100 Coloured Designs. 800 Samples.*

COTIA WOOLS, 158, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

### EW OFFER!

ite Woolly Blankets 90x70
ed Strong Sheets 90x70
hite Pillow Slips 30x20
hite Bolster Case 58x20
t Printed Bedspread 90x70
oured Turkish Towels
t. Silk Brocade and Corded
hion Cover
ty Handkerchiefs
amois Polishers

20/- CASH or C.O.D.
or single bed size 17/6.
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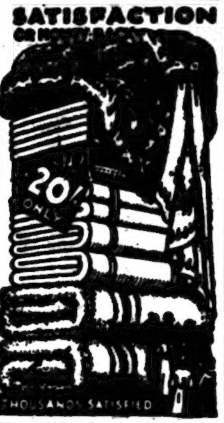
UILT FREE
, if cash with order,
Damask Tablecloth.
ON HILL Co., Dept. S.B.,
3-75, Cannon Street,
MANCHESTER, 4.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK



### AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

NO DEPOSIT SEND ONLY 2/- as 1st Week's instalment.

Balance 2/- weekly. British made. Complete with Loud-Speaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries, in Fine Walnut Cabinet. All ready to switch on. Reduced Price for Cash 70/6. Many other Superb Models from 2/6 weekly.

SEND P.C. for *BIG FREE BOOK.*
CLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3B)
, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

### IPROVED IANO ACCORDION at a lower price

OBERANO'

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to approved customers, 5/- with r and 2/6 weekly, or 10/- a month l 70/- paid (post and packing 1/- ra). Hand and Shoulder Straps plete. Fret ends.

21 Piano Keys.
8 Bass Keys.
14 folds Nickel Protected Bellows.
EBONISED CASE, full Stradella Basses. [illegible] Tuning.

MODERNS (Dept. C.),
3, Little Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
(Close Holborn Empire.)

### RASTIC REDUCTIONS

GUARANTEED CYCLES 59/6

or 1/6 per week. Carriage Paid.

GENUINE £5-19-6 QUALITY

16 distinct models of Lightweights and Roadsters, etc. Buy from Actual Makers and save at least 20/-. Big Catalogue FREE Cut price Accessories. Cheapest in Britain. TRADE SUPPLIED.

SPECIAL GIFT. A spanner which fits all cycle nuts FREE if 1d. stamp sent for postage.

MOORHOUSES
Dept 59, PADIHAM, LANCS.

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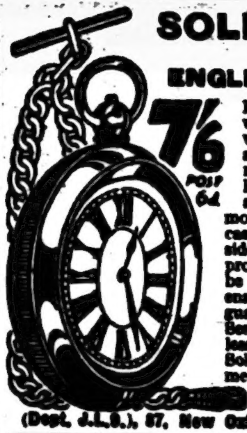


### SOLID SILVER PLATED ENGLISH LEVER PATTERN

7/6 POST 6d.

Massive timepiece made with the care of hand-made watch-making of a century ago, assuring everlasting reliability. Finely adjusted lever movement gives accuracy to a minute a month. Unscratchable E.T. case, incorporating extra inside dustproof dome. Shock-proof. Non-Magnetic. Cannot be overwound. Clear white enamelled dial. 15 years' guarantee. Free Repair Service. 7/6, post 6d. Keyless Model same price. FREE Solid Silver effect Curb Chain, medallion for initial and key.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS
(Dept. J.L.S.), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

### RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

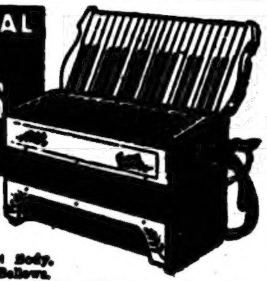
20/- COMPLETE BALE Carr. Paid

*Special to "John Bull" readers.* Most Marvellous Value ever offered. Read *the Guaranteed Contents:*— 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 54 x 75. 2 Yorks White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 52 x 70. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 80. 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins.

*Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding etc., post free.*

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

### ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

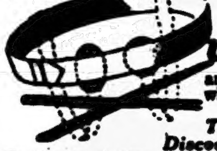


10-GN. MODEL FOR £4. 12. 6

Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 92/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J A DAVIS & CO. Dept. J.B. 78
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E. 5

### RUPTURE



*Scrap understraps* and ball or oval fronted pads, which press into and widen the break.

*The Greatest Rupture Discovery of Modern Times.*

The Blunden Rupture Appliance entirely does away with understraps. It is a cleverly designed elastic belt fitted with the famous Blunden scientifically shaped pads. The Rupture, no matter how severe, is held gently and firmly—giving comfort and security, particularly to the lowest and weakest part.

*Test it before you pay!*

If insured obtain through your Society. Try this marvellous invention on 7 days' FREE TRIAL. Perfect Fitting guaranteed. Write or call.

BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE Co., Ltd. (Dept. 222P.), 8, Oxford St., London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.

*A Blunden shaped Pad.*

### THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO CLUB ORGANISERS! EARN POUNDS WITH JOHN NOBLE'S SENSATIONAL NEW CATALOGUE!

John Noble's
IDEAL CLUB
BUY AND PAY THE IDEAL WAY

The new John Noble Catalogue has set everyone talking. Never has there been a more amazing catalogue. Beautifully produced and packed with the most stupendous bargains ever offered. Everyone who sees it wants to become a member and buy at a real saving. Club organisers earn handsome sums through the generous commissions. And every John Noble bargain gives satisfaction—is just as shown in the catalogue, no mis-statements or exaggeration to mislead you. Send for this wonder-book to-day and form your club right away.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
Dept. J.B. 24 (*Established over 60 years*),
BROOK STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

Packed with BARGAINS in Fashions, Footwear, Underwear, Outfitting, Furniture, Bedding, etc.

OVER 400 PAGES illustrated in colour and photographs.

**COUPON** Please send me full details of your Ideal Club Scheme and a copy of the sensational new Bargain Catalogue.

Name ........................................

Address ........................................

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Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.

FREE

### FREE

NOTHING TO BUY

SENT BY RETURN

To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply send name and address with 4d. stamps for post and packing to

Wm. PENN (Gift Dept. J.B.4)
623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

### GRAVES 'Quality' BALE Beats the World For Fine Value

Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders, whipped ends. 68 x 88in; 7½lb pair; Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt, 73x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. 42/- 3/6 Now, 3/6 Monthly. Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

### Thorn's great OPPORTUNITY SALE

Free! Sale BOOK Write No. 46 Today!

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

2/3 DOWN

only 2/6 DOWN

A NOVICE CAN ERECT

DON'T HESITATE to secure one of these Useful Garden Sheds. They are Ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, Potting Sheds, etc. So easy to erect, too! You can screw the sections together in half an hour. Rain-proof and Draught-proof, planed Moulded Weatherboards, roofing felt, glass—all complete—delivered Free or sent carriage paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF TYPE.

| Long. | Wide. | High. | Sale Price. | Deposit. | Monthly |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | £1. 14. 0 | or 2/6 | 3/- |
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | 2. 1. 0 | or 2/6 | 3/6 |
| 8ft. | 5ft. | 6½ft. | 2. 18. 0 | or 4/6 | 5/6 |
| 10ft. | 7ft. | 6½ft. | 4. 4. 0 | or 6/6 | 7/7 |

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Box 46), Brampton Rd. Bexley Heath, Kent.

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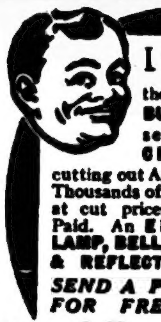


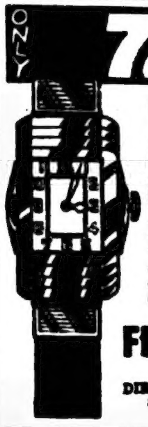
I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles and sell POUNDS CHEAPER by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1934 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.

*SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.*

FROM 3/- CASH or TERMS

Edwd O'Brien Ltd. of COVENTRY

### ONLY 7/6 POST FREE AND FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!



**WE** offer this genuine smash-proof watch with Dust-proof Chrome Case and Unbreakable Glass. We

**LEAD** the watch industry by supplying you direct with a Swiss Lever watch.

**OTHERS** cannot sell at twice this price, so

**FOLLOW** the advice of thousands of satisfied customers by dealing direct with a firm whose unlimited capital enables them to purchase huge factory surplus stocks and pass on the benefit to you.

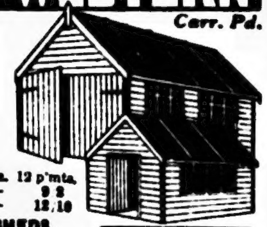
3 YEARS' Written WARRANTY and

**FREE** Untarnishable Chrome bracelet or leather strap (as preferred) accompanies every order. Send P.O. 7/6 now to—

DIRECT MAIL CO. (London), (Dept. J.B.T.1),
87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

### SOUTH WESTERN

*Carr. Pd.*



Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Sheds from 20/- or 2/3 down made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.

SUPER GARAGES.

| | Cash. | Down. | 12 p'mts. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 10' x 7' | 100/- | 5/- | 9 2 |
| 14' x 8' | 140/- | 7/- | 12/10 |

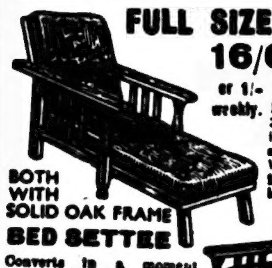
SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

| | Cash. | Down. | 12 p'mts |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6' x 4' | 35/- | 3/6 | 3/1 |
| 8' x 5' | 55/- | 4/- | 4/11 |
| 10' x 7' | 75/- | 4/9 | 7/- |

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd. Dept. J, Hugon Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Fulham 1121 (6 lines).

### FULL SIZE BED CHAIR



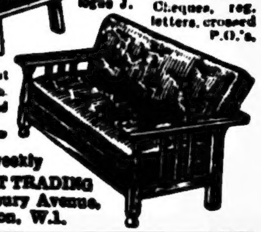
16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS
or 1/- weekly.

TURNED LEGS

Polished rich nut brown. 3 soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

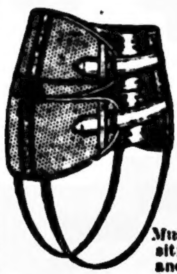
BED SETTEE



Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 4½in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6. 35/- or 2/- weekly

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

### Important to WOMEN

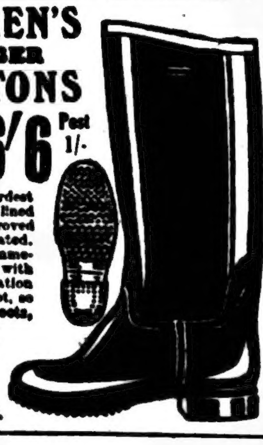


Woman's first duty is to safeguard her health. Many women through neglect develop serious abdominal troubles and most difficult cases have been speedily relieved by taking my advice. Write me fully and I will send my Booklet "Health for Women" and personal advice free of charge. The Booklet explains how my anatomically-designed Belts quickly correct Physical displacements, Rupture, Sagging Muscles, Internal weaknesses, Obesity before and after Pregnancy, and all abdominal troubles. The Belts are of lasting quality and quite inexpensive. Write to-day to—

Mr. Geo. H. WALES, Health Specialist, Dept. 8, 91, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2 (Est. 1912).

### SALE OF MEN'S SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS

6/6 Post 1/-



Warranted as widely sold at double the price. Double thick Uppers, heavy Soles and Block Heels, with triple Reinforced Ankles for longest and hardest wear. Smoothly and snugly lined warm fleecy material. Improved Non-slip Tread as illustrated. Sizes 5-10. Cash back immediately if not delighted with value. Our 22 years' reputation is behind this wonderful boot, so SEND NOW! Also Hip Boots, all sizes 6-10, 12/9, post 1/3. Satisfaction or Money Back. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

ROSE BROS.
(Dept. J.B.)
60, Church St., CROYDON.

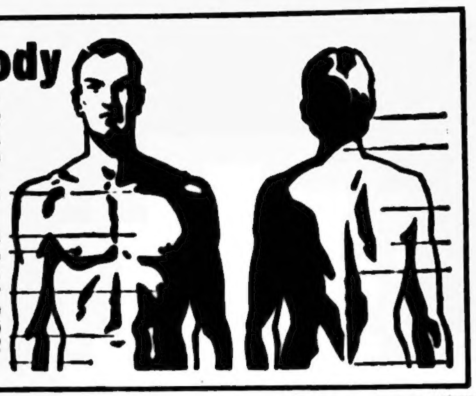
# THIS GREAT £1·1·0 UNIVERSAL HOME DOCTOR FREE

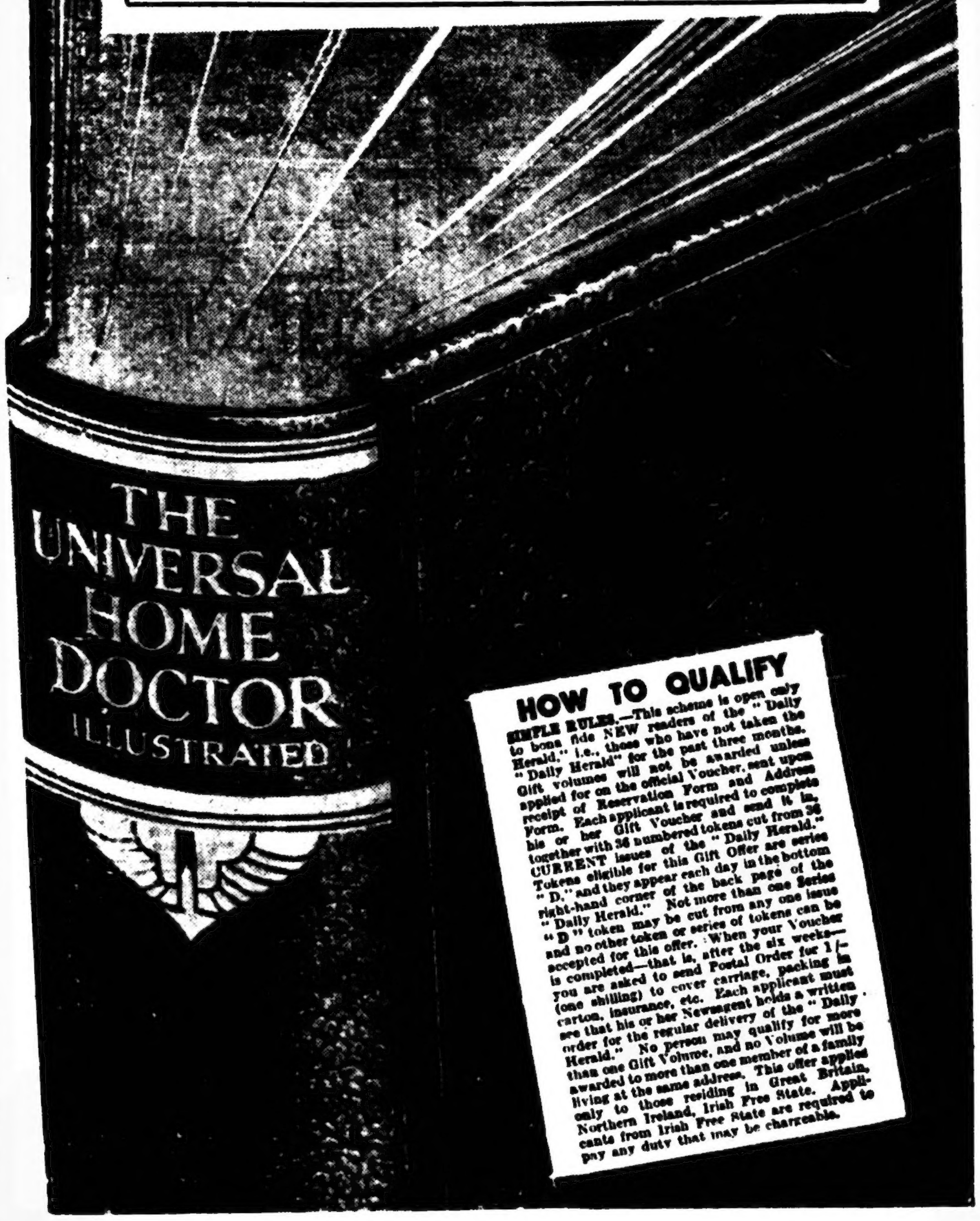
*to readers of "John Bull"*

## Know your body

THE "Universal Home Doctor" contains many hundreds of photographs, detailed anatomical diagrams and drawings of the human body, all specially prepared under the supervision of leading medical authorities.

To know your body is essential to health—to life itself. In the pages of this wonderful work you are shown at a glance how your body is made, how it works, where warning pains occur, and how to render first-aid in times of emergency.





### HOW TO QUALIFY

**SIMPLE RULES.**—This scheme is open only to bona fide NEW readers of the "Daily Herald," i.e., those who have not taken the "Daily Herald" for the past three months. Gift volumes will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Voucher, sent upon receipt of Reservation Form and Address Form. Each applicant is required to complete his or her Gift Voucher and send it in, together with 36 numbered tokens cut from 36 CURRENT issues of the "Daily Herald." Tokens eligible for this Gift Offer are series "D," and they appear each day in the bottom right-hand corner of the back page of the "Daily Herald." Not more than one Series "D" token may be cut from any one issue and no other token or series of tokens can be accepted for this offer. When your Voucher is completed—that is, after the six weeks—you are asked to send Postal Order for 1/- (one shilling) to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. Each applicant must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular delivery of the "Daily Herald." No person may qualify for more than one Gift Volume, and no Volume will be awarded to more than one member of a family living at the same address. This offer applies only to those residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State are required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

## A ONE and ONLY Opportunity

TO-DAY the "Daily Herald" extends to every reader of "John Bull" an exceptional opportunity to secure a **FREE** copy of the "Universal HOME DOCTOR"—the **latest and greatest** Medical Reference Book in the world to-day.

Only a limited number now remain out of the large edition originally set aside for distribution. The application forms below are definitely **your only opportunity** to acquire this indispensable book—FREE. **They will not appear again**—you must apply AT ONCE.

As befits a book which is a real National Necessity, and which will be regarded in every home as a **family treasure,** the "Universal HOME DOCTOR" has been produced in most magnificent style. Instead of ordinary cloth covers, it is bound in rich Red Morocco-grained Art. Leather, blocked in **real 22-carat gold.** Its 832 large pages, containing 2,500 separate subjects, all alphabetically arranged for instant reference, are of beautiful ivory-finish paper, with a special glossy surface to reproduce perfectly the **hundreds of photographs and detailed anatomical diagrams.** The book is written in **simple, straightforward language which all can understand,** and contains no fewer than **600,000** words. Each volume is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide, has a burnished dustproof top, and weighs nearly 3 lb. Every book has a superb full-colour diagnosis—diagram of the human body—for its frontispiece. It is a book for which in the ordinary way you would gladly pay **£1 1s. 0d.,** yet you can obtain it FREE by taking advantage of the "Daily Herald's" offer.

### A COPY GUARANTEED

**The Application Forms in this announcement are the only ones which will appear in connection with this offer. But a copy of the "Universal Home Doctor" will be guaranteed to all those whose applications are received by not later than first post on Saturday, March 17.**

**CLOSING DATE FIRST POST SATURDAY, MARCH 17.**

Reference books written only a few years ago are to-day out of date—and in an emergency may fail you by being unable to supply at a critical moment those vital facts which may make all the difference. That is why everyone should have this latest work, because it is ENTIRELY NEW, packed from cover to cover with the latest, **up-to-the-minute** medical knowledge.

The "Universal HOME DOCTOR" has been actually compiled in Harley Street itself and edited personally by an eminent Harley Street physician and every one of its 2,500 subjects has been written by an acknowledged expert. **For the man and woman who have been married for years—for the newly married—for the single man and single woman—for the adolescent and the middle-aged all will find in the pages of this wonderful book full and frank advice on their own intimate problems of Health and Hygiene.**

Here is a book which is well worth a Guinea—a book which in an emergency may be **worth its weight in gold.** And it can be yours FREE. All that you are asked to do, if you are NOT already a reader, is to give the "Daily Herald" a fair trial commencing with **the next issue.** There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing to pay other than the shilling to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc., on your Gift Volume.

This offer is a practical expression of our confidence that after you have taken the "Daily Herald" for a short while, you will become a regular reader. Everyone reads a daily paper and it will commit you to no expense to take the "Daily Herald" while you are at the same time securing your Gift Volume. We could not afford to make such a Gift were we not certain that after a fair trial you will join the ranks of the more than 2,030,000 people who take the "Daily Herald" regularly every day.

**First of all read the simple directions on the left on how to qualify.** Then fill in Form "A" below. Next fill in the Label and post it together with Form "A" to the "Daily Herald." On receipt of Form "A" with Label attached, the "Daily Herald" will at once send you your Gift Voucher on which to qualify for your "Universal HOME DOCTOR" and at the same time a copy will be RESERVED specially for you. It is a condition of this offer that you hand Order Form "B" to your Newsagent.

**URGENT.** **This is an opportunity that no one can afford to miss. But it must definitely be seized immediately—for it will never come your way again. Apply NOW on the form below and be sure to hand Form "B" to your newsagent for the regular delivery of the "Daily Herald," without delay, so that you can start to qualify for your "Home Doctor" IMMEDIATELY. There is bound to be a phenomenal demand—so make sure you get your copy early.**

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

**Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU.**

**NAME** ..............................

**Full Postal Address**..............................

..............................

..............................

### A POST AT ONCE

### Free Universal Home Doctor

**RESERVATION FORM**

**This Reservation Form must be posted at once, as in no case will an application from this paper be accepted after first post on Saturday, March 17.**

**To "Universal Home Doctor," Dept. J.B.1,**
**3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Gift of the

**UNIVERSAL HOME DOCTOR ILLUSTRATED.**

Send me by return a SPECIAL VOUCHER on which to qualify. I certify that I am NOT at present a reader of the "Daily Herald" and have NOT taken it for the past three months. I have given the newsagent (whose name and address are given below for verification purposes) a written order for the regular delivery of the "Daily Herald."

N.B.—You must complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send label with this Reservation Form—give your name and full postal address. WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

**Reader's Name** ..............................
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)
**Address** ..............................

..............................

**Name of Newsagent** ..............................

**Address**..............................

**Date** .............. ..............................

**LEAVE BLANK.**
**Checked and Verified.**

**District Supervisor.**

**IMPORTANT.**—You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Do NOT enclose any cash. J.B., 10/3/34.

**IMPORTANT** — Your Newsagent must receive a written order from you for the regular delivery of the "Daily Herald."

**Hand him the Order Form below TO-DAY.**

### B ORDER FORM.

**Hand this to Your Newsagent.**

### The "DAILY HERALD"

**To Mr.**.............................. (Newsagent)

**Address** ..............................

..............................

**Please deliver or reserve the "Daily Herald" for me until further notice.**

**Signature** ..............................

**Address** ..............................

..............................

**Date**..............................

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/9 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 33, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, in your spare time, every kind, good profits. 176-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), George St., Birmingham.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free. Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

84-PAGE 1934 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only. —Myers & Co. (L.&H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

A GOLDEN Opportunity for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catlgs. of Household Fashion and Fancy Goods. — Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

DRAPERY. Silk Sets, Lds.' & Gent's Underwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Sheets, Blkts., &c. Try big 10/- parcel for value. Trade List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. J.), 22, Turner Street, Manchester.

START FISH TRADE. BEST QUALITY KITS OF FISH CHEAP. WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.—REG. HURST, FISH DOCKS, GRIMSBY.

## EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training: 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, LONDON; or 268, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., BIRMINGHAM. 84,030 successful pupils.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS.—Ages 19-21 Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required.—Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospectus.—Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

POLICE RECRUITS.—Young Men desirous of joining the Metropolitan, Town or County Police should send for FREE Police Handbook, which explains method of entrance to all Forces (ages 19-25).—Write, B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1934 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—ages 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

## AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £3 weekly. New Copyright Line, 150% profit. 2d. stamp sample, partics.—Elmswood Printing Co., 10, Aigburth Vale, Liverpool, 17.

SPEND YOUR SPARE TIME

PROFITABLY.

Couldn't you do with extra hard Cash? Here's a simple way to add to your income.

SELL FOR CASH
OR CREDIT.

on a generous Commission basis, Clothing, Boots and Shoes of all kinds for Men, Women and Children, also Household Goods, Cycles, Lino, Drapery, etc., etc., etc.

FINEST CATALOGUES
IN THE TRADE.

You need no capital. You take no risk. Samples are supplied. Carriage and postage are paid.

Persons in regular employment
should write to
J. E. YORK, LTD.,
Dept. A.,
70, FORTESS RD., LONDON, N.W.5.

THE PROGRESSIVE FIRM.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

**Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.**
**A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.**

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

***Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.***

## BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING (cheaply) Catalogues Duplicate Books, Magazines, all Commercial Stationery. Samples 2d. Meads, General Printers (60), Sandy.

BUYING A BUSINESS.—Invaluable advice on every point by a leading Transfer Agent is given in this week's "EXCHANGE & MART," on sale NOW. 2d. of newsagents or 3d. post free.—J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

## BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

3,000 BARGAINS IN FREE BOOK! Send a postcard to H. Samuel, whose advertisement you will find on p. 2.

CYCLISTS! Get your Cycle now and buy it direct from Coventry. An Electric Lamp, Bell, Carrier, etc., is offered free by Messrs. Ed. O'Brien, Ltd. See advt. top of p. 3.

QUILTS GIVEN AWAY. See advertisement of Paton Mill Co. in "Shop Window" (p. 3).

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
73 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FILL IN THE COUPON in the B.S.A. advt. on p. 31. It will bring a free Catalogue. Get your copy now.

# A ½d. NOW can ensure you a SUMMER HOLIDAY!

SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you—extra money for your holiday, for new clothes or for the many attractions arranged for your enjoyment.

"Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn, in a few minutes of your spare time each week, a good Commission and Profit-share in an easy and pleasant way. You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery, and Household Goods of every description.

**Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world—no samples to carry or selling to do; no experience or capital required. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—free and without obligation.**

*Associated Warehouses: J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. Established 1875. British to the backbone. 60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. Directors: E. C. & W. P. Williams.*

**WORLDWIDE
WHOLESALE
WAREHOUSES,
Charles Street,
MANCHESTER, 1**

To:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES,
Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name, M ..................................................
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address ..................................................

J.B.37. ..................................................
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WOOLS 1d. oz., Fing. 1½d., Marls 1½d., Blk. 6-ply Rug 9d., 1/-, 1/3 lb., cols. 1/6½. Samples free. Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd., Dept.71,N/c-Tyne.

DIRECT CHINA.—18-piece teasets, 2/7. Crates of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Jugs, Bowls, 12/6 to £10. Dinner and teasets free. Big bargain Catalogue free.—Direct Pottery, Burslem.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, for Irish Night, Dance Organisers, send for free bargain list. "Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 238, Mile End Road, LONDON.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

CYCLE BARGAINS direct from works. If you are requiring a new bike, read Moorhouses' advt. on p. 3. This firm are actual makers and can save you money. They guarantee absolute satisfaction.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

WRITE to the address in the "ROBBIALAC" advt. on p. 36 for free leaflet and colour card of Robbialac Synthetic Finishes for Cycles, etc.

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics. to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

FILL IN THE COUPON in the "New Imperial" advt. on p. 33 for Free Cat. and partics. how you can get a "UNIT MINOR" MOTOR CYCLE on easy terms.

LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER for thrifty homeworkers. Puts perfect lockstitch in boots, belts, bags, harness and all leather goods. Complete with 3 different needles and thread, only 2/3, post 4d.—Penn & Co. (J. Dept.), 142, Cottenham Rd., London, N.19.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the ROYAL ENFIELD CYCLE advt. on p. 35 for FREE CAT. The model illustrated can be obtained by easy payments.

STOP that home drudgery. Use a vacuum cleaner. Fill in the coupon in the "Vac-tric" advt. on p. 38 for free partics. of the popular model illustrated.

FREE.—A copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," which tells all about RALEIGH CYCLES. This is offered in the advt. on p. 39. When writing mention *John Bull*.

EVERY MAN CAN BE WELL DRESSED AT LOW COST. Turn to the announcement on p. 16 and send for free patterns to one of the addresses given in the advt. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

## WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, OCARINAS. Wonderful 1934 catalogue, 44-pages, free.—Terms. OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 2s. weekly. Guitars, Banjos, Drums, etc. Play as you pay. VICKERS, Dept. B., ROYAL HILL, S.E.10.

READERS' attention is drawn to the TELSEN RADIO advt. on p. 39.

## MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DIRECT from 1/- lb.. Loose or packeted. Own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co. Ltd., 33, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — "Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenburys" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample. — Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

CATARRH.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrhs. Write for Free Booklet No. 29E to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d. from all good Chemists or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G.," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridalex Consulting Rooms (Dept. H.), 121, Kingsway, W.C.2.

IF RUPTURED send for the Blunden Appliance on 7 days' free trial. The full offer is made in the advertisement on p. 3.

WRITE for free bklt to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. D3), 150, Regent Street, London, W.1. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. See p. 39.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 43.

DON'T overlook the advt. on the Back Cover. A sample of "ELASTO" for bad legs and circulatory diseases, together with free booklet, are offered to sufferers. Simply fill in the coupon.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for Spring Catalogue, also Men's Catalogue, sent Post Free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

READERS' ATTENTION is drawn to the Waverley Book offer on p. 20.

GET A JIG-SAW PUZZLE FREE! Full partics. appear in the Gibbs' Dentifrice advt. on p. 33.

READERS' attention is drawn to the amazing offer of "RAZEX" BLADES on p. 18.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5NI, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 30.

READERS who write to Dept. 8H., J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift List now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 34.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 41 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

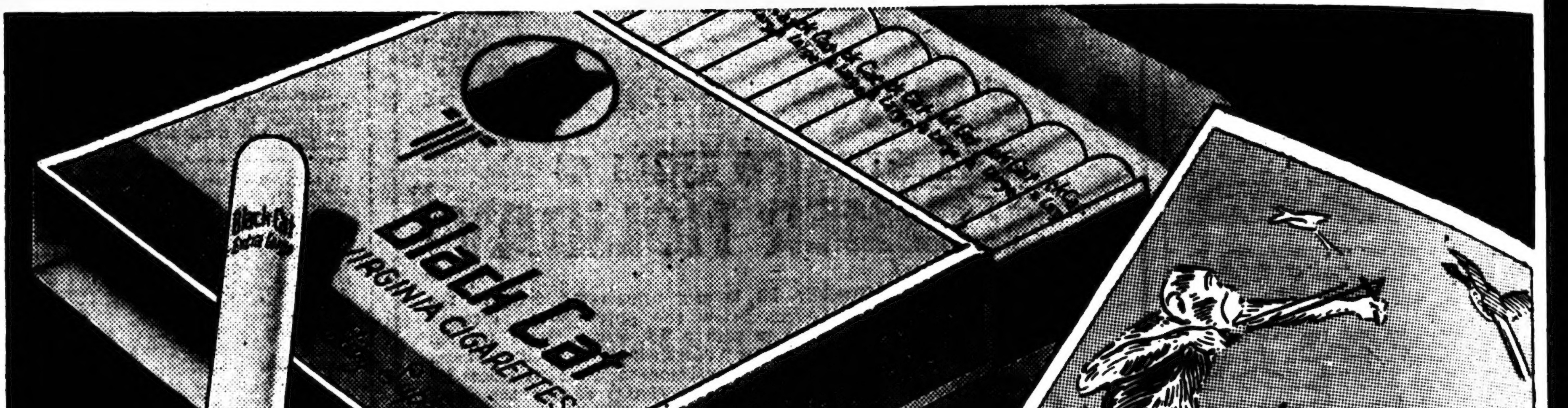
A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 41.

# The flavour-the size-the packing of the improved Black Cat

## *pleases more smokers every day!*

*Length increased—*
*More tobacco—*
*Improved quality—*

*but the same price—20 for 1/-*



***A beautiful coloured cigarette card of Lawson Wood's famous "Gran'pop" drawings (50 comprises the set) is inserted in each packet.***

**Carreras have been rewarded for their constant desire to please and benefit the smoking public for the IMPROVED Black Cat GREEN BAND have been an instantaneous success.**

**You must try them—the pure virginia tobacco associated with Black Cat for more than a quarter of a century has been IMPROVED in QUALITY.**

**The same meticulous care in making has been preserved and MORE TOBACCO has been added. The length has been INCREASED and the cigarettes are now foil-wrapped. Only one thing remains unaltered—THE PRICE, 1/- for 20 and 6d. for 10 . . . yet your smoking will become far more pleasurable through these added luxuries.**

**IN THE *NEW* AND *ATTRACTIVE* PACKINGS**

*~The Improved~*

# Black Cat

**GREEN BAND**

**20 for 1/-**
**10 for 6d.**

B.C.16

**MADE IN LONDON'S WONDER FACTORY·ARCADIA WORKS·THE HOME OF CARRERAS LTD.**

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,
For week ending Saturday, March 10, 1934. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

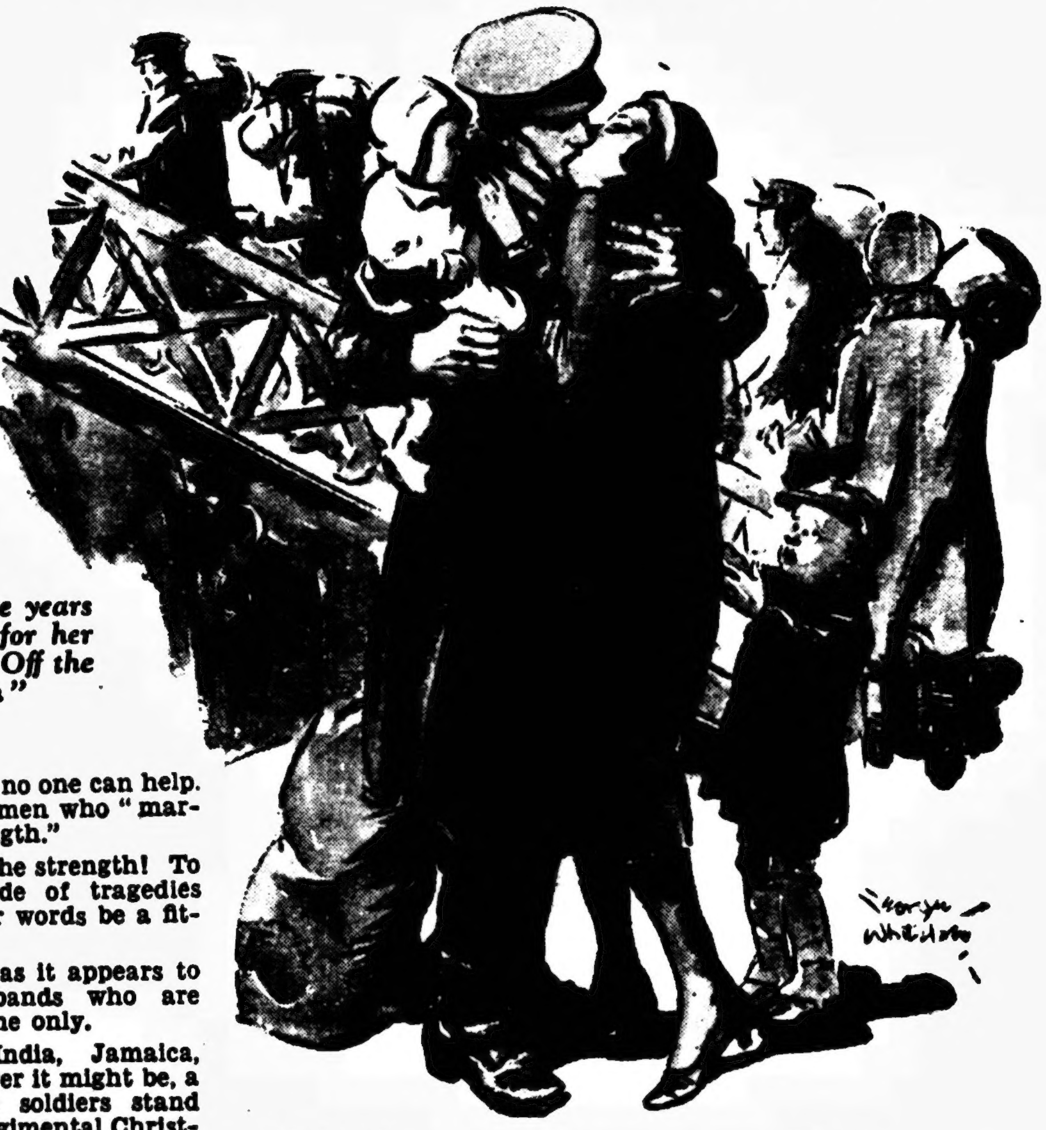
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

# Wives they Leave Behind Them . . .

## THE HARD CASE of the YOUNG SOLDIER



*Another three years of loneliness for her—for she is "Off the Strength"*

ON one of the bitterest days of this winter a troopship at Southampton last week kept tryst with a train for five all-too-brief hours.

From the ship poured men of the Northumberland Fusiliers who had been abroad for three long years. nd from the train, advancing to meet them, me wives, mothers and sweethearts—the girls ey'd left behind them.

There was a frenzied, flurried, breathless renion in a wharf shed. There was a dockside ock that ticked away hours that seemed no nger than minutes. There was a military comand that called the whole happy throng back om reunion to stern reality.

There was a mournful note from a syren. At at men gulped a little, women cried a lot, and ildren asked why—if this man were really Daddy"—he couldn't go home with them like her children's daddies.

Why? Because the boat took the men back another three years of foreign service and the ain carried the women back to exile in their n homeland.

Here. in this human drama of the ship that ought men home from one distant post of duty, ly to take them at once to another, is a story at has touched the heart of the nation not a tle. It is to our credit that it did so.

WE were moved by those dockside scenes as we were moved by those war-time partings at Waterloo Station—the point yond which no woman could go with her man. d many of us looked round for someone to ame.

Why were the men not landed for at least matter of days, not hours? That is one question at was widely asked, quite naturally.

The official answer is that it would have riously interfered with the trooping season, using greater inconvenience and hardship than could have saved.

It is such a good reason that it seems a pity at a bad reason also weighed with the authoities, according to Mr. Duff Cooper, Financial ecretary to the War Office, who told the House Commons that "it would have involved very eat expense to have held up the steamer."

But more insistent and widespread still has en the question of why the young married ldier should be separated from his wife for such terribly long time as six years.

As the Army sees it, not a wife was left hind. On the Army transport *Dorsetshire*, that ought the Fusiliers home for a fleeting moment, ere all the wives of the regiment who are recogsed by the Army authorities—seventy-five of em, with their hundred babies.

As to those wives left to weep on the quayde, they were the wives for whom everyone feels rry—the regimental authorities, the War Office, e Army Council itself, and all the rest of us—but whose plight no one can help. They are the women who "married off the strength."

Married off the strength! To what a multitude of tragedies would those four words be a fitting title!

Think of it as it appears to the soldier-husbands who are husbands in name only.

Away in India, Jamaica, Egypt, or wherever it might be, a group of young soldiers stand around at the regimental Christmas party to the children. They see happy wives and husbands around them, and processions of excited children filing to the Christmas tree, bought—as it so often is—by the wives of the officers.

Single men? If they were, they could be just as happy as the rest.

No, these men have wives and children of their own—way back in England. But because they are the wives and families the Army cannot recognise, these soldiers cannot draw a penny in respect of them, and they themselves are not given a penny by way of allowance.

SEE it as those wives, who are wives in name only, see it. . . . Here is a woman whose baby is due in six weeks and her husband not for another three years. There is one who, having lost the job that enabled her to keep her little home together, knows that the pittance her husband can spare her from his pay is insufficient to meet the rent.

Another wife-in-name-only reads in her man's letter words that turn her heart to lead—"Isn't it terrible, *our next station won't be England after all.*"

Of such are the brave men and women who parted the other day on the water's edge at Southampton!

It all sounds terrible—and yet that story of the wives left behind at Southampton is but the fringe of the tragedy of lonely soldiers' wives and sweethearts all over the kingdom who must wait and wait for their men.

There must be a limit to the size of a regiment. And that necessity is prescribed to a great extent, obviously, by the amount of money the nation can spare for military purposes.

Otherwise the different units of our Army might well be travelling all over the world with five times as many wives and children as they have effective soldiers. No sentiment in the military mind? No humanity in our higher command? We can't say that—or we would say it without fear or favour.

## *Without Fear or Favour*

The truth is that barracks, like the transport ships, cannot be expanded to the size of small towns at the demand of Cupid. There is a limit beyond which a regiment cannot officially allow more of its strength to marry. It cannot preclude the soldier from wedlock, but it does say that if he does marry he cannot, by so doing, add to the size and responsibilities of his regiment.

The Army says no soldier under the age of twenty-six can take a wife and have her "on the strength." From that age regiments are scrupulously fair in keeping a rota giving every man a fair chance of taking a wife and getting her the benefit of Army maintenance for herself and whatever family they may have.

Yes, it is all to the good that we should feel sorry for those heartbroken wives. But there is no easy way of solving their problem.

THEY bear witness to the courage and self-sacrifice of women who will marry for love—on or off "the strength"—whatever hardship it may entail. And to the husbands who share that hardship.

We know that a soldier has to be brave, and his wife, too. But what shall we say of these women who get no home, no allowance, no human companionship, not even official recognition as the just reward of their love—nothing but a life of loneliness and hard work to keep the wolf from the door?

If the story of the *Dorsetshire* teaches us to honour them for that, those poignant five hours on the dockside will not have passed in vain.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# What the Cabinet Ministers Ought to Say

## Parson's Astonishing Outburst

## Too Kind to Food Swindlers

LAST week we revealed some amazing facts about how postmen are tempted to accept bribes. We said their temptation was increased by the starvation wages many of them get.

Now comes Mr W. J. Bowen, the trade union leader, with a bright idea—the speech the Postmaster-General really ought to make.

He would like him to tell the House of Commons the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

### *Poverty-stricken*

The gist of it would read like this:

"The British Post Office is the best in the world. But the Government must realise that its efficiency cannot be maintained so long as thousands of its staff are living in conditions of poverty."

Like Mr. Bowen, we should very much like to hear that speech.

And we'd like other Ministers to take the hint.

### *Neville's first duty*

We should like Mr. Neville Chamberlain, for instance, to declare:

"I know that the admirals and generals and air-marshals are hoping to share my Budget surplus among themselves. I know that all sorts of other people are hoping for fat pickings.

"But I am determined that those whose need is greatest shall come first—the unemployed. I am going to restore the cuts in their benefit, and while I'm about it I will also give back what we took away from the teachers, the soldiers, the sailors, and the rest."

We can assure the Chancellor that would be the most popular utterance since the War.

### *Not so healthy*

Next the Minister of Health. If Sir Hilton Young were very candid for once, we should hear him saying:

"We have a five-year plan to end the slums. But we don't know when it's going to begin. And when it does, it won't clear up the dreadful slums in such cities as Liverpool and Glasgow.

"Next month we are going to give a little money to provide a better water supply But only a little. And because we have delayed giving it thousands of people must go short of water this summer. If it should be a dry summer the position will be serious."

And he might wind up by suggesting that his Department should no longer be called the Ministry of Health.

### *Writing on the wall*

Next, there's Sir Henry Betterton, the Minister of Labour. He should, as we have done, warn the Government that the revolt about the 2s.-a-week allowance for poor children is "the writing on the wall."

And he might point out that Glasgow and Rochdale, which have boldly decided that 3s. shall be the minimum, are showing a good deal more humanity than the Government he adorns.

### *At last!*

We think that the Minister for Mines, Mr. Ernest Brown, might take his courage in both hands by advising his colleagues to support a new Bill.

This has been introduced by Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, M.P., and would assure compensation to injured miners.

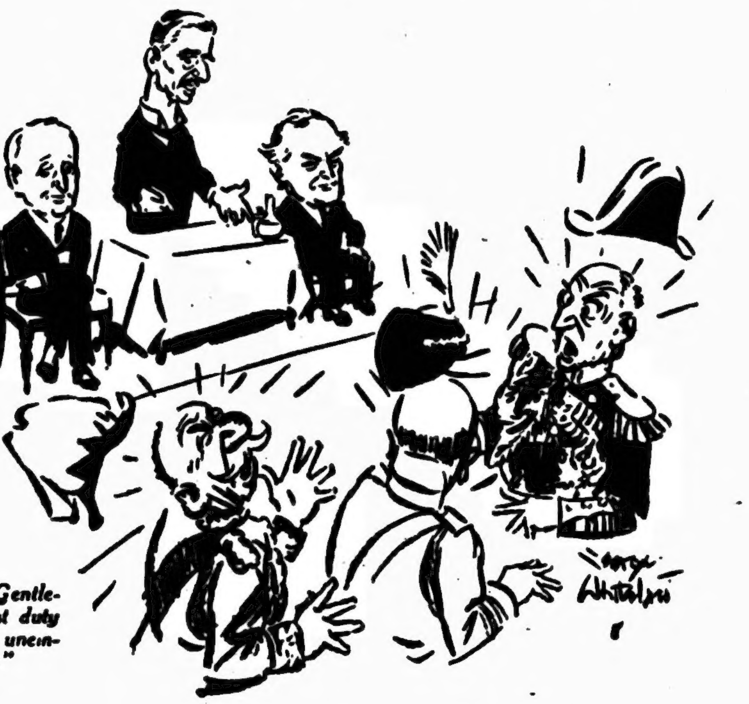
The Minister might also be honest enough to admit that JOHN BULL has been demanding this reform for more years than we care to count.

### *More war panic*

Anyway, speeches on those lines would tell the truth, which is more than we can say of the gloomy talk about another war just uttered by Mr. Duff Cooper, a junior Minister at the War Office.

"It looks to me," he says, "as though the human race has to have another lesson."

He's wrong. It isn't the human race but the statesmen with a sub-human mentality who need a lesson.



*Neville: "Gentlemen, my first duty is to the unemployed"*

### *Some hopes!*

And Holborn Borough Council wants the Government to protect London from air bombardment by building bomb-proof shelters and so on.

What rubbish! It would be impossible to build enough shelters for half a million Londoners. What about the other seven millions?

Besides, we don't need to build war shelters but to make war impossible. And our statesmen haven't done much in that direction.

### *Rejected without thanks*

Another idea we reject comes from Mr. Justice Roche.

He thinks that if burglars were "knocked about a little" burglary might be less popular. But he adds that he doesn't wish "to encourage police brutality."

Then why on earth did he make the suggestion?

The punishment of criminals is a judge's affair—not that of the police or private citizens.

### *Fast and furious*

Another thing that makes us rather furious is the business of the Lancashire mill-girl who fasted for 45 days 2¼ hours.

After that feat she collapsed, but we were not very sorry to hear it.

Our pity goes to the people who have to fast whether they want to or not.

### *Too-lucky tenants*

Equally exasperating is the fact that tenants of Middlesbrough council houses include Excise officers, teachers, bank clerks and other middle-class people.

As the town is one of the poorest in the country, we are not surprised that a councillor is asking, "Why should we give public assistance to men in such positions?"

And there won't be any answer until enough houses are built for all the poorer-paid citizens.

### *A better Means Test*

We have talked of this scandal before. We have told how, in other towns, people living in cheap council houses can afford to run motor-cars, though really poor folk have to wait for years before they can get a house.

So we think it reasonable that the 7,000 tenants on Leeds council estates will have to pay the full economic rent unless they prove that their means are insufficient.

Yes, there are cases where a Means Test is a blessing to the over-burdened ratepayers.

### *Modern youth*

We should have liked to tell Jack Gillis that he was one of the bravest youths we have heard of. But Jack is dead.

He paid the supreme price of heroism in rushing through a blazing coal mine at Seghill, Northumberland, to give the warning that fortunately saved his comrades.

His age was 19—and some people talk about decadent youth!

### *A parson's brickbat*

One of these critics of "modern softness" appears to be the Rev. F. H. Keatch, Vicar of Seaforth, who complains that magistrates are too scared of JOHN BULL to deal properly with child offenders.

And a more muddle-headed critic we can't imagine.

Talking of a girl in his parish who was a danger to herself, he said that the police could do nothing, as the magistrates would certainly treat her as a first offender.

### *Afraid of us*

This interesting parson is reported as adding: "If we got magistrates who were not afraid of JOHN BULL they might be persuaded to commit that girl."

As we don't know what offence she is supposed to have committed, we shan't say much about that.

But we thank him for the compliment, though he probably didn't intend it as such.

### *Birch or prison?*

If he read these columns more carefully, he would discover that our criticism is mainly reserved for those magistrates who send youngsters to virtual imprisonment for many years for the pettiest of offences.

The vicar is a champion of the birch. Well, we have said that in certain cases we'd rather a child be birched than shut up for years.

### *Short-sighted*

Another short-sighted critic is Alderman Cornish, of Tottenham Police Court.

Before him appeared a woman charged with theft. She pleaded that she was desperate and had to get food for her children.

Her husband was out of work, she had eight youngsters, and only 26s. a week to feed the lot.

Yet the alderman declared that she couldn't have much affection for the children. "No mother who has feeling," he continued, "would steal for fear she is caught."

### *Should a mother steal?*

We think he's wrong. We hate crime just as much as he does; we particularly hate to see a mother driven in sheer desperation to steal.

But we can't imagine a stronger temptation for a mother than to see her children going hungry. And the more affection she has for them, the stronger must be her temptation.

### *Bunk from the bench*

Still more muddle-headed are the Basingstoke magistrates. Two Air Force men were brought before them; one was sent to jail for three months for breaking a man's leg and assaulting a constable.

The other man pleaded guilty to theft but the Bench dismissed the charge. For, they said, he had been drunk and not responsible for his actions.

Yet his friend, whom they sent to prison, had also been drunk!

What do you make of that?

### *Shameful*

We are tempted to use stronger language about the employment exchanges which send men to apply for vacancies that have been filled.

An M.P. has told the Minister for Labour about a Caerphilly man who was sent on a long rail journey, having to pay his fare and his night's lodgings. Yet he found that the job had been filled long before the exchange had sent him.

That sort of thing is really shameful bungling.

But if an unemployed man refuses to go to these proffered jobs, however unlikely they may appear, he loses his benefit.

### *Heartless*

And a new and particularly heartless ramp is being worked by employment agencies in Southern England.

Married couples are persuaded to go to a town where employment is promised. The jobs are not found, and the victims are often left stranded, without even the money to pay their fares home.

### *Short-weight robbers*

We're getting tired of demanding sterner penalties for dishonest tradesmen. The latest offenders are a firm of multiple grocers in Radcliffe, Lancs, who were found to be using unjust scales that had been condemned in July, 1932!

There were many previous convictions against the firm, including one for selling adulterated butter.

Yet the Bench were only able to impose a fine of £7.

### *Very sorry!*

"You have been robbing poor people all this time, and the offence is not due to inadvertence," said the chairman. "I'm sorry the law doesn't allow us to impose a higher penalty."

And so say all of us!

### *An army falls flat*

The latest charity-monger to receive his deserts is Peter J. Bonsels, who has gone to jail for eighteen months.

He conducted a one-man mission called St. Peter's Army, which claimed to have the support of Mr. Lloyd George and other distinguished people.

We exposed it in November last.

### *With pleasure*

We have been asked to say that Mr. John Fallon, of Claverton Road, S.W., has no connection with a mail order business which we criticised in our issue of January 6, under the heading, "Just Smoke," and which is carried on from 37, Albemarle Street, W., by an advertiser under the name of Fallon, alias Goodwin.

### by Ellen Wilkinson

# YOUNG GIRLS' RUIN

*How to interest the "good-time girl" in the worth-while things of life? wonders Ellen Wilkinson*

I DO not think that I have the reputation of being either a prude or a kill-joy.

With voice and pen all my adult life I have fought against those conventions that are just the stupid restrictions of age on youth. I have pleaded for an understanding of the part that sex must play in the life of the average human being, particularly those whose emotional life is not already fully satisfied in interesting and absorbing work.

I record this simply to explain what follows. . . .

Not long ago I walked home from a party with a German friend, and our route lay along Piccadilly, Shaftesbury Avenue and Southampton Row.

We had hardly turned into Piccadilly when a girl touched my companion's sleeve. We laughed at the sheer impertinence of this . . until it was repeated twice in not more than a hundred yards. "It is incredible," said my friend. "These girls are mere children."

Just off the Avenue we saw three girls coming out of a public-house nearly drunk. They hardly looked sixteen. "This is like Berlin at its worst," said my friend.

After this experience I kept my eyes open in several provincial towns I have had to visit. The recent remarks of Mr. Justice Humphreys, at Nottingham Assizes, I found to be fully justified.

[The judge's remarks to which Miss Wilkinson refers, were: "There was a class of girl being brought up in this country in such a way that a new class of juvenile prostitutes had come into existence. Young girls under sixteen were shown, by evidence, time after time, to be entirely beyond the control of their parents and allowed to roam the streets and act as common prostitutes."]

* * *

LAST week-end I went to talk over the question with a fatherly police-sergeant whose wife is a member of my local co-operative guild.

"The only way *we* have of stopping it is to charge the girls," he said. "But what's the use of that? Most of them don't mean any harm. It's just larks with them. It's the parents that ought to be in the dock. We know all the women who are doing it for a living, but the puzzle with these kids is that they aren't. They've nearly all got jobs. It's not money most of them are after, it's a good time. Often as not they are paid with drink."

As I left him, feeling thoroughly depressed, he said, "You ladies ought to get to the root of the evil, miss. It's growing among these young lassies."

But how? I went to see one of my trade union shop stewards, a woman of sense and sympathy, with about a hundred girls on her books. I chose her so as not to confuse the issue with "forewoman-mentality."

"It is easy to exaggerate the evil," she said, "but too many of the youngsters go in for 'larking,'—or 'chasing' as they call it. But what can you do? There's no discipline at home now. Often enough these girls' wages are the only addition to the 'dole' that comes into the house. The father can't say anything, because the girl would soon toss her head and go and live on her own."

Several new things are happening in industry which are causing a real social revolution.

The woman whom poverty forced to sell herself on the streets used to be a pet theme of poets. But the blunt truth of to-day is that such a woman would have no chance at all against the well-dressed youngsters frankly out to have "a good time."

Owing to the introduction of faster automatic machines, girl labour between fourteen and eighteen is at a premium in light-industry towns like London, Nottingham and Leicester. These girls are quicker at the operations than adults, and can be got cheaper. Yet their wages are higher than juvenile labour has ever been paid before.

In November and December of last year, there were no girls under eighteen on the Unemployment registers in London. All the unemployed classes for them had had to be closed.

* * *

ONCE outside the factory, these girls are as free as air. They have the money to dress well, and how lovely some of them are! Every time I address a factory-gate meeting I am impressed again with the freshness of hair and eyes and complexion of the modern factory-girl.

Like my trade-union steward, I do not want to exaggerate. Many of these girls go to clubs, to night schools, are interested in politics or church work, and settle down quite early with a boy of their own whom they eventually marry. To such girls reasonable wages and shorter hours have brought advantages they use to the full.

At the other end of the social scale the "good-time" girl is the fashion. The girls who won't join the racket are shrugged out of the swim.

In Society, as recorded awesomely by the gossip-writers, readers are expected to believe that all débutantes are kept in nunlike seclusion until they make their curtsey to the Throne. Of the most exclusive families this is true, but an increasing number of seventeens and eighteens make attendance at "finishing-classes" in town an excuse for behaviour which would be regarded as beyond the pale in a married woman of thirty.

Any London cocktail bar at eleven at night has its complement of these youngsters who have painted their roses and lilies till they look like harridans.

"Which is the mother and which the daughter of those two?" asked a journalist friend as we sat in a famous London café. It was hard to tell, for the twenty-year-old had painted to look like forty, and madame was obviously spending more money than she could afford to "beauty-parlour" her face back to the twenties.

The "good-time" daughter, be she factory girl or débutante, is nearly always the product of the "good-time" mother. The freedom of women has stretched youth and keenness into the forties. Where, even twenty years ago, the mother of forty was looking after her daughters like an anxious hen, all do's and don'ts, to-day she is living a free, full life of her own, full of work or pleasure.

* * *

WHERE the mother is keen on causes outside of, and bigger than, herself, this freedom produces often enough a healthier relationship based on mutual understanding than has ever existed before between mother and daughter.

But the "good-time" mother is a problem in herself. Either she has things to hide from her daughter, or she takes her into her confidence. In either case control goes. The daughter is free to do as she pleases.

Among better-off girls I find that it is now the fashion to make conditions for continuing to stay at home. The daughter must have her own friends without introducing them to her people, in her own rooms, when she likes. Otherwise the parents who are anxious to do their duty by their girls are faced with revolt—a flat in a mews, and the possible scandals of drugs and drink of which only a few of the many find their way into the papers.

I was taken to a studio party to see a picture of promise that had just been completed by a young artist. Not five people in that crowded room were over thirty, and nearly every one of them was not only drunk, but nastily drunk. A list of the names of the young women present would have caused a sensation in the morning papers.

I went away disgusted and oppressed with the awful waste of it all, the flinging away of youth, beauty, and sometimes real talent in orgies of sex and drink.

* * *

THE saddest thing of all is that this is happening to young women at a time when young men are drinking less than ever they did. In all the movements for making the world better—in politics, in the trade unions, in the anti-war movements, I meet these magnificent young men in their twenties, ready for any work, ready for jail even in defence of what they believe.

But where are the young women? Where are the girls in their teens and twenties worthy to rank with those who made the suffrage movement the glowing crusade it was? Then, they came from the factory, the salon and the drawing-room. Where are their successors? I am in so many of these movements . . . young men are there by the score, young women only in ones and twos.

I have no easy answer to the problem, no ready-made solution. But the facts are there. The danger cannot be denied.

Laughing, pretty, well dressed, the young girl of to-day, with her freedom, her own income, her own way, is an enigma.

The need is not for censoriousness, for restriction; but for an understanding deeper than any that has been attempted yet. The independent young girl is a social as well as a human problem, the product of forces that are turning our old world upside down.

But when her interest, her passionate faith in something or someone is roused, she can show that she is still of the stuff the pioneers were made of.

The problem is how to rouse that interest in things that are more worth while than the demand for "a good time."

# The MAYOR who turned

*He heard whispers, rumours. Suspicious, he decided to investigate. So it was that, one dark night, Councillor C. W. Key made some remarkable discoveries*

*REVELATIONS of the astonishing extent in which various forms of graft and corruption are contaminating the municipal life of provincial towns all over the country have been made in previous articles in this fearless series of exposures.*

*This week our Special Investigator shows how maladministration is rife in London itself.*

### by Our Special Investigator

LAST winter, in the early hours of a cold foggy morning, Councillor C. W. Key, the then Mayor of Poplar, fulfilled a remarkable engagement in the greatest secrecy.

It was one which he must have carried out with a deep sense of misgiving as to what the outcome would be.

He went, with certain officials, to a Thameside store and stood watching a cargo of coal being unloaded from a barge.

In the ordinary way there would be nothing unusual in this. But this particular coal was for the Poplar Council, and there were special reasons why the Mayor was interested in its arrival.

He was there in the unofficial rôle of a "private detective," seeking information about the affairs of the borough of which he was the civic head.

Ugly rumours that something was radically wrong in the administration of a certain department had long been whispered round, and only the previous day some alarming information had been brought to the Mayor's attention.

He had been told that huge consignments of coal, purchased by the Poplar Borough Council for its new electricity station were not of the high and specific quality stipulated in the contracts, and for which the ratepayers had to pay.

The allegations so alarmed the Mayor that he decided to act at once. He realised that if the information were true, the question of quality was not the only one that might arise.

There was the financial side as well, and the problem of discovering how the alleged irregularities had come about.

So he made up his mind to go to the unloading station and make a personal investigation. With the aid of an expert, he inspected some of the cargo as it was being carried into the Council store.

He came immediately to the conclusion that the information he had received was correct.

This discovery, made by the Mayor himself in such dramatic circumstances, has since provided the key to one of the most extraordinary municipal scandals I have come across in my prolonged tour of investigation. Let me go back a little in order that the full story can be simply told.

In Poplar there is an organisation called the Poplar Municipal Alliance. It was set up some years ago to watch the interests of the ratepayers in all municipal matters affecting their pockets. That Poplar is still one of the highest-rated boroughs in Britain amply justifies the existence of such a body. For years the Poplar Municipal Alliance has been dissatisfied with several matters concerning the local government of the borough, and one of its chief criticisms has concerned the electricity undertaking.

For a long time—certainly since 1920—it has been far from satisfied that the Council was purchasing its coal to the best advantage.

After numerous questions had been asked in the Council Chamber, and various demands for specific information unsuccessfully put forward, a special audit was asked for and obtained.

This took place in the Spring of 1932, and revealed some startling facts.

Perhaps the most amazing discovery was that the Council did not follow the example of most municipal bodies, and advertise its tenders in the usual way so that its requirements would be thrown open to the trade at large. It favoured instead a small number of firms who were given the contracts every time.

## "Past experience"

The main responsibility for this, apparently, rested upon the shoulders of the late Mr. J. Horace Bowden, who then occupied the position of Borough Electrical Engineer. Although the Electricity Committee of the Council is, of course, charged with the final responsibility concerning all matters relating to the electricity station and its supplies, I find that it was left to the Borough Electrical Engineer to deal with the questions of contracts in the following manner.

At the beginning of each financial year he would prepare a specification showing the quantities and classes of coal that would be required for the electricity station for the coming year.

When this had been passed by the Committee, the Borough Electrical Engineer would put forward a list of coal merchants who dealt in the special class of coal required, and who, "from past experience," could be relied upon to satisfy the conditions of delivery.

## Vital statements

Apparently this "past experience," and advice of the Borough Electrical Engineer, was all the members of the Committee needed to satisfy them that the tenders need go no further afield!

When the auditor, at the special audit to which I have referred, questioned the Borough Electrical Engineer on these points, and asked him why the usual plan of inviting tenders by advertisement was not pursued, he made two statements which are of vital importance to-day in view of some of the astounding revelations that have since come to light.

He said that it had taken years to ascertain the most suitable class of coal for pulverising plant. Cheaper grades produced grit and ash, but one particular product favoured by him possessed all the necessary attributes to the greatest degree.

And if the contractors he knew from past experience were able to supply it and deliver it satisfactorily, why bother to advertise?

It is not surprising that such an unsatisfactory arrangement was commented upon by the auditor, who adhered to the general principle that *all* tenders should be advertised.

But his report did not go far enough for the Poplar Municipal Alliance—in

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*The Human Machine*

## Magnetic Minds

*SHERLOCK HOLMES once sapiently remarked that it was a capital mistake to theorise in advance of your data. If you do, it's so very easy to pick and choose facts that will fit into your theory instead of building up a theory to explain the facts you pick up.*

*Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, was so honest, and so frightened of theorising in advance of his data that, if he came across a fact that seemed to destroy a theory he was building up, he wrote it down with extra special care lest he should be tempted to forget about it.*

*He knew very well how easy it is to "overlook" things we should find it inconvenient to notice!*

*Anyone who prides himself on having an unbiased mind, on possessing the power of calm and dispassionate judgment, on being able to look at all sides of a question before giving a decision, should sit down and think about Sherlock Holmes and Charles Darwin—and then think again.*

*For we nearly all have minds that have become, as it were, magnetised by some idea or some theory: and, without in the least meaning to be anything but impartial and fair and just, we tend to attract to our minds what suits us and divert what displeases us.*

*It is as well to remember that while magnets have their uses, those uses are limited!*

*Not that there's anything wrong in this. It's just the way we're made. It's just the way an ordinary mind works. It's nobody's fault.*

*But whenever we do have to make a decision or give an opinion, let's remember that this is how ordinary minds usually work—and make sure that we are in possession of all the data necessary for our judgment, and not only those bits that we want to have.*

# GRAFT: John Bull's Nation-Wide Exposure

# DETECTIVE

## —and unearthed a grave POPLAR scandal

other words, the ratepayers' association—and for months question after question was raised at Council meetings, pressing for further particulars.

Eventually more disquieting facts were dragged out.

In three years—1930, 1931, and 1932—134,032 tons of this specialised coal were ordered for the electricity station. Its cost averaged something like 25s. a ton, and the total amount paid for it was £167,330.

*That is, of course, without advertising the Poplar Council tenders.*

Will it be believed that, when the matter was probed further, it was found that the same class of coal could be purchased elsewhere at a much lower rate?

The figures I have quoted, coupled with the fact that the Mayor was later advised that the Council had been paying most extravagantly for supplies, prompted him to pay his surprise visit to the unloading station to investigate the scandal at first hand.

A series of dramatic occurrences rapidly followed his discovery. With certain officials of the Council he visited various firms of contractors and questioned them.

One firm admitted that, although it had been charging for the special coal, it had been supplying an inferior product on the instructions of the Borough Electrical Engineer.

### He searched

A further investigation revealed that the Council had been charged for the inferior coal at the top price!

The whole business, from beginning to end, was now assuming such ugly proportions that the Mayor decided on a very bold step indeed.

He went to the office of the Borough Electrical Engineer, and, with the aid of secretaries, went through desks, files, and ledgers.

He spent hours in reading the department's correspondence.

He scrutinised accounts, contracts, orders, invoices, delivery notes—in fact, he made a painstaking survey of everything that looked as if it might help him in his self-imposed task of investigation.

In the end, very bewildered and worried, he left the office with various parcels and files and, handing them over to the Town Clerk for safe custody, ordered a special committee of investigation to be set up with a view to getting at the truth.

So grave were some of the findings of this committee that it was decided, when its report was submitted, to ask counsel's opinion on the issues involved, and the Council was legally advised to ask the Minister of Health to order a special audit.

Less than three years before this the Ministry had been similarly approached in connection with maladministration in another department, where a prominent official had been robbing the Council on an elaborate scale over a long period. He was dismissed for abusing his public trust, and many people then entertained grave doubts about the efficiency of the department's administration.

There has been a lot of trouble, too, in Poplar over the unjustified expenditure for motor-car hire. In 1932 the same auditor who conducted the recent "extraordinary audit" commented very strongly on abuses of this kind.

Some transactions concerning one officer of the Electricity Department related to a 35-h.p. eight-cylinder car owned privately by him. For using this during official duties the Electricity Committee authorised him a weekly allowance of £4 and, in addition, the Council paid the licence duty of £35 a year

Cleaning and adjustment of the car was done at the electrical works by servants of the Council, while an employee who acted as chauffeur was paid for this work by the Council.

I am not surprised to find that the auditor's recommendations for a stringent alteration in these unjustifiable practices were promptly carried out!

Now, history has repeated itself, only this time the issue has proved to be much graver.

Investigations carried out by Mr. Clement Gibson, one of the Ministry of Health's District Auditors, led to the late Borough Electrical Engineer being suspended, and the District Auditor's investigations have since continued.

Meanwhile, councillors have constantly tried to obtain information as to the contents of the report of the special committee.

One matter which has caused much concern, and about which information has been unavailingly sought, concerns a member of the Council who obtained a post with a certain firm through the influence of an employé of the Electricity Committee. It may be a coincidence, but the firm soon afterwards began to receive orders from the Committee.

But all demands for the full facts have been put off with the reply that it would be better, in the interests of all concerned, to wait for the District Auditor's report.

### Voluminous report

Well, the report has been completed for some time, though it has not been published. It is known to deal with the expenditure of huge sums of money, and to be extremely voluminous, and much may happen before its contents are disclosed.

Whatever happens — whether any official action be ultimately taken or not—there is one great lesson in this story of Poplar.

The late Borough Electrical Engineer was only a servant of the Council. The Electricity Committee is the body with whom the real responsibility lies.

These irregularities would have been impossible if sound and efficient administration had been maintained. The duty of the Electricity Committee as laid down in Standing Orders of the Council, is: "The supervision, control, and management of the Electricity Works of the Borough. . . ."

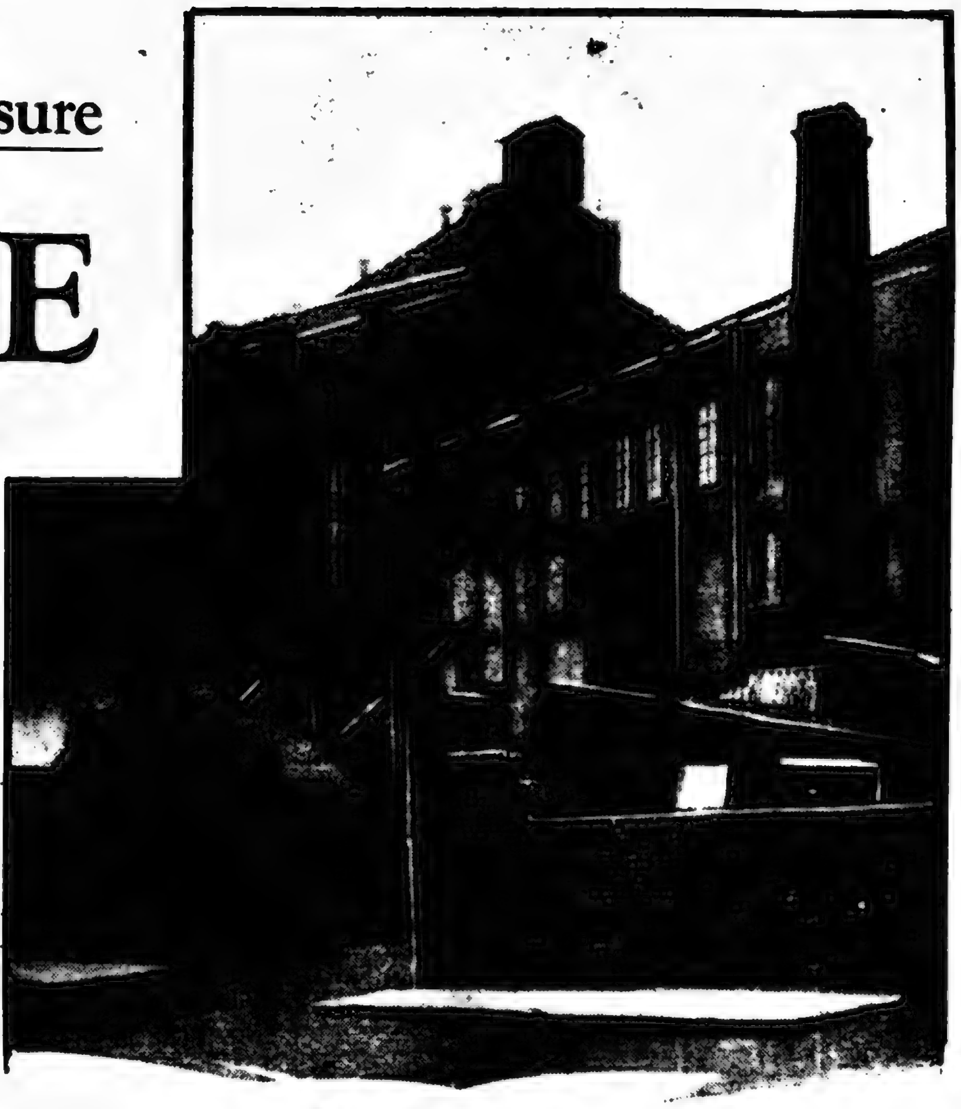
Supervision — control — management! Could anything be more specific?

That the administration of the Electricity Department needs a complete overhaul—quite apart from any other action that may arise from the District Auditor's findings—will be realised when the Standing Orders are read in conjunction with the phraseology the Council itself employed when applying to the Minister of Health for the District Auditor's appointment.

For they asked for the enquiry *"in consequence of certain disturbing facts having come to the knowledge of the Council in relation to the administration of the Electricity Department, particularly in regard to coal supplies."*

### Right to know

Apart from all other considerations, the ratepayers of Poplar have the right to know how it came about that their money was being used to pay excessive prices for coal, and how coal of an inferior type to that specified in the actual tenders came to be so persistently accepted and passed by the responsible officials.



*The new Poplar electricity power station*

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*Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

# REFORMING OURSELVES

THE week before last I went to a meeting addressed by members of what is known as the Oxford Group movement. The best and most effective speaker was a lady, who told us something of her own personal experience.

She had been an active supporter of many good causes, a great idealist, and I should think a worker of considerable force and influence. Whatever else she dies of, it will not be laziness; she would be an important asset to any organisation that was trying to get things done energetically and thoroughly.

But she made one confession that amused us all very much and must have pricked a few consciences. She said that at one time she had been closely identified with propaganda for promoting world peace. Perhaps she still co-operates with the various agencies in this and other countries which are striving to accomplish this great object which we all have at heart.

* * *

But there were some of her colleagues with whom she could not get on at all; she disliked them intensely and they disliked her. There were jars and squabbles and wrangles going on all the time.

"Think of the absurdity of it," said the speaker with a smile that quickly turned to laughter in which we all shared. "Here was I passionately in earnest about peace between nations, and I could not live in peace with my nearest neighbour in one small office!"

There were hundreds of people listening to her when she said this, and a good many of them must have applied the moral. You are an advocate of international harmony and cannot behave kindly at home. You battle fiercely for justice for your class, but you are persistently unfair to your children.

You are prepared to turn out a Government or a Town Council for failing to recognise your claim to relief from economic burdens, but you are habitually selfish in letting those nearest to you bear burdens of your making.

* * *

There was shrewd sense in the jingle that appeared in an American newspaper quoted by Irving Babbitt:

So I hold it is not treason
To suggest a better reason
For the sorry lack of progress we decry.
It is this: Instead of working
On himself, each man is shirking.
And trying to reform some other guy.

We are all at it more or less We can spot the fault in our neighbour much more readily than we can perceive what is wrong with ourselves; and as a rule we are far more zealous about putting him right than putting ourselves right.

As far back as the fourteenth century old Thomas à Kempis wrote: "If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have others altogether to thy mind?"

And as an ancient proverb has it: "If every man swept before his own door, we should have a clean street."

What is wrong with the world? Nothing more than is wrong with you and me. Let us all set to work to cure that, and there will be little left to fear.

# PARK DRIVE

*for pleasure!*

GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE

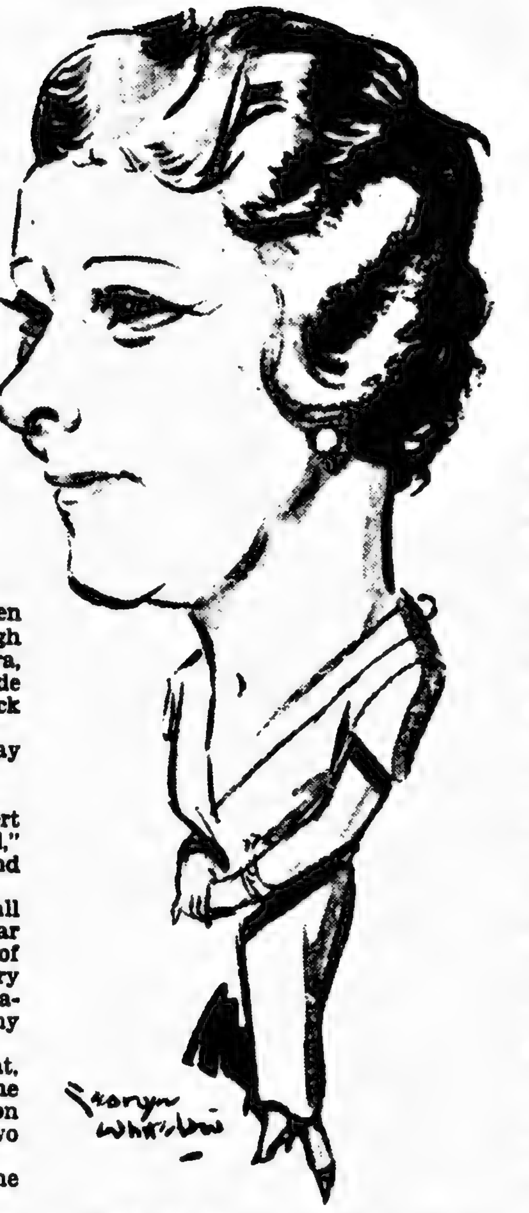
**10 FOR 4D**

**& IN CARTONS OF FIVE
PLAIN OR CORK TIP**

**6 MILLION SMOKED EVERY DAY**

# You wonderful Woman of 70!

## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MARIE TEMPEST



MY DEAR MARIE,—You came into the news the other day again when, although you were ill, you went on working. You were to have been one of the guests of honour t the Gallery First Nighters' dinner. ou merely stayed away from that, had rest, and, the next night, went on gain.

You are one of the many answers to e silly statement that "Those whom e gods love die young." You will be enty years old in a few months And t you remain, at the head of your ofession, our greatest comedienne. "How on earth does she do it?" eople say.

I happen to know because I know you. ou are not one of the fly-by-nights. ou are not one of those who gad about. ou are not one of those silly actresses ho, because they get their names in e papers two or three times, imagine emselves "stars," and go around from cktail party to cocktail party and from nce club to dance club, burning the ndle at both ends, and in the middle, t the same time, and then peter out ter a few months, to be followed by mebody else equally unimportant.

* * *

It seems hard to credit it, but you have en on the stage for nearly fifty years. I have known you as an actress for bout thirty-five years. I have seen you ores and scores of times, and I have ever known you bad.

I have often been rather annoyed, at st nights, when some woman, coming t, said, "Isn't she smart?" or "How ell she wears her clothes!" That sort thing always annoys me. Yet a good ny people cannot see behind dress. ey really imagine that a new frock eans great artistry. Some of them ed to say the same thing about Gladys Cooper, equally to my annoyance, because Gladys, like you, won her position by hard, ceaseless work.

You are an example in many ways, to the overboomed young women about whom they make so much noise nowadays.

I can remember you as long ago as "The Geisha," in which, as O Mimosa San, you sang "The Amorous Goldfish," still a melody that haunts us.

Why, you date back to the days of "Queen of My Heart," which Hayden Coffin sang for 931 nights, although strangely enough that comic opera, which was a failure at first, was made a success by the introduction of a pack of hounds.

Nowadays, one couldn't save a play with baby elephants.

* * *

Since then, you have sung in Gilbert and Sullivan and "The Bohemian Girl," and you have been Carmen, Manon and Mignon.

The present generation forgets all that, when it sees you going on year after year, showing great gifts of comedy, as smart as ever, making every point, never letting down on one occasion, long though may be the run, any one of the author's lines.

It was, of course, as Becky Sharp that, when you had turned your back on the musical stage, you made your reputation as a comedienne. That was thirty-two years ago.

And ever since then you have gone on, scarcely ever taking a rest.

You have had your failures I remember the night when you returned from Australia and, at the Duke of York's Theatre, produced "Good Gracious Annabelle!" It had been good enough for Australia.

"This is a red-letter night in the history of the theatre," said Sydney Carroll to me, before the curtain went up.

Your dressing-room was full of flowers. I know, because I went round behind.

Then the play flopped. What a miserable failure it was! Even the party, arranged to take place on the stage afterwards, was abandoned because the guests, very tactfully, went home.

You survived even that. It must have been a great blow to return to a London that had admired you so, to find that the gallery booed and the rest walked out.

But, no! You put on something else. You fought down your failure. And, so accomplished are you, that I remember, on the first night of "Hay Fever," which I thought a dull play, a young man seated next to me in the stalls turned to me when the applause went up and said, "Pardon me, sir, but is this a good play?"

* * *

New to first nights, he could not understand the applause. I could. You had saved it

Because of you, the play had a long run Without you, it was a failure in America Without you, it was again a failure when they revived it in London a few weeks ago.

No, my dear Marie, you have taught the Stage that if you want to succeed on it you have got to go into training, take it seriously, go home and rest for to-morrow

So it is that I have heard you, when you were well on in yo sixties, sing to your friends, in private, French *chansons*, with a sweetness and an artistry which I don't think could be equalled by any woman in this country

They say I am a harsh critic. Well, you have conquered even me

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**. J. H. THOMAS,**
*ominions Secretary*

DEAR JIM,—You forgot something hen you condemned public works for e relief of unemployment.

You forgot that we are subsidising gs, beet sugar, wheat, the fighting rces, and heaven knows what else.

You are insulting your own intelligence when you suggest that we can't ford to subsidise public works which, ten enough, produce revenue and hich in any case provide work.

JOHN BULL.

**lderman J. G. DENTON,**
*orthing*

DEAR ALDERMAN,—When you offered 0,000 to provide an assembly hall, you pressed the hope that there would be delay.

That was seven months ago. After ending months on plans that would t much more, the council has just en notified that you have withdrawn e offer.

I don't blame you, though I regret orthing's loss. And I'm afraid that tling delay is common to most uncils.

JOHN BULL.

**HN ROSE,**
*ebrook, Derbyshire*

BRUTE,—To make your greyhound run ster in a race you treated it with rpentine so that it "suffered acute ony, howled and whined throughout e night"—and couldn't walk!

For apparently you gave the dog too ch turpentine; while I think the nch should have given you a heavier nalty than a fine and a withdrawal of ur licence.

JOHN BULL.

**v A. E. B. WADE,**
*ntley, Yorkshire*

DEAR SIR,—Because you object to the orus girls of your operatic society rearsing in shorts and without stockings, you have banned them from the church room.

I notice that the title of their revue is "Hello, Sunshine!"

Evidently that doesn't apply to you.

JOHN BULL.

**FRANCIS JAMES SHARP,**
*Hereford*

SHARPSTER,—I shan't accuse you of petty theft, for you not only decamped with your landlord's suit and overcoat, but his wife went with you!

And your arrest didn't interfere with your audacity. For you explained that your intentions were "strictly honourable."

As the magistrates just bound you over, I suppose they appreciated your sense of humour. JOHN BULL.

**The COUNCILLORS,**
*Pontypool, Monmouthshire*

GENTLEMEN,—In your town a family has been waiting for a house since 1918; their present home has one bedroom for eight persons.

And the chairman of your housing committee says he knows of other cases quite as bad!

Why not pinch yourselves to make sure you are awake?

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. H. E. WATTS WATERS,**
*Hull Police Surgeon*

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am pleased your brave act, to which I referred a few weeks ago, is to be suitably recognised.

You are to be awarded the life-saving medal of the Order of St. John, the highest honour the Order can give.

But perhaps the greater satisfaction to you will be the gratitude of the workman trapped in debris when a grain warehouse collapsed, whose foot you amputated under conditions involving great danger to yourself.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. S. BRIGHOUSE,**
*Coroner, South-west Lancashire*

DEAR SIR,—"I wonder if the world realises that an unemployed man, his wife and two children are living on 16s. 6d. a week?"

Yes, the world realises it. And we know that many families get less.

"How they manage it I don't know," you say. Nor does anyone else—but the Government pretends to

JOHN BULL.

**Sir F. STANLEY JACKSON,**
*Pont Street, London, S.W.1*

DEAR SIR STANLEY,—Whenever you are on the speaking list it seems that, as a former captain of England, you are expected to discuss cricket, and you regard the pastime as having been talked about too much.

I agree. Let us hope the coming season will not bring with it any more "body-line" effusions from those who will talk and can't.

JOHN BULL.

**The MAGISTRATES,**
*Chichester*

GENTLEMEN,—The quality of your mercy is certainly strained.

A man was charged with falsely soliciting hospital contributions. He was wearing Army ribbons to which he was not entitled, had a record of more than a hundred convictions, and had been sentenced as a habitual criminal.

But you gave him only a month's imprisonment. Why?

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ERNEST CHARLES GLOVER,**
*Katoomba, New South Wales*

DEAR SIR,—Though at the other side of the world, you haven't forgotten your obligation to the Old Country.

In 1911, when you were in business at Matlock, you were made bankrupt. After starting again in the Dominions you have managed to pay all your debts and get the bankruptcy annulled.

I hope your future will be prosperous —as it deserves to be. JOHN BULL.

**The Rev. A. C. TRANTER,**
*Egham Council*

DEAR VICAR,—You would "far sooner see couples canoodling in doorways than in a darkened kinema," you say.

I can only rejoice that your fellow-councillors do not share your curious frame of mind, since they have allowed Egham's only kinema to open on Sundays despite your opposition.

JOHN BULL.

**The Hon. O. STANLEY,**
*Minister of Transport*

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will read carefully the list of weak bridges in Northumberland that is to be submitted to you by public authorities.

And I trust you will treat with contempt the suggestion of certain bridge owners that "weak bridges should be avoided by the use of alternative routes."

JOHN BULL.

**Miss MARY TAYLOR,**
*Chandler's Ford, Hampshire*

DEAR GIRL,—Though only eighteen, you defended yourself well when attacked by a man on a lonely road.

He knocked you down and badly cut your face, but you scrambled up and hit out with a walking-stick until he fled. I admire your pluck.

JOHN BULL.

**Miss A. SIMMONSEN,**
*Telephone Development Association*

DEAR MADAM,—Telling a Manchester audience of the manifold benefits of the telephone, you said it was even possible for a subscriber to use the instrument in a "detective" capacity.

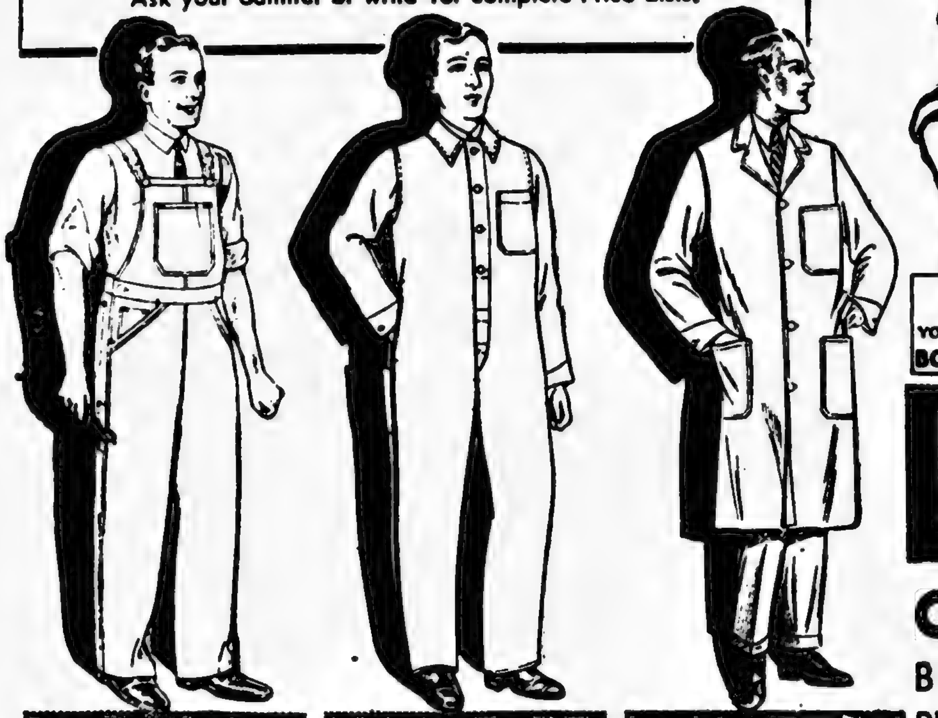
I think subscribers would be well advised to leave detective work to the people who are trained and paid for it.

JOHN BULL.

ENORMOUSLY STRONG

SUPER-OVERALLS

PRICES
BIB & BRACE OVERALLS: Grade 3, 6/6, Grade 2, 7/6, Grade 1, 9/11.
BOILER SUITS: Grade 3, 9/11, Grade 2, 12/6, Grade 1, 14/11.
LONG KHAKI COATS: 5/6, 7/6, 8/11.
LONG WHITE COATS: 7/6, 8/6, 9/11.
Ask your outfitter or write for complete Price Lists.



SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT says BOLENIUM BILL

Right down to the smallest details Bolenium Overalls are designed to give care free comfort and efficiency under the most strenuous conditions, and they are built to last. Every seam is double sewn with 16 Boot Thread. The special dust-proof and grease-proof material used is the stoutest obtainable, and strongest where the strain comes. All the buttons are detachable to simplify washing. Exclusive Non-slip Buckles are fitted to every Bolenium Bib and Brace—of solid brass, and detachable. Boleniums are "worn by the man who knows." Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

BOLENIUM

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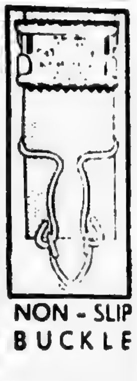
OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

BIB & BRACE OVERALLS, BOILER SUITS, BUTCHERS' CLOTHING, WAREHOUSE COATS, PROVISION COATS, JACKETS, TROUSERS, ETC.

BIB & BRACE 6/6 BOILER SUIT 9/11 KHAKI COATS 5/6

YOUR BOLENIUM CAN BE BOUGHT AT ANY GOOD OUTFITTERS

OR WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST STOCKIST TO BOLENIUM OVERALLS (DEPT. 1), UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13



Like father—like son: the preference for Player's is handed down from one generation to another. Though times may change, Player's still maintain that sterling quality which has made them the most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette of our time.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
20 Cigarettes 20
20 FOR 11½D

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
PLAIN AND CORK TIPPED
It's the Tobacco that Counts
N.C.C.200.J

# A SINISTER NEW RELIGION

### by A. G. Gardiner

THE reappearance of Dr. Niemöller in a Berlin pulpit suggests that the battle between Hitler and the Protestant Church is not over. Perhaps it would be ruer to say the battle between Goering nd the Protestant Church, for in this ruggle it is the Prussian Premier ather than Hitler who is forcing upon Germany a new brand of Christianity uitable to the Nazi creed.

I think all the evidence goes to show hat Hitler would have shirked the ght if he could; but Goering has "cut n" and made the pace and the new eligion is well under way.

It was inevitable, of course, that the ictatorship would come into collision with Christianity. It was inevitable or two reasons. Religion is a personal atter, and freedom is its essence.

## Bible discredited

A tyranny can no more tolerate freedom of conscience and of worship than t can tolerate freedom of the Press or reedom of speech or freedom of Parliament. Lenin's first action in Russia was to wipe out Christianity altogether, and Kemal in Turkey was ardly less prompt in trampling on Mohammedanism. He abolished the ez and substituted the bowler hat, so hat the faithful Muslim could no onger perform his reverences in the acred places.

Mussolini, it is true, like Napoleon, made terms with the Catholic Church; ut that was not because he liked it, ut because it was too powerful an nemy to fight. He could not bring it o heel, so he brought it into partnerhip.

But the Nazis not only fell foul of the Church because it was free. They fell oul of Christianity because its whole ospel conflicted with the Nazi creed. he keynote of that creed is that the Germans are the Chosen People.

Curiously enough, it was a Frenchman, Count Gobineau, who first gave hem the idea, and an Englishman, Houston Chamberlain (who became the usband of Wagner's daughter), who pent his life in demonstrating it. If y memory serves me aright, he claimed to prove even that Christ was a good Aryan of Teutonic lineage.

This doctrine fitted in with the second most important article of the Nazi creed—their hatred of the Jews, who also insolently claimed to be the Chosen People. The Bible became discredited by them on two grounds—the Old Testament because, in the words of Dr. Krause, it simply consisted of "stories about Jewish cattle dealers and procurers"; the New Testament because it taught that Christ had redeemed mankind "out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation."

But the Nazi quarrel with Christianity went deeper than this. In that remarkably prophetic book, "Germany and England," which the late Professor Cramb published just before the Great War, he analysed the spiritual motives of Germany which were precipitating the crash that he saw to be imminent.

His thesis was that Christianity, with its gospel of mercy, justice and good will, had never made a conquest of the Prussian mind. It was never more than a thin veneer, beneath which the ancient religion of Odin, the religion of valour, still survived, latent, but ready to leap into fierce activity when the moment came.

## Madman's doctrine

The prophet of this anti-Christian gospel was Nietzsche. He denounced Christianity as the religion of the weak and the "botched," who ought to be left helpless before the cruel, merciless assault of the big blond beast, the super-man of his frenzied imagination.

Nietzsche had died, a megalomaniac, in a lunatic asylum before the war came, but his religion of war and valour had captured the Prussian mind, and it was said that his insane outpourings were the favourite stimulus of the Prussian soldier.

The war gave a salutary check to the revival of the religion of Odin. The more sensible element of the German people—for we must not forget that Nazism represents less than half of the German nation—came to power. It is the tragedy of Europe that we did not make peace with that element. If that had been done, Hitler would never have triumphed.

*The Swastika on the steps of the church—scene at the appointment last September of the first Bishop of the United German Evangelical Churches*

But the opportunity was thrown away, and with the victory of the Nazis all the crazy notions of the Chamberlains and Nietzsches have come to life again, and as a by-product of that fact the religion of valour is at death grips with the religion of Christ.

I repeat that I think that Hitler himself would have avoided the conflict if he could have done so But the devils he has let loose are beyond his control, and Goering, as the leader of the "German Christians," is master of the situation. It was his intervention at the critical meeting of January 25 that sealed the fate of the 6,000 ministers who had risen in revolt against the attempt to make the Evangelical Church merely a Government department, to drive out all non-Aryans from the ministry, to obliterate the Old Testament and to repudiate the whole of the gospel of Christianity.

Hitler went to that meeting to preach unity and to make concessions to the revolting clergy. He was backed by a memorandum from President Hindenburg. But Goering's spy department had been at work, and his revelations carried the day.

The revolt was broken, the leaders capitulated, the Church was put under the iron rule of the Nazi Primate, the dissident pastors were suspended or dismissed, and their organisation was broken up. Dr. Niemöller and a few of the resisting pastors still hold out, but to all appearances the German Christians have won and Christianity is put in cold storage.

## "No more grovelling"

What the new religion is likely to be can be gathered from a report of a meeting at Berlin of the German People's Church which lies before me. It is true that the German People's Church is the extremist wing of the German Christians, but it only says blatantly what the German Christians say cautiously. In speech after speech the Bible was repudiated, both the Old Testament and the New.

What was needed, said Dr. Krause, was a new German Bible. It was to be composed of the utterances of great Germans who ought to be considered equal to the Bible as divine revelations. The ideas of "that scapegoat theologian, the Rabbi Paul," said one speaker, must be rejected, and the whole attitude to God changed. No more grovelling to the Almighty. Man was the child of God, a part of God, and did not face God with those feelings of inferiority proclaimed by Paul.

Religion must be made to harmonise with the Nazi philosophy, not the Nazi philosophy with religion, and Judaism must not be allowed to survive in the tiniest corner of the Church. Every insult to the Bible and to traditional Christianity was hailed with wild cheers, and the Hooked Cross (the Swastika) was defiantly exalted above the Cross of the Church.

Such is the new religion that is being imposed by the Nazi Government on Germany. It is Christian only in name. It is the religion of Odin come back after many centuries, with the unspeakable Goering as its prophet and inspiration. There is no more sinister fact in the Europe of to-day.

But it may be that it is on this rock that the Nazi tyranny will crash. For half Germany is Catholic, and Nazism in rejecting Christianity is antagonising, not only the Lutheran Church, but the Vatican. And even Mussolini dared not make war on the Pope.

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**Not from the B.B.C.—Joan Bull lays aside her tennis racket to discuss—**

# CUPID in SHORTS

TELL me not in idle jingle
Life has not its core of care
For the sportsman, fit and single,
For the sports girl, fit and fair.

hen, from Capetown, home and beauty,
Africa's Olympians sail,
hey must make their watchword
"Duty"—
Female must not look on male!

exes must be segregated,
Lest girl swimmers run the risk
f becoming fascinated
With the lads who throw the disc!

ot until the games are over
And the teams are going back
ill these heroes be in clover—
Jill may then consort with Jack!

ill then, lest his wiles breed trouble,
Cupid must be brought to heel;
ove is mostly froth and bubble,
Sport is earnest, sport is real!

Critics often complain that I and my irl friends who go in for open-air games re too frivolous. But how would they ke us to take ourselves and our games s seriously as our South African cousins re compelled to do?

The South African Olympic Games ssociation has decided that the he's nd she's who are to compete in the ritish Empire Games must travel by separate liners, lest a sea voyage and a too-obliging moon should turn their thoughts from the solemn rites ahead.

In previous teams, the managers state: "By no means all the men were ladies' men, with the inevitable result that the few who basked in the favour of the women incurred the jealousy of those less fortunate."

"The predatory instincts of the male," the secretary tells us, have, in the past, "led to constant bickering." So the sexes are to be kept in Cupid-tight concentration camps for the duration of the Olympic war.

But when the last disc has been thrown and the last girl swimmer has given up after the customary "plucky effort," the authorities don't care if it rains confetti!

"On the return journey," says the secretary, "there is no need for *esprit de corps*." Therefore the sexes will make the homeward voyage together; and, the stern business of playing games being at an end, no South African patriot will worry if flirtation leads to fisticuffs.

But I can't help wondering what sort of athletes they are who are liable to be floored by a well-directed "glad eye" and cannot move quickly enough to escape from even a "fast" hussy!

Besides, it will be impossible to exclude all members of the opposite sex from either boat. Where there's a Jill there's a Jay, and where there's a susceptible male Olympian there will certainly be non-athletic maidens ready to console him for the temporary loss of his skirted colleagues.

Upon the boat deck, large as life,
The mighty athlete stands;
He's off to the Olympic Games;
His large and sinewy hands
Look strong enough to snap with ease
The stoutest of iron bands!

But when the damsels crowd around
And smile at him he lacks
The strength to show a haughty mien,
But wilts 'neath their attacks.
His biceps may be tough as steel,
His heart is weak as wax!

Compared with him, so tall and straight,
With face of richest tan,
The Village Blacksmith would appear
A hopeless "also ran"!
But, though he looks a Grecian god,
He's just that mutt—a man!

# ● WHAT IS RATIONAL TAILORING?

I can quite understand that to many a man Rational Tailoring must seem " too good to be true "—that it must seem impossible to get a suit made from excellent cloth, individually cut, perfectly fitted, and in absolutely faultless style — for only 50/-. Yet this is an actual fact, demonstrated many times a day at every depot of The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

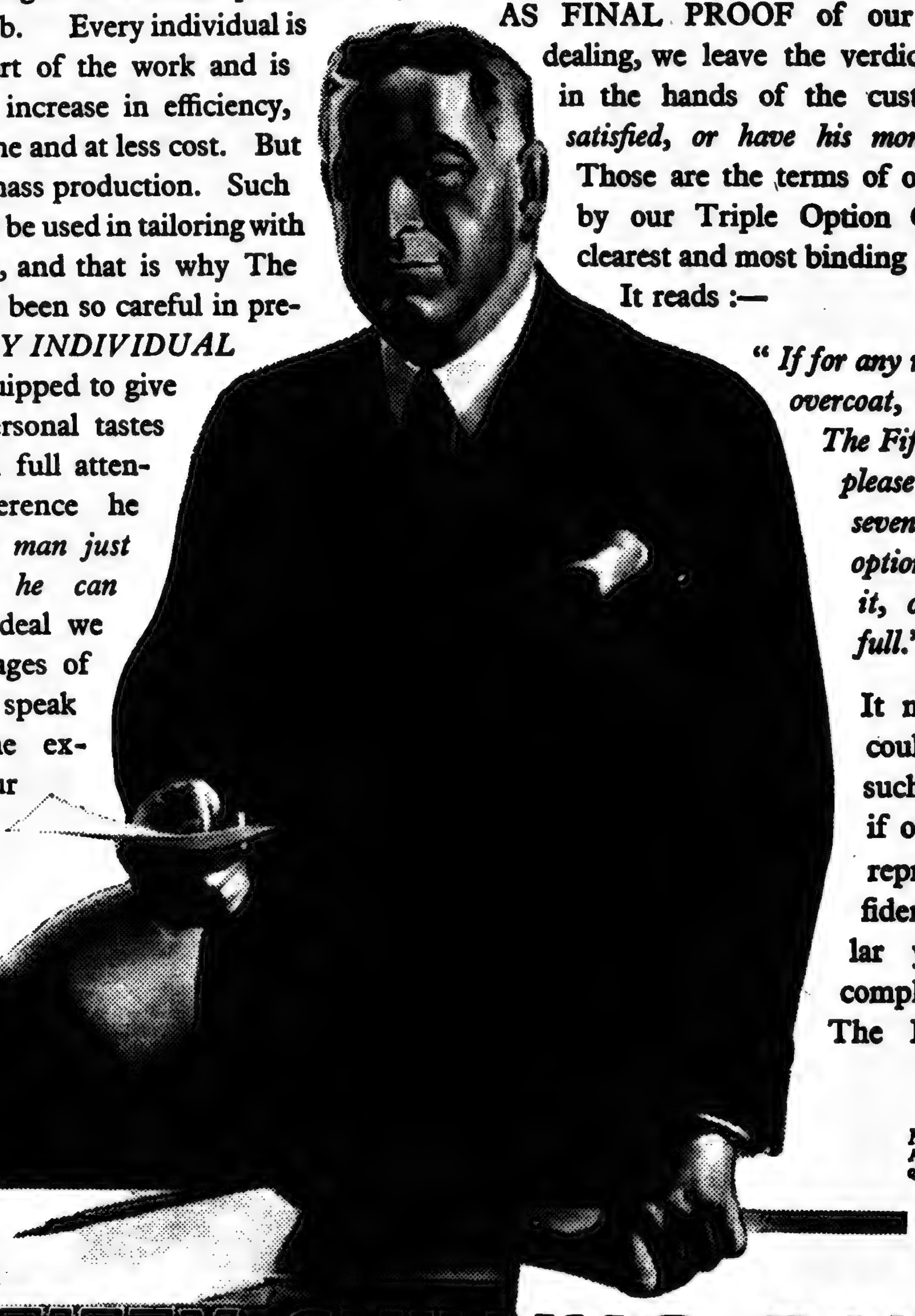
RATIONAL TAILORING is simply the result of modern large scale production methods applied to tailoring—*without losing the Personal Touch.* Scientific economy and practical efficiency alone have brought down the price. Every operation is a specialised job. Every individual is specially skilled in his part of the work and is thus able, with a marked increase in efficiency, to do a better job in less time and at less cost. But Rational Tailoring is not mass production. Such methods, obviously, cannot be used in tailoring with any degree of satisfaction, and that is why The Fifty Shilling Tailors have been so careful in preserving a *COMPLETELY INDIVIDUAL SERVICE.* We are equipped to give special attention to the personal tastes of every customer — with full attention to any little preference he may have. " *Give every man just a bit more value than he can possibly expect* " is the ideal we aim at through all the stages of our business. When we speak of value, we include the exceptional quality of our materials. These are the fine All-British cloths on which our great reputation has been built :—genuine Huddersfield Worsteds, West of England Saxonics, Scotch Tweeds, Yorkshire Flannels, etc.

The reason that we are able to put these magnificent cloths into our suits and overcoats and yet charge you so little, is just a logical result of Rational Tailoring; by buying these All-British cloths in large quantities—we are able to command designs and quality of the highest standard, while still securing rock-bottom prices. This saving we pass on to you.

AS FINAL PROOF of our straightforwardness of dealing, we leave the verdict of satisfaction entirely in the hands of the customer. *He must be fully satisfied, or have his money back without quibble.* Those are the terms of our business as laid down by our Triple Option Guarantee, the simplest, clearest and most binding guarantee in all tailoring. It reads :—

> " *If for any reason whatsoever any suit, overcoat, or raincoat supplied by The Fifty Shilling Tailors fails to please you, return it within seven days and we will, at your option, either correct it, replace it, or return your money in full.*"

It must be evident that we could not possibly afford such a downright guarantee if our goods were not above reproach, and I am confident that however particular you are, you will get complete satisfaction from The Fifty Shilling Tailors.



Mr. H. P. Price,
*Managing Director of The Fifty Shilling Tailors.*

## The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

PROPRIETORS PRICE'S TAILORS LTD.

For patterns write to :—

110-111, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2. 42-4, OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER. 84-5, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM. 21-7, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW

OVER 200 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

# Private Flying Corps

## —AMAZING DISCLOSURES

*Members of "the British Flying Corps Association" giving instruction in aeroplane control. Note how similar are these uniforms to those worn by Royal Air Force officers*

WE are threatened with the affliction of a fresh display of uniforms.

Black shirts, Red shirts, Grey shirts, and the rest of the bewildering colour scheme of civilian "armies" are to be augmented by much more spectacular movements.

These are nothing less than unofficial, amateur air corps, posturing in a uniform which is an imitation of that of the Royal Air Force, and affecting similar titles and ranks.

The whole business might be treated as an outburst of natural enthusiasm to take part in flying, plus a youthful inclination for "dressing up," but for the fact that behind the venture are the wrong people.

Two separate undertakings are engaged, at the moment, in what we shall show is a novel and profitable form of air "stunt."

They are the British Flying Corps Association, of Peckham Road, South London, and the Independent League of Volunteer Airmen, of West Street, Cambridge Circus, London.

Although they operate apart, they are linked in a curious way through their promoters. The second is a copy of the first.

### Masquerading

On the surface and according to their literature, the British Flying Corps Association and the Independent League appear to be organisations established for the encouragement of aviation, but actually each is a commercial concern, masquerading under an alias.

They are both registered as businesses at the Business Names Department of Somerset House.

It is desirable, in order to safeguard the public, that the history of the two, as revealed by the investigations of JOHN BULL, should be made known as widely as possible.

The starting point of the story is at 76, Peckham Road, London, in the autumn of last year, when a part of that old house was the headquarters of the "British Flying Services," which was registered as a business with two partners, Rex Maurice Ray Baldock and Raymond Gordon. It also traded under the name of the British School of Flying.

Incidentally, we know Raymond Gordon in connection with two other ventures—the Standard Press, of 76, Peckham Road, and British Productions, of Great Windmill Street, London.

After a while British Flying Services became the British Flying Corps, with Raymond Gordon as president, Baldock as one of the officers, and a certain W. Greenford as "adjutant."

Both Gordon and Baldock were then referred to as ex-officers of the Royal Air Force.

The idea was ostensibly to establish a civilian flying corps, organised on "Royal Air Force lines," with squadrons and flights in different parts of the country.

### Money flowed in

Large numbers of young men were attracted by the scheme, and joined up with the British Flying Corps. They paid an annual subscription of ten shillings, with a regular contribution of two shillings a week for their membership.

A uniform was designed, which members had to buy, and wear on parades and at all "official ceremonies."

One of the inducements held out to members was the promise of flying instruction at reduced fees, and by instalment payments. Another was weekly lectures on the technical side of aviation.

Money flowed into the Peckham Road headquarters.

An official of the corps, and the lecturer on air navigation, was a man who called himself Lieut.-Commander Bird, R.N.R.

He was a most unfortunate choice, for Bird had no right whatever to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, and had never held any commission in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Unkind fate in the shape of a police officer overtook "Lieut.-Commander Bird, R.N.R." He was arrested and charged with obtaining goods by fraud from a firm of naval outfitters and tailors, and is now undergoing imprisonment for that offence.

Members have discovered the flying facilities held out by the British Flying Corps to be very much "in the air."

It would be interesting to know what percentage of members, who paid up their fees so readily, have ever received the flying instruction promised them when they joined the corps.

Up to the middle of December, Baldock and Gordon carried on as partners and proprietors of the British Flying Corps. Then they fell out.

And as a result the Independent League of Volunteer Airmen was born. The concern was registered as commencing business on December 18 with Baldock and W. Greenford—formerly "adjutant" of the British Flying Corps—as the sole partners.

With the coming of the Independent League, there was a notification to Somerset House that British Flying Services, otherwise the British Flying Corps, had ceased to trade.

In its place there was a registration of the British Flying Corps Association, with Raymond Gordon as a principal.

Now for some facts about the Independent League of Volunteer Airmen, with offices in a club at West Street, London.

How carefully this proprietary league is disguised can be judged by quoting its objects from the application form for membership:—

OBJECTS.

"The Independent League of Volunteer Airmen is established to secure, promote, perform and to take such steps or to do any such thing as may be calculated to accomplish all or any of the following objects or objects of a like kind:—

"1. To provide an institution for the enrolment and gathering together, and encouraging of mutual activities, so as to bring into an association men who have a keen desire to interest themselves in aviation, particularly with reference to the protection of their country.

"2. To provide facilities for the training of its members in flying.

"3. To further the cause of peace by associating with organisations of a similar nature in other countries."

### Man of parts

We find it difficult to appreciate how a money-making effort of this kind is likely to further the cause of international peace.

Subscription to the Independent League is a guinea a year, with the additional contribution of 1s. a week, and there is an extra charge for attending lectures.

The only indication on the enrolment form that Baldock and Greenford are not in the business from altruistic motives is a clause which states: "All positions in the League shall be honorary with the exception of the Organiser and Secretary (Messrs. Baldock and Greenford)."

A representative of JOHN BULL, who made enquiries at the club at which the Independent League is holding its meetings, was informed by Greenford that among the officials are Mr Blood Ryan, who is to be in charge of the administration of the uniformed branch of the League, and Capt. John A. Rogers, who is to be a technical adviser.

Now those names are of considerable interest.

Blood Ryan is a man of many "parts." Sometimes he is a professor with a wonderful string of honours and degrees after his name.

His professorship does not exist except in his imagination. The variety of degrees he has claimed during his career in London have all been discounted and disproved.

An achievement credited to him—on his own statement—is that of shooting down a number of German aeroplanes during the War. That is absolutely untrue.

As for Capt. John Rogers, he is an air pilot of considerable skill and experience, but for some reason or other his name does not figure among the list of officials in the printed matter issued by the League.

Another mystery concerns the identity of the League's president. This office is mentioned in the printed matter, but as a blank space has been left we can only conclude that a president has yet to be elected.

We have said enough to put the British Flying Corps and the Independent League of Volunteer Airmen in their true light.

### The Ministry frowns

Both are business concerns, capitalising the keenness of youth for the air, and taking advantage of the present publicity wave in favour of increased air defence.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the Air Ministry does not recognise either of the two bodies as at present constituted.

Any organisation which could offer, at advantageous terms, opportunities for flying instruction and the technical side of aviation to young men of limited means, would merit general support. The trouble about the Flying Corps Association and the International League of Amateur Airmen is that the root idea is good, but the twin fabric grown from the idea is unsound.

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## AFTER *the* PARTY—

THERE was great excitement the night of the party. Only once in a while could the various branches of a Lancashire family gather together under one roof, and so the fun was fast and furious from morning until midnight. Then each branch, wives and husbands and children, went to its own home.

One such family had to go some miles to the next town. And happy as they had been all day, they were all too glad at such a late hour that each mile lessened the distance between them and their own home.

But—home! What they saw when they arrived was heartbreaking. The house had been wrecked by a fire that had blazed furiously when the party was at its height, and most of their personal belongings were destroyed.

One of the happiest evenings in their lives would have become one of the most tragic if it had not been for one thing. That was a substantial cheque from JOHN BULL in respect of the loss of their goods and clothing, plus a bonus, because they counted as old readers under the terms of our unique Free Insurance Scheme, having been registered for over three months.

All because of a signature appended, some time before, to a simple form—a form that is reproduced on page 2 to-day to give you the same wonderful protection.

## *STUBBORN, OBSTINATE HAIR TROUBLES*
# YIELD to KOTALKO!

If YOUR **Hair Trouble** has so far seemed really **obstinate !** If in spite of all efforts **Dandruff is still visible** on the scalp—and what looks worse than a **Dandruff-Covered Scalp ?**—if your brush and comb continue **to be filled with loose hairs!**—

## then KOTALKO is needed.

**There is No Substitute "Just as Good," or one which can take the place of Kotalko.**

Constantly letters are reaching us confirming that where other means had failed Kotalko had succeeded in **Reviving, Stimulating and Rejuvenating the Whole Hair Organism.**

Falling hair—then baldness. Nothing grew Mrs. Hillman's hair until she used Kotalko.

### KOTALKO HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

By its use thousands of persons are now enjoying the satisfaction, self-respect and confidence **which the possession of a healthy, luxuriant hair-growth gives.**

### YOU WANT BEAUTIFUL HAIR—HAIR WHICH IS ADMIRED—THEN USE KOTALKO.

You will positively find the Scalp becoming more supple and comfortable. The Hair will begin to take on that Lustrous, Glossy look—which is always the sign of Hair Health. **Thicker, Longer, Stronger Hair will be yours.**

***Send for a Test Package To-day!***

His hairdresser can confirm that Mr. Bindley had not a hair on his head when he began to use Kotalko.

Mr. Tucker had tried several different treatments in vain, and was quite bald. His head was as shiny as could be. Then he used Kotalko. Look at his hair now!

Little Amy Toon's head was covered with dark brown scurf, which nothing would move. This completely disappeared with the use of Kotalko, and her mother says that "now she has a head of thick, wavy hair, the colour of ripe corn."

***She Had Five Bald Patches***

"My daughter now has a splendid head of hair," writes Mrs. Longley.

***Ask for the Children's Circular.***

"'Kotalko' is marvellous," says Mr. Bennett. Instead of patches he now possesses "a head of thick wavy hair." Yet other remedies had failed.

**Cleanse and Soften Scalp and Hair Follicles Once Weekly with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP.**

**KOTALKO**
**TRUE HAIR GROWER**

**Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.**
**To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.**
**9, Percy Street (S3.T), London, W.1.**
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.....................................................
ADDRESS.................................................
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AMAZING
OFFER!

**RAZOR & 6 BLADES**

**1/-**

*The Perfect Blade*

**1D EACH 6 for 6d**

**Smooth cutting—the keenest edge—long life and only 1d. each are the achievements of this marvellous blade. Try one and be convinced.**

**STUPENDOUS OFFER**

**A magnificent new razor with 6 perfect Razex Blades in handsome case for 1s.**

***At all Chemists or post free direct from***

**RAZEX (Dept. J.B.), 42, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.**

**RAZEX BLADE**

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**GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE**

**5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves "FLIGHT" Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies Gent's, Juveniles, & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.**

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**YOU CAN END YOUR CATARRH**

"Nostroline" gives instant relief from Catarrh. Clears head, opens breathing passages, soothes inflammation. Amazing remedy for all nasal infection. Stops Colds, also Head Noises, Deafness. Safe even for the youngest child. 1/3 all Chemists.

***BUT* — IT MUST BE**

**'NOSTROLINE'**

***Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.67, Clifton, Bristol.***

---

...Is it that new French perfume?

# You'd imagine it *must* be expensive . . .

**What a lovely surprise to find that this new soap only costs 2d a tablet! For it *looks* so good and *smells* so good, and lathers so beautifully. And, like the costlier soaps, it has a dainty double wrapping that brings it to your bathroom immaculate. You'd never believe soap could be so good at such a moderate price. Try it to-day and see!**

# EVE

2d
A TABLET
Eve
TOILET SOAP
E

A SOAP YOU'LL LOVE
AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

A PRODUCT OF WATSONS—SOAP MAKERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

EVE
9A-364A

# A WICKED WEEPING WIDOW

*"Tears streamed down her face as she recounted the details . . ."*

THE widow who can weep at will!

This title has been earned by a clever adventuress, named Henrietta Mason, who goes through life making a lucrative living from her tears.

Henrietta is forty-three, but knows the art of making herself appear younger or older as occasion demands. Her accomplishments are varied and her rôles endless; but she is perhaps at her best when unfolding to intended victims the story of how her dearly-beloved husband has met his death in tragic circumstances.

She can portray despair as superbly as any actress, crying copiously without effort whenever she chooses.

Yet her sad tales are all false, and enable her to impose upon hard-headed business men with surprising success.

Dressed heavily in black, Mrs. Mason, as she announced herself, recently booked a room at a Leicestershire hotel.

It was obvious that she was considerably agitated, and the proprietor was duly sympathetic when she later told him that she had buried her husband on the preceding day.

Tears streamed down her face as she recounted the details of a terrible accident which had taken him from her in the prime of life.

While in the district on business he had been knocked down when crossing a road, and, though doctors had fought hard to save him, he had passed away before she could get from their London home to his bedside.

For some days she stayed at the hotel, and then one morning asked the proprietor if he would mind seeing her privately for a few moments as she wanted a little advice.

Her request was gladly granted, and, struggling to subdue her sobs, Mrs. Mason took from her bag a number of documents. These seemingly related to her husband's death and concerned a claim for compensation she had lodged against the owner of the car involved in the fatality.

She had come from London specially to get this claim settled out of court, as her husband had left her almost penniless.

## Just a myth

Was £300, the sum offered by a firm of local solicitors in settlement, reasonable, she asked. Her own solicitors thought so, but she was too grieved to make up her mind whether to accept it or not.

Her listener said that he would rather not advise her one way or the other, and she departed to "consult her solicitors" again. When she returned she said she had accepted the offer, and that the money would be paid very soon.

On the following day she went to the proprietor again, and, trading on her bereavement and the fact that money was coming to her shortly, succeeded in borrowing several pounds to tide her over temporarily.

When she next left to keep an appointment with her solicitors, she did not return. And the numerous people from whom she raised money have since discovered that her husband's demise was purely mythical, and that the documents she used with such success were all faked.

Henrietta Mason, we find, has been "losing" husbands in this way for years, and has obtained large sums of money in the aggregate from victims in all classes of life—clergymen, solicitors, doctors, and even bank managers have been duped.

At Derby, where she arrived just as tragically, her story was even more woeful. Both her husband and son had been killed in a motor crash, and the double bereavement was almost too much for her to bear.

The "offered" compensation in this instance amounted to more than a thousand pounds, but, after obtaining various sums of money on the strength of the "promised settlement," she disappeared, leaving her victims to discover that she was a clever emotional actress with neither husband nor son to lose!

At Oxford, the documents she produced to hoodwink victims included an undertaker's burial certificate. This had been issued after the funeral of a young man who had actually met his death in a street fatality.

Mrs. Mason posed as the mother of the dead youth, and, with her forced tears, extracted numerous sums of money from Oxford people, leaving her dupes to discover too late that she was in reality a much-wanted criminal.

The undertaker's certificate, it has since been discovered, was stolen by her from a boarding-house she had previously ransacked.

All over the country her victims can be found, and a few of the other towns in which she has operated are Wolverhampton, Southend, Brentwood, Market Harboro', Ulverston, Liverpool, Newport, Fleetwood, Leeds, and Dover.

She excelled herself in one performance, when she visited a solicitor and posed as the widow of a man who had been killed in a recent street accident in the locality.

The documents she carried were so cleverly faked that the solicitor was completely deceived, and willingly undertook to lodge a claim for compensation on her behalf.

So well did she act—and weep—her part in this particular exploit that when she parted company with the solicitor she had secured from him another of her customary "loans."

Often she makes burglary a sideline of her "bereavement" coups. A typical case is when she arrived at a small North Country hotel, and, selecting a nicely appointed apartment, intimated that she would be staying there more or less permanently.

She possessed considerable property, she said, and, owing to the recent death of her husband, felt the need of a long rest in quiet surroundings.

Having established confidence, she acted very quickly, ransacked the guest rooms, and taking everything of value performed her favourite vanishing trick.

In most of her exploits she is armed with a list of local solicitors and their addresses, and also of local county court officials, which she uses to colour her stories and to ensure the fact that they ring true.

She is undoubtedly one of the most hardened adventuresses at present at large.

## She was sorry!

Her official record reveals her as an unscrupulous woman who for the last twenty-five years, in one way or another, has victimised countless people, including many of the hard-working and thrifty classes.

Sometimes she varies her story by posing as the relative of some well-known local personality in order to obtain credit by fraud; often she raises money by pretending that her wealthy father has died and that thousands are coming to her.

Occasionally, as a little change from the burden of losing husbands and sons and daughters with such uncanny regularity, she poses as a woman of means.

She has not always managed to keep within the law, though for a long time past she has been wanted by Scotland Yard and the provincial police for an endless series of frauds.

On one occasion all the tears in the world would not convince an Assize Court judge that she was "sorry for what she had done," and he sent her to penal servitude, remarking that she was a clever, resourceful and cruel adventuress.

And although she has such a penchant for disposing of her mythical husbands so tragically, she is less drastic when they are actually in the flesh—for she has been to jail several times for bigamy!

## CUTE KEWT

A CONCERN called Kewt Courses, of 16, Thirlmere Road, London, offers ambitious women an opportunity of extending their scope of work.

It will teach them how to make money and enable them to taste "the superior joy of independence." It points out that "once every woman is independent, we shall be nearer Utopia."

Its clients are favoured with a printed circular outlining the proposed course of training. This is supposed to bristle with common-sense based on experience, showing how to make money, and then how to apportion it to further gain.

Even a girl of 12, it is claimed, could succeed by following the instructions furnished by Kewt Courses, which seemingly cover everything from selling without a shilling capital to the art of inducing doubtful customers to try your goods.

Women are urged to complete an enrolment form at once and to send 15s. with an undertaking to pay two further sums when they have made £15 and £30 profit.

A notice applied to the application form by a rubber stamp requests that remittances and/or cheques should be made payable to J. C. Schenk.

This is a little puzzling in view of the fact that the notepaper of Kewt Courses gives the proprietors' names as G. and C. Vanalphen.

Any attempt to solve this mystery is likely to fail, as whoever may be responsible for the company has so far failed to register it under the Business Names Act.

In these circumstances, ambitious women would be well advised to demand more satisfactory particulars before parting with their money to the mysterious Mr. Schenk.

## *Pin-Board Pitfalls*

THROUGHOUT the country selling-agencies are being offered through advertisements by a firm designated A. Howe and Co., automatic machine manufacturers, of Stansfield Chambers, Great George Street, Leeds.

This concern, in which there are three partners, is turning the present boom in mechanical bagatelle and pin-boards—so popular in hotels and clubs—to its own purposes.

Agents are appointed by A. Howe and Co. to place these machines in suitable establishments on a weekly wage of £2 5s. plus a commission on the takings of each machine.

But before any agent gets the job, he must deposit £50 with the company as a security.

Really, A. Howe and Co. is using the deposits of its agents as its trading capital.

It does not manufacture automatic machines, but buys them from Birmingham—*as the money comes in.*

Already agents are finding difficulty in securing delivery of machines.

The senior principal in the company is Mr. A. Howe. His two juniors supplied him with money for their partnership share before the business was opened.

Before going to Leeds, Howe was living for a few months at Scarborough. There he occupied a furnished house in which he let rooms. He left the town in debt.

He declares that, prior to Scarborough, he was in residence at Forest Gate, Essex, but nothing whatever is known about him at the address there which he gives as his former home.

Suspicion attaches to the whole enterprise, and we make the recommendation that people should have nothing whatever to do with A. Howe and Co., of Stansfield Chambers, Leeds.

# "Shave with ordinary soap? . . . Not me!"

"TIME was when I used household soap for shaving—when I *did* shave. But never again! If anyone tells you ordinary soap saves money don't you believe 'em. And a terrible time it gives your face; it's not made for the job. But Lever's Easy Shaving Stick *is*. And right well it does it too—lathers up fine, and gives a shave fit for a lord. Since the wife first bought me a Lever's Easy from her grocer's I've shaved *every* day. Lever's Easy costs only sixpence and it gives a full hundred shaves—and they *are* shaves.. Leave your face feeling cool and fine. Try it—you'll see. Put Lever's Easy Shaving Stick on the shopping list to-day."

## LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

**100 SHAVES FOR 6<sup></sup>D**

E 230-172-55

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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## "SURE SHIELD" BRAND Fruit Laxatives

FRUIT
LAXATIVES
Better than Castor Oil
8
1/3

*From all Chemists* *In Packets* 1½d. & 3d.

## TRAIN the SYSTEM to FUNCTION at REGULAR and NORMAL ·TIMES·

**There is no Laxative so Effective, Safe and Gentle**

It is one thing to have had a reputation. It is another thing to have maintained it for a quarter of a century.

REMEMBER—You can always be sure of

**"SURE SHIELD" BRAND**

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## HANDS SWATHED IN BANDAGES

### Eczema from Knuckles to Wrists. Cuticura Healed.

"For quite a year I had eczema on the backs of both my hands. First small pimples appeared and began to spread from knuckles to wrists. They were of a wet nature and scaled over. Loss of sleep was caused through the irritation. My hands were swathed in bandages and I could not use them for six months.

"I read a Cuticura advertisement and purchased both the Soap and Ointment. I saw an improvement in a few days, and after using three tins of the Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Gladys Penny, 109, Dames Rd., Forest Gate, London, E. 7, Eng.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
[illegible] Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

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*Never miss reading*
JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW"
*See pages 2 & 3*

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# Special FREE Offer to "John Bull" Readers

**We invite you to send for the greatest money-making, money-saving book ever published—The NEW Amateur Mechanic. You may use it in your own home for seven whole days, absolutely FREE of all charge or obligation. Then if you do not want to keep it, simply send it back to us at our expense, without the outlay of a single penny-piece on your part. If you decide to keep it you may do so on the easiest of subscription terms, and at a GREATLY REDUCED price, too. Send to-day and save money all next week by doing some of the jobs the book teaches.**

# MAKE MONEY SAVE MONEY

## By Doing All the Home Jobs Yourself

You can save pounds by making and repairing your own boots and shoes.

You can learn hundreds of fascinating and profitable things from this book. There are clear, straightforward instructions and 6,000 working plans and drawings, so that even if you have had no previous experience whatever, it is impossible to go wrong.

This is a book that every householder, every man with a family, every young fellow who is keen on hobbies, every man anxious to make a few pounds in his spare time, should possess. At any rate, see it. It will cost you nothing.

Save decorators', builders' and plumbers' bills by doing your own house repairs and renovations.

# The NEW AMATEUR MECHANIC

*Edited by BERNARD E. JONES*

**4 Big Volumes. 6,000 Stage-by-Stage Illustrations**

## Teaches you How to :—

### DO

Cabinet Work. Woodwork.
Upholstery. Fretwork.
Metalworking. Soldering.
Distempering. Paperhanging.
Enamelling. Painting.
Restoring Oil Paintings.
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### MAKE

Boots and Shoes.
Simple Furniture.
Roller Blinds.
Picture Frames.
Aquarium and Aviary.
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Greenhouse and Summer House
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Gramophone. Barometer.
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### REPAIR

Furniture. Blinds.
Clocks and Watches.
Old China. Mirrors.
Hot Water Pipes.
Boots and Shoes.
Gas Fittings.
Locks, Bolts and Hinges.
Electric Bells and Lights.
Leaky Roofs and Walls.
Water Taps. Boilers. Etc.

***AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER MONEY-MAKING, MONEY-SAVING JOBS***

## Don't Miss This Marvellous Opportunity – Send To-day!

# FREE for 7 days

## Send this form TO-DAY ☛

**You Can Then Begin to Earn and Save Money At Once and learn how these books can save you many Pounds in a year, and earn their cost hundreds of times over.**

**Special "John Bull" FREE EXAMINATION FORM**

THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD.,
96-97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Sirs: Please send the four volumes of "THE NEW AMATEUR MECHANIC" for me to examine for seven days FREE of all obligation. I may return the books on the eighth day and that ends the matter, or I may keep them and send you 3/- in eight days with fourteen further consecutive monthly instalments of 3/- each.

Cash price within eight days 42/-

NAME........................................
ADDRESS ....................................
............................................
Occupation..................................
Parent's Signature required if under 21.....................
State if Householder...................Date..........
J.B.E. 1934. *Please fill in all particulars asked.*

## A Warning by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# Queer GARDEN of EDEN

*A view of the dense jungle skirting the Parana River. It is in country like this that the proposed colony is to be founded by the Victoria Colonisation Company*

I WANT to deal this week with a most unusual colonisation scheme in which members of the British public are invited to buy freehold land in the heart of South America.

The invitation comes from a concern called the Victoria Colonisation Company, Limited, of 53, Haymarket, London.

Advertisements now appearing in several prominent newspapers boast of a new British settlement in the north of the Argentine which promises facilities for farming on highly profitable lines to experienced and inexperienced settlers alike

As one such announcement before me mentions the "children's future," it is obvious that the offer is open also to married men with families.

Freehold land, it is proclaimed, is available to those with moderate capital as well as to those with ample means at their disposal.

Various inducements are held out to prospective settlers. There is talk of the advantages of settling in a healthy atmosphere, in a country where plenty of fruit and vegetables are grown; and "excellent fishing" and "good shooting" are cited as additional attractions.

The offer in the main is calculated to appeal to those of my readers with a little money, who are anxious to embark upon a new career abroad and may therefore be tempted to try their luck in this distant "Eden."

No effort is spared in painting a rosy picture of the prospects of this new colonisation scheme.

### Film on view

After an initial interview, likely applicants are received into a small private theatre where a motion picture is exhibited depicting the progress already made in the colony.

Finally, they are presented with a sheaf of booklets extolling every phase of the scheme.

Among those who have sought my advice is a young farmer who has been offered a parcel of land, in connection with which he is expected to invest at least £300, at the same time paying his passage out to Buenos Aires.

This would-be settler, should he accept the offer, will be required to complete the first part of the agreement by depositing £100 with the Victoria Colonisation Company, Limited, here in London.

One of the illustrated brochures presented to him reveals that the new settlement consists of 200,000 acres of land on the Upper Parana River, in the province of Misiones, which is sandwiched between Paraguay and Brazil.

The plots available to settlers and their families may be large or small, but the minimum capital required in each case is £250.

The land, which is admittedly virgin soil, unbroken, thickly timbered, and covered with bush, is offered at £2 10s. an acre

Prospective settlers are told that they will be enabled to produce yerba mate (or Argentinian tea), citrus, maize, tobacco, oranges and a variety of vegetables.

According to the founder, Mr. A. J. Schwelm, the new colony will provide a valuable training ground for young Britons, who will eventually create similar settlements within the Empire, "when the time comes."

For sake of comparison, Mr. Schwelm presents applicants with a series of pictures of a similar colony called Eldorado, upon which he has already settled a number of other nationals, including Swedes, Danes, Germans and Swiss.

And in another booklet, he quotes several well-known men who have given their views on colonisation. It is claimed that both the Dominions Office and the Overseas Settlement Department have an approving eye upon this proposed colony at Victoria.

But I shall concern my comment entirely with the proposal as it appears to the average emigrant who goes abroad to better himself and his family.

### The task

I feel it my duty to warn him that this new settlement, under a foreign flag, is seven hundred miles from the nearest seaport.

Should he arrive with his wife and children at Victoria, he will be faced with the immense task of clearing a tropical jungle, and with building himself a house.

And he will have to live in the meantime. Until he can produce food sufficient for his family's needs, he will be compelled to buy from neighbours and traders.

Should he decide to plant oranges, it will be at least five years before he can pick his first fruits.

It is obvious that the project offers a hard-working man the prospects of hard work, and no more.

Severed from civilisation, it is apparent that the settlers who buy land from this company can look forward to making a living by taking in one another's washing, but little else.

I have yet to learn of the man who made money producing mate tea and maize in a vast country with a population no greater than the London metropolis.

No great industries are suggested, and the task of making roads through the forest is undertaken by the colonists themselves.

From enquiries I have made, I learn that educational facilities for the children have not yet been planned.

Any Britons who take part in the scheme will find themselves aliens, subject to laws with which they are unacquainted; and any children born in the colony will, I presume, have no claim to British nationality.

### Isolated

Another grave consideration is that they will find themselves party to agreements made with a company.

I need hardly remind my readers that a company is a commercial undertaking, and that it cannot be actuated by sentimental motives. It is a question of hard cash.

The hard cash in this instance is required by a company whose purpose it is to sell tracts of jungle land to colonists by instalments.

Supposing the company went bankrupt and its assets became the property of a speculative native of the Argentine?

I wonder what would happen to those isolated Britons dumped seven hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, in the heart of South America?

My enquiries reveal no evidence of support for this scheme from the Argentine Government: and our own colonisation departments have no information to offer, though they are emphatic in advising prospective applicants to inspect the land on the spot before committing themselves.

### Only £100

And the Consul-General of the Argentine Republic apparently knows so little of this venture that he cannot even say whether the land is good or bad. That I can well understand, because, at the moment, it is not land, but jungle.

That the Victoria Colonisation Company, Ltd., is incorporated in London as well as in the Argentine could avail British settlers little should the effort meet with failure.

How necessary is this warning I express will be apparent when I reveal that the London counterpart of this ambitious undertaking boasts a paid-up capital of merely £100!

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# NOT SO GRAND OPERA

A GRAND opera company, engaging artists and orchestra, booking theatre dates and embarking on an ambitious tour of the provincial cities with a paid-up capital of £2!

It is scarcely credible that such a crazy theatrical adventure could happen.

Yet it did, as witness the career and the failure of the Metropolitan Opera Co. (London), Ltd.

Bankruptcy proceedings are now in progress against this ill-advised concern. But the formal reports of the investigation at the Bankruptcy Court give no real idea of the tragedy of suffering lying behind the scenes of this very ungrand opera.

* * *

"It seems absurd," declared the Assistant Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, after he had made a statement of the company's affairs "to launch a company of this kind with a nominal capital of £100 and paid-up capital of £2 apart from any promises of financial help."

We are inclined to use much stronger words than those of the Assistant Official Receiver, for we know something of the intolerable hardships caused to the people who trusted in the good faith and promises of the company promoters.

An American singer was the man who evolved the idea of the Metropolitan Opera Co. (London), Ltd. He and his wife were the sole directors. He was responsible for the ill-considered project.

Before the company began work, there was an elaborate inaugural lunch, at which a speech was made indicating that all the money necessary for success was promised.

The company opened at Streatham, and even after the first week there was insufficient cash to pay all salaries promptly.

Other appearances followed at Golders Green (two weeks); Bradford, Yorkshire and Birmingham. Never at any of these places was full payment of salaries made. Principals, chorus and orchestra had to be content with what they could get.

At the end of the Birmingham engagement the company collapsed, and the artists had to fend for themselves. Many were in desperate straits, and required to borrow money to return to London.

No less than £2,768 was owed by the company in salaries after its career of a few weeks.

Total liabilities were £6,658, and against this amount the chief asset was a suit of armour!

* * *

Apparently, from the moment it began, there was never the slightest chance of the Metropolitan Opera Co. (London), Ltd., gaining success. How on earth could a company of this kind carry on with a capital of £2 and promises?

One of the most disastrous sides of this failure is that the collapse took place at a time when it was too late in the season for many of the disappointed artists to fix any other engagements for the winter.

So, in addition to loss of salaries, they have had to face a long period of unemployment.

This attempt at running grand opera should be a lesson to other producers to think twice before taking companies on tour without adequate financial backing to ensure full payment of salaries in the unhappy event of failure.

*Write to*
"JOHN BULL"
*About it!*

# They live next door to each other

*(but OH, the difference in their washing)*

SHE *"just washed"* and thought at first that she was getting true whiteness; but a little more dirt got left behind—and ironed in—each time. Finally, the superior whiteness of her neighbour's washing led her to discover Persil; and now all her washing troubles are over.

SHE *made sure* of perfect washing from the day she was married. She's always used Persil. Her linens have kept white—*and new*—thanks to Persil's oxygen-charged soapsuds.

Most washers leave a little dirt behind, deep down in the fabric—but Persil never. It's been definitely proved that Persil's amazing action alone—without soap or anything else added—gets perfect whiteness *every time*, because Persil contains the two things necessary—good soap made active with oxygen.

Just the same with coloured things, dainty woollens and silks; better washing in the gentle Persil suds is going to give them longer life and better looks all the time. Are you using Persil yet?

Persil

**THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER**

PER 456-71-65 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

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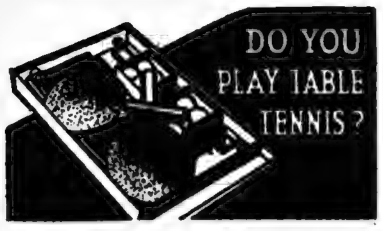
# FREE GIFTS for everybody

## FOR BOURNVILLE COCOA COUPONS


DO YOU PLAY TABLE TENNIS?

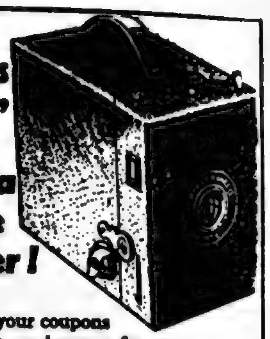
Black metal posts, strong net (4 ft. 6 ins.); two bats (one face cork) with rounded handles; eight match-quality balls. That's all you need for table tennis; that's all you need for a lot of fun. The complete outfit comes to you for 48 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including many fine games and toys.

**GIFT NO. 440** **48 COUPONS**

**91 COUPONS**

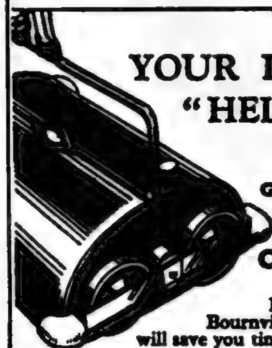
**GIFT No. 579**

### A Camera for the Summer!



Start saving your coupons now and get a good camera for next summer. This "Hawk-Eye" Camera is yours for 91 coupons. It has a time and instantaneous shutter, two view finders and a portrait attachment. It takes brilliant pictures on Kodak film, size 3¼ x 2¼. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Ladies' and Gent's Pyjamas, Art. Silk Stockings, Gloves, etc., etc.

### YOUR DAILY "HELP"



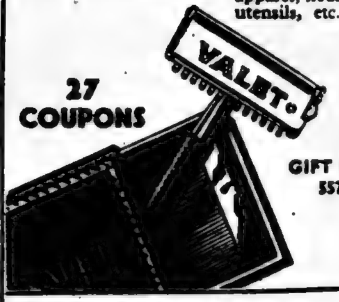
**GIFT No. 554**

**139 COUPONS**

Here is a Bournville gift which will save you time and housework; almost as good as a daily "help"—a British-made carpet sweeper. This all-metal sweeper is fitted with a fine quality brush and the latest self-cleaning device. It is well worth saving your Bournville Cocoa coupons for—139 coupons bring it to your door. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Wearing Apparel, Kitchen Utensils, etc., etc.

### "Shave, sir?"

Here is another practical Bournville Cocoa gift—a "Valet" razor set. This set consists of an up-to-date model "Valet" safety razor complete with strop and blade. It will be sent to you in return for 27 Bournville Cocoa coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings a copy of the New Gift Book, containing over 200 fine Gifts, including toys and games, wearing apparel, household utensils, etc., etc.



**27 COUPONS**

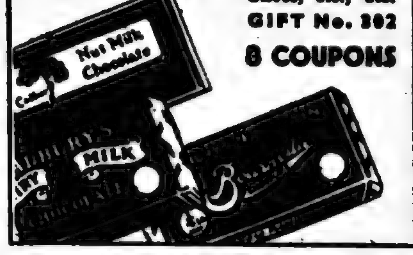
**GIFT No. 557**

### WHAT DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE!

Of course it's delicious chocolate—it's Cadburys! And for only 8 Bournville Cocoa coupons you can have a ¼-lb. block of Bournville Plain, a ¼-lb. block of Milk and a ¼-lb. block of Nut Milk Chocolate. A gift which the whole family will enjoy. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the New Gift Book showing over 200 superb Gifts, including Child's Mac and Sou'wester, Art Silk Stockings, Men's Shoes, etc., etc.

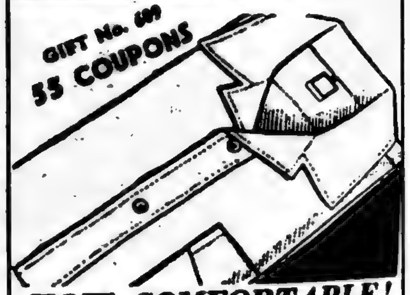
**GIFT No. 302**

**8 COUPONS**



**GIFT No. 6[illegible]**

**55 COUPONS**



### HOW COMFORTABLE!

There's nothing more comfortable than an open sports shirt—admirable for summer week-ends, hiking or tennis. Here's one, a cream cashmere twill shirt, with pocket, for 55 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Available in men's and youth's sizes, 13½ to 17. State size when sending coupons. A similar type of shirt for boys, sizes 10½ to 13, can be obtained for 53 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 superb Gifts.

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½D. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

# CHEAP FURNITURE COMPANY Exposed

*Mr. Justice Eve, who ordered the company to be wound up. Our article shows why*

A LIGHTNING ramp of amazing character came to an abrupt halt the other day, when Mr. Justice Eve ordered the compulsory liquidation of a company called Arensons, Ltd., which traded under the style of "Dudleys." at 193, Edgware Road, and at 77, Tottenham Court Road, London.

Though no facts have been made public, there lies behind this crash a story of audacious commercial methods in which many people have been victimised.

Launched in May last year, Arensons, Ltd., set itself up to act as "capitalists, financiers, and merchants."

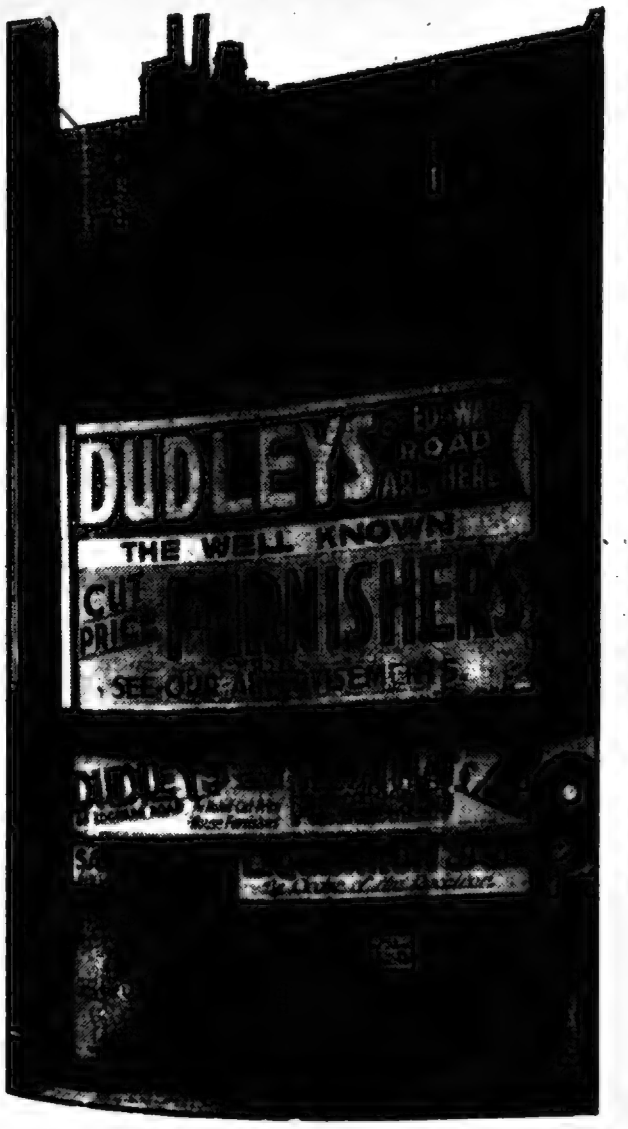
Taking showroom premises in the vicinity of Edgware Road Station, and at 77, Tottenham Court Road, in the name of "Dudleys," it advertised in lavish manner "wonderful values" and "ready-money bargains."

It boasted that it could furnish a three-room flat for £20; it offered lounge suites at £7 7s., and handsome bureaux at 20s.

To the builder and decorator who did necessary work fitting up these shops, a representative, for Arensons, Ltd., boasted a weekly turnover of more than £400.

And traders and manufacturers who supplied goods were satisfied that the concern was in a sound position.

Yet, in face of this, within a month or two of its inception, Arensons, Ltd., was actually borrowing heavily.



*The premises in Tottenham Court Road present a dismal picture to-day*

## Unpaid bills

The firm which fitted out the two showrooms now heads the list of pressing creditors with an unpaid bill for more than £270. Among others who regret their dealings with this mushroom organisation are landlords, rating authorities, employees, salesmen, furniture makers, dealers in glass and porcelain, newspaper proprietors and upholsterers.

A tragic squadron at the stormy meeting which preceded the company's crash were more than two hundred cabinet-makers and sundry small tradesmen, whose combined claim upon Arensons, Ltd., amounts to thousands of pounds.

But even more tragic is the plight of two young men, who, seeking employment, were induced to invest in Arensons, Ltd., as a consideration for their being employed.

Neither of these young men had previous experience in commerce. One, in fact, was but recently discharged from the Royal Air Force, after serving twelve years in Egypt, Iraq, and on the North-West Frontier of India.

The agreement he entered upon with this company provided for his employment for twelve months, at the end of which time he was promised a further period of five years' work, with a directorship, at an increased salary of £5 a week.

Arensons, Ltd., received £250 from this man by way of an "investment," upon which interest amounting to 10 per cent. was to be paid.

The R.A.F. man complains that he found himself in charge of books which could not be properly kept, and he supervised accounts which could not honestly be made to balance.

## Lost money

At the end of three months he was summarily dismissed, but he demanded the return of his capital in vain.

The solicitors he consulted took legal action, and secured a judgment against the company responsible, yet this victim is to-day penniless and without work.

The other young man, a native of Hereford, borrowed £100, required by Arensons, Ltd., in completion of an agreement, according to which he was to be employed in the capacity of "salesman."

He was employed in the shop at 193, Edgware Road, London, and, like the first, he was promised interest at the rate of 10 per cent.

The directors of Arensons, Ltd., knew he had had no previous experience at selling, yet, at the end of seven weeks, he was dismissed on the grounds that his "salesmanship" was unsatisfactory.

He begged in vain for the return of the money he had invested with the company.

Even a desperate appeal for the return of the amount which, hoping to secure permanent work, he borrowed from the mother of his fiancée, met with cold refusal.

The following day he consulted solicitors, but their efforts to recover his investment were equally futile.

With a heavy heart this disappointed man had to break this dismal news to the woman who had loaned him the money in order that he might secure a job.

In delicate health, and herself hard pressed financially, she was so appalled by the disaster that had befallen her prospective son-in-law, that she collapsed, and died without regaining consciousness.

Thus grim tragedy is added to the record of this sorry company.

A glance at the finances of Arensons, Ltd., is illuminating.

Less than six months after the company was registered, it borrowed £1,000; and a month later, another debenture for £750 was entered in the books.

Only one of the directors took up shares in the company, and he owns a solitary certificate, for which he subscribed precisely £1.

Another director, a woman, named in the articles of association as being "permanent," resigned her appointment at the end of six weeks.

The paid-up capital of Arensons, Ltd., is, in fact, exactly £3, and the amount due to its scattered victims, after its brief six months of trading, is more than £6,000!

## A mystery

The landlords of the premises in Edgware Road, above which the directors of Arensons, Ltd., furnished a magnificent flat, are owed more than £240.

One mystery of the company's operations that remains to be cleared up concerns the payment of £600 to a relative of one of the directors.

Now the affairs of this mischievous concern are in the hands of an official receiver, we hope a very searching official enquiry will be held.

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# CROOK who CAUGHT HIMSELF

ONE of the biggest advertisement swindlers in this country, Kenneth Woodley, who, after a long and successful career of roguery, was latterly compelled to take an enforced rest in one of His Majesty's prisons, is very busy again, and is robbing people with impunity.

Although he is varying his methods a little, and has changed his name, inquiries enable us to reveal some of his recent activities, and to issue a warning in time to stop him before he makes too great a headway in his new campaign.

Woodley has earned the nickname in the underworld of the "bogus business king," and for years has operated in a score of aliases from offices in all parts of the country.

Quite recently a box-number advertisement appeared in a provincial paper asking for collector-salesmen. An applicant obtained an interview with Woodley, who looked the picture of affluence and drove up to the place of the appointment in a smart saloon car.

The applicant was told that the proposition was one which presented unusual opportunities.

Woodley described himself area agent for a big firm of London tobacco merchants, and said that he was empowered to interview men who, if they proved suitable, could be engaged subject to the confirmation of the London office.

The sum of £50 was required as a guarantee of good faith, but Woodley intimated that this would not be necessary at once.

He must first forward to London all particulars concerning the applicant's qualifications, and await instructions as to whether the transaction was to be proceeded with or not.

A little later on, the unsuspecting dupe received a letter which purported to show that the application was favourably viewed, and that the area agent was authorised to accept the £50.

The money changed hands, and Woodley made an arrangement to meet the now-engaged employee at a later date with the necessary instructions as to the duties he was to perform.

That was the last that was seen of him, and the dupe has lost his money.

Not long ago Woodley opened a so-called "Business Association" in the West End of London and, immaculately-attired, obtained numerous dupes in a similar fashion.

The business he professed to run was for the purchase and disposal of shops; but all the money he obtained in this instance went into his own banking account.

He is a most plausible man, and his victims can be counted by the score. Some are to be found in Canterbury, Bolton, Sheffield, Bristol, Coventry and London.

His careless indifference for the law may be illustrated by a case where a Scotland Yard detective arrested him after a long inquiry into his swindling activities, and preferred various charges of fraud against him.

Granted bail, he just disappeared, and all the time the police were searching for him—a fugitive from justice—he was staging fresh swindles in all parts!

Indeed, warrant after warrant for his arrest on fresh charges was issued whilst he was "on the run."

It is doubtful if the police would have arrested him at all but for the fact that he one day calmly walked into a provincial police station and gave himself up as he "was tired of being chased."

As we said at the beginning he recently underwent an enforced "rest." It has apparently refreshed him considerably, for complaints are already again growing rife about him

## In Bravest England

### The amazing story of the heroic mothers who have kept the home fires burning during the Great Depression

### By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

# HEROINE of the Third Floor Back

TO-DAY with every industrial district of our great cities hard hit by unemployment, there are hundreds of households where the man, out of work, and ineligible for the "dole," is unable to contribute anything to the support of his family. All that comes into the house is earned by his wife.

And yet the flag of courage still floats mast-high over these little homes which, like tiny forts in a beleaguered town, repel the forces of hunger and despair.

You will find these strongholds everywhere, all garrisoned by women, who, generally over-worked and underfed, are inevitably touched with a bravery that holds no touch of self.

For in the ceaseless campaign for existence that goes on amongst the ranks of those who hold body and soul together only by the frailest thread it is the women who lead the fight.

Up with the earliest streak of light, many a wife and mother does a day's work in the home before starting on the long grind of charing, sewing, whatever job may come to hand. And always when things are at their worst, these women face up to the crisis.

Their war cry is the children! So long as they are cared for all work and no play does not matter to the gallant company of mothers.

And yet though the Saga of what our women did and suffered during the Great War has been sung a thousand times, who knows of the long-drawn sacrifice, deathless and divine, of the heroines of the Great Depression?

It is not easy to get these Captains Courageous to talk of themselves. To most the task of making every shilling they earn do the work of two has become ingrained. Their faces grow lined in the process. Young eyes lose their brightness; the hair that as a girl was brushed and burnished too often becomes lank and prematurely grey.

## Courage Unfaltering

What tales of abnegation, what immemorial records of long, bitter, brave and passionate martyrdom those lives of unremitting industry and unending effort hold. And now with the winter here, that undying enemy of the poor, the hardest struggle of the year is on. Each day is a pitched battle, and night brings only a short respite before the call to arms sounds yet again.

They never complain, these keepers of the home citadel, but with a courage before which the most burning eloquence must falter, quietly, steadfastly, resolutely ward off the terror of starvation and defeat.

I can recall no finer epic in our national history than the achievements of these heroines.

Their moving, inspiring stories have long waited to be told, and in order that they may be first recorded in JOHN BULL, I have specially gone in search of some of them throughout Great Britain. . . .

It was on a keen, bright afternoon that I explored the rambling district of North Kensington. The sun glinted on the pavements of the Bayswater Road and in Hyde Park the sparrows seemed to think that Spring was coming, they twittered with such spontaneous satisfaction.

But as I turned off the main thoroughfare in the direction of my goal, the brightness faded. It needed, I felt, more than a glimpse of winter sunshine to cheer up such a heartbreak of a place. For here some of the richest congeries in London enjoy a leisured existence and large gardens within a stone's throw of thousands of overcrowded, underfed lives.

North Kensington is full of such kaleidoscopic contrasts.

I walked along gaunt terraces of paintless houses, peeling with decay, their front-steps cracked, their railings gaping like broken teeth. Built for families of moderate wealth and assured position, nowadays they are let out in rooms at a figure so disproportioned to the tenant's income that little is left to keep the soul in the rack-rented body.

The stagnation of those houses weighs heavy and I welcomed the sudden violent vitality of Portobello Road with its cheap stalls and bustling shops. Again an occasional row of neat little dwellings, sturdy and strong-backed, suggested that new life was burgeoning in the dead soil—until once more the gloom of the ill-conditioned residences closed down.

And always, mocking as a dream, came the remembrance of the pleasant mansions at whose gates slum dwellings cluster.

But even in the heart of this most depressing place it is not all dark. Feeling my way up a dreary staircase leading to a third floor landing, I suddenly smelt the fresh, sweet scent of a hyacinth. . . .

## Snug and Friendly

There were three pots in a small room which had a kitchen range and a divan bed. Blue, pink and white, the flowers, slender and straight, stood up like lances. A screen of some dark stuff was in front of the sink and a table spread for the evening meal was neatly laid for five.

There were faded chintz curtains at the window and a home-made wool rug on the clean scrubbed but bare floor. It was almost like a cottage room, snug and friendly, suggesting anything but the grim, cheerless poverty of what has been termed the Third Floor Back.

And it was here I found Mrs. Forrest, the first of my gallery of heroines of the Great Depression. She insisted I should have some tea—her husband and the three boys would not be in until later—but if I would excuse her while the kettle boiled she would go on with her work.

She was embroidering a nightdress, and I marvelled at the skill with which she covered the traced pattern.

A little woman with a spare figure and a pale, worn face, her brown hair neatly shingled was nicely waved, her cheap, black gown fitted quite well, and her teeth were white and even.

There was something bird-like in the way her needle darted in and out of the material, in the quick glance of the brown eyes, which seemed to notice everything at once.

A Londoner born and bred, she had been employed as a girl in the household where her mother was cook. The family had lived in one of those old Georgian squares where tradition has struck deep roots and riches carry obligation. The young ladies had taken a fancy to her, and when her father—he was chauffeur—died, they had paid to have her taught dressmaking, manicure, hairdressing, all the manifold arts and crafts which go to the training of a successful ladies' maid.

Those days were very happy. She shared her young ladies' triumphs and disappointments. It was thrilling to dress them for a dance and sit up to hear of their conquests, and in the summer she went with them to the country.

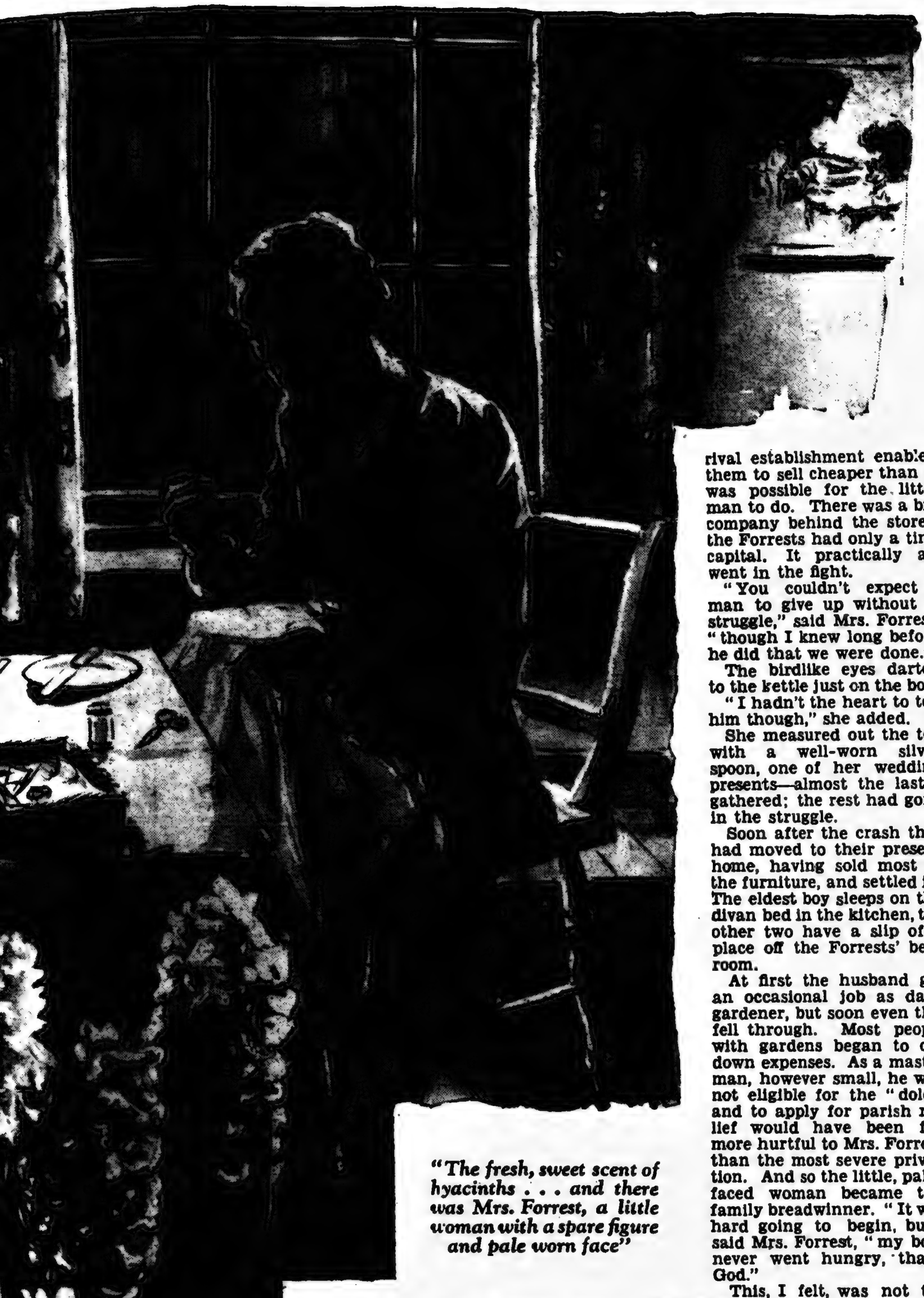
And there, just over thirteen years ago, she had met the man she married. He was employed as a gardener and earned good money.

## Luck Changes

"It was a beautiful place," she said, and pointed to a photograph over the mantelpiece of a comfortable country house with a group of girls and boys and jolly-looking parents in the background.

The family were quite pleased at the marriage. They gave the young couple a wedding breakfast and a generous cheque, and with that and their joint savings Mr. and Mrs. Forrest took a little shop for flowers and fruit and vegetables.

"My young ladies were very good," said Mrs. Forrest. "They used to buy all their flowers from us and send



*"The fresh, sweet scent of hyacinths . . . and there was Mrs. Forrest, a little woman with a spare figure and pale worn face"*

ever so many friends as well. When my eldest boy was born they gave him a perambulator—they never came without some sort of gift. They were really fond of me and the baby too. When they went away I missed them dreadfully. You see, about this time the family lost their money and had to sell their house and go abroad. They wrote at first, but after a bit the letters stopped—I never hear now."

For about six years the shop went swimmingly, and custom grew so fast that a boy had to be engaged to help, and at Christmas time husband and wife would work half the night packing up orders.

And then the luck changed. A big fruit and flower stores opened just opposite. It was the old story. The big firm starved out the small man. First of all the shop lost the ready cash customers, careful housewives who shop in the cheapest market, and gradually the better-class trade went too. The huge turnover of the rival establishment enabled them to sell cheaper than it was possible for the little man to do. There was a big company behind the stores, the Forrests had only a tiny capital. It practically all went in the fight.

"You couldn't expect a man to give up without a struggle," said Mrs. Forrest, "though I knew long before he did that we were done."

The birdlike eyes darted to the kettle just on the boil.

"I hadn't the heart to tell him though," she added.

She measured out the tea with a well-worn silver spoon, one of her wedding presents—almost the last I gathered; the rest had gone in the struggle.

Soon after the crash they had moved to their present home, having sold most of the furniture, and settled in. The eldest boy sleeps on the divan bed in the kitchen, the other two have a slip of a place off the Forrests' bedroom.

At first the husband got an occasional job as daily gardener, but soon even this fell through. Most people with gardens began to cut down expenses. As a master man, however small, he was not eligible for the "dole," and to apply for parish relief would have been far more hurtful to Mrs. Forrest than the most severe privation. And so the little, pale-faced woman became the family breadwinner. "It was hard going to begin, but," said Mrs. Forrest, "my boys never went hungry, thank God."

This, I felt, was not the case with her. The blue shadows under the eyes, the deeply graven lines about the mouth told a different story.

Gradually, however, prospects brightened. She found employment at some of the big houses in the neighbourhood repairing linen, making underwear, lending a hand at a dinner party. She put in some time daily attending a bedridden old lady, acted as waitress, parlourmaid, took the children of the rich to and from school.

## Something Certain . .

"I've worked up a good connection," said Mrs. Forrest. "Sometimes I've almost more than I can manage without neglecting the home, but I haven't done that yet. I get them all a good meal in the evening"—a savoury smell was coming from a stewpan on the stove—"and breakfast as well. For midday I leave soup to hot up, or a bit of cold meat. My eldest boy—he's twelve now—is wonderfully handy. He's such a help to me."

The lad is doing very well at school and hopes to sit for a scholarship at a secondary school which will give him a chance of passing a Civil Service examination.

"Something *certain*," said Mrs. Forrest wistfully. "Something that will mean bread and butter for today *and* to-morrow."

I think the winning of that certainty for her boy is the mainspring of Mrs. Forrest's existence. There was a row of books on a shelf by the divan and a couple of travel volumes from the public library.

"I've always longed to go abroad," said Mrs. Forrest. "I went to France once with the family. We were in Normandy for over a month. The children like to hear me talk about it. The next best thing to going to a place, I think, is knowing about it. The boy and I go to a travel film sometimes—dad and the others prefer adventure pictures—but we can none of us go often."

## The Boy Comes In

There was a clatter up the stairs and a boy's whistle and the pride of Mrs. Forrest's eyes came in, a clean-built lad, with a sunny smile. He sniffed appreciation of the meal to come, and I realised that very soon the rest of the household would troop in and the little room be full to overflowing.

Five mouths to feed, five bodies to work for, five souls to comfort and strengthen and sustain—that is the task, so nobly faced, that earns Mrs. Forrest an honoured place among my heroines.

The health of the little household is quite good—though Mrs. Forrest does not look too strong. Plenty of nourishing food and strong boots is her health motto—clothes are of secondary importance. She makes everything the boys wear, and at odd moments knits a pullover for her husband.

She did not say very much about him. I think she shrinks from even the thought of criticism.

I gathered he puts in the daily call at the Labour Exchange with the rest of the hapless, aching for occupation. He goes doggedly to the public libraries to search the advertisement columns and occasionally in sheer desperation tramps off to his old home in the country, in the wild hope of work.

## The Man He Was

Poor Mrs. Forrest! She knew her husband once, high-spirited and full of vigour, liked and respected in a good job. She helped him as shopkeeper, proud of his business, looking forward to the time when with his faithful helpmate, he could enjoy a quiet competence. And now she sees him—the lover of her youth, the father of her sons—his pride broken, his manhood crushed, thrown on the social scrap-heap, disused, unwanted.

But in the home—the knowledge must surely help—a welcome always awaits him. A warm bed, a cosy fire and—incredible Mrs. Forrest—an encouraging word!

She knows and understands, and loves and pities her husband. I am sure of that. But in her heart of hearts, I think she prays that this cruel thing may never happen to her boys. And so this Heroine of the Hard-hit Home slaves and scrapes and hoards, pinching herself of all but bare necessities, so that they may have a better chance. . . .

The scent of the hyacinths followed me out into the dingy street.

Hyacinths and Mrs. Forrest—I cannot think of the one without the other.

---

*Next Week:*

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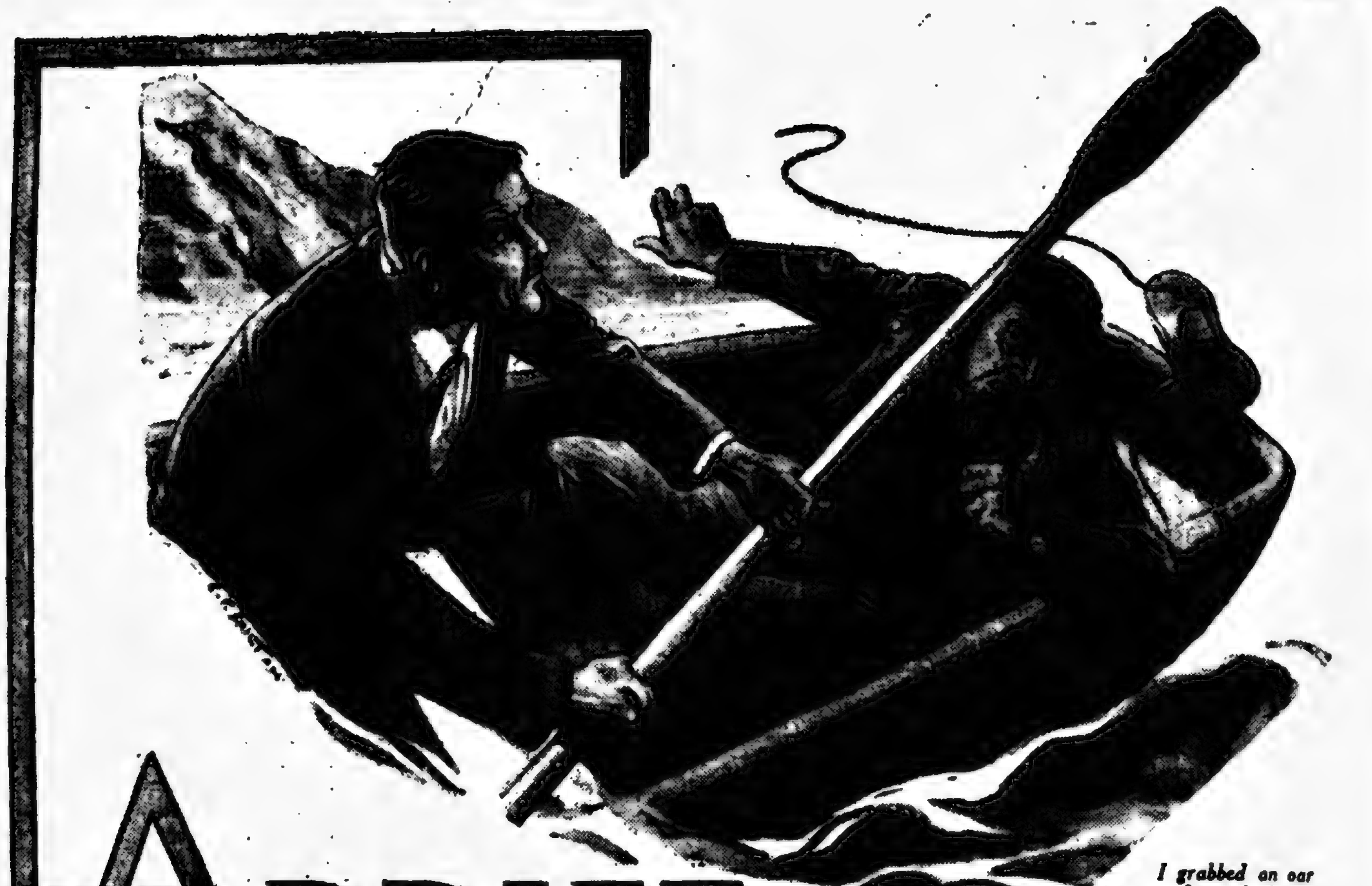


*I grabbed an oar and caught him a crack on the back of the head*

# ADRIFT with a MAN DEMENTED

PERHAPS, if I had been born on the wild west coast of Argyllshire, able to speak the language and read those human "weather" signs which the natives understood at a glance, I should never have met adventure in the company of Jock MacBain.

He came up to me on the loch-side, a huge figure of a man with jutting red beard and eyes of gentian blue. The reek of alcohol hung heavy about him, but his step was unfaltering and his smile as merry as a child's.

I was one of a gang of twelve "foreigners" who had been sent to a sleepy little village in a remote part of the Western Highlands to lay out a rich man's garden.

But there is no work in Scotland on New Year's Day, and that afternoon, with no wind stirring and scarcely a cloud in the sky, I had wandered alone to the shore of a silent loch, which lay like a great mirror stretching away and away to meet the distant and unseen Atlantic.

There was a still black frost that bound the world to silence. Every small pool was filmed with ice, but the loch itself was all free water.

And with my pipe between my teeth I stood and watched a white cloud of seagulls that shifted and dispersed and settled on a distant stretch.

MacBain, whom I had met but once before, was one of the gillies on the big estate. He came up behind me, gave me no greeting, and stood for some moments at my elbow before I turned and nodded an unspoken greeting.

"Mon," he said, "it's a grand day. "I'm for rowing across the loch. There's freens o' mine on the ither side. Wull ye row wi' me?"

I CANNOT hope to reproduce his dialect nor the rich cordiality of his invitation. His breath steamed on the air, aromatic with the celebration of New Year's Eve.

I judged him slightly mellow, and though I am a teetotaller, his mood jumped with mine. I was all for rowing in that clear air and on that silver sheet.

"Where's your boat, Jock?" I asked. "Lead me to it and I'm your man."

We walked some way along the shore to a little creek, where three boats lay at their moorings.

I swear that he never lurched in his stride nor fumbled with the ropes of the light skiff which he instantly unmoored. There were cottages at the back of us, and I glanced over my shoulder, hesitating for a moment lest we ought to ask permission of the owner of the boat.

"Niver heed for that, laddie," said Jock, answering my unspoken thought, "this is Donald's boat an' he'll no be wanting it the day. Jump in and let's awa'."

It is true that nearly every householder who lives on the borders of the Highland lochs owns his boat and a craft may be borrowed without any fuss.

In any case, it was Jock's funeral, and so with the merest shrug of the shoulders I took the rowing seat and Jock, seating himself at the stern, cast off.

"JOHN BULL"
Readers' Stories
75

I bent to the oars with a will, for the air was cold and I was a young man glad in the strength of my limbs.

Jock had the steering ropes over his shoulders, and he declaimed passages from "Paradise Lost," fine sonorous lines, in a great rolling voice.

The journey across needed something over an hour of good hard rowing, and I should have been glad enough to pull straight over.

But after ten minutes Jock bellowed that he wanted to take a turn at the oars and started up from his seat, so that the small boat rocked perilously.

"All right, you great fool," I shouted, "you don't want to have us both over, do you? Come on if you must have a go, but hold the sides of the boat as you move and keep your weight in the middle."

"Can ye no swim, mon?" he roared. "It's a grran' day for a swim!"

But we made the change smoothly enough, and the oars bent under Jock's powerful strokes, so that we seemed to fly across the water.

Jock, I could see, was giving himself a thorough pipe-opener and using every ounce of his great strength. His beard jutted out at me with each forward drive and receded defiantly on the backward pull.

"Mon," he said suddenly, after five minutes of prodigious effort, "tak on again for a spell. I'm wanting a drink."

I protest that even when we made the second change I had no suspicion of my companion's state. He sank heavily into the uncushioned tiller seat and immediately produced from his breast pocket a huge flash of whisky.

He paused as he raised it to his lips. "Tae hell with all Papists!" he shouted, and then drank a huge draught.

He emptied, I should think, nearly a third of that flask of neat spirit. Then, to give him his due, he wiped the neck with his sleeve and held the flask out to me, inviting me urgently to have a wee drappie for myself.

I shook my head and told him that I didn't like whisky.

"Eh, ye puir bairn!" he sighed compassionately, and then, with one long, pitying glance in my direction, he raised the flask again to his lips, and I watched, absolutely fascinated, until the last golden drops had drained into his mouth.

THERE must have been at least a pint of good pre-war Scotch in that flask, and I confess that I was awed at my companion's capacity.

But still I did not suspect trouble. He leant back in his seat and the blue eyes closed as though in sleep.

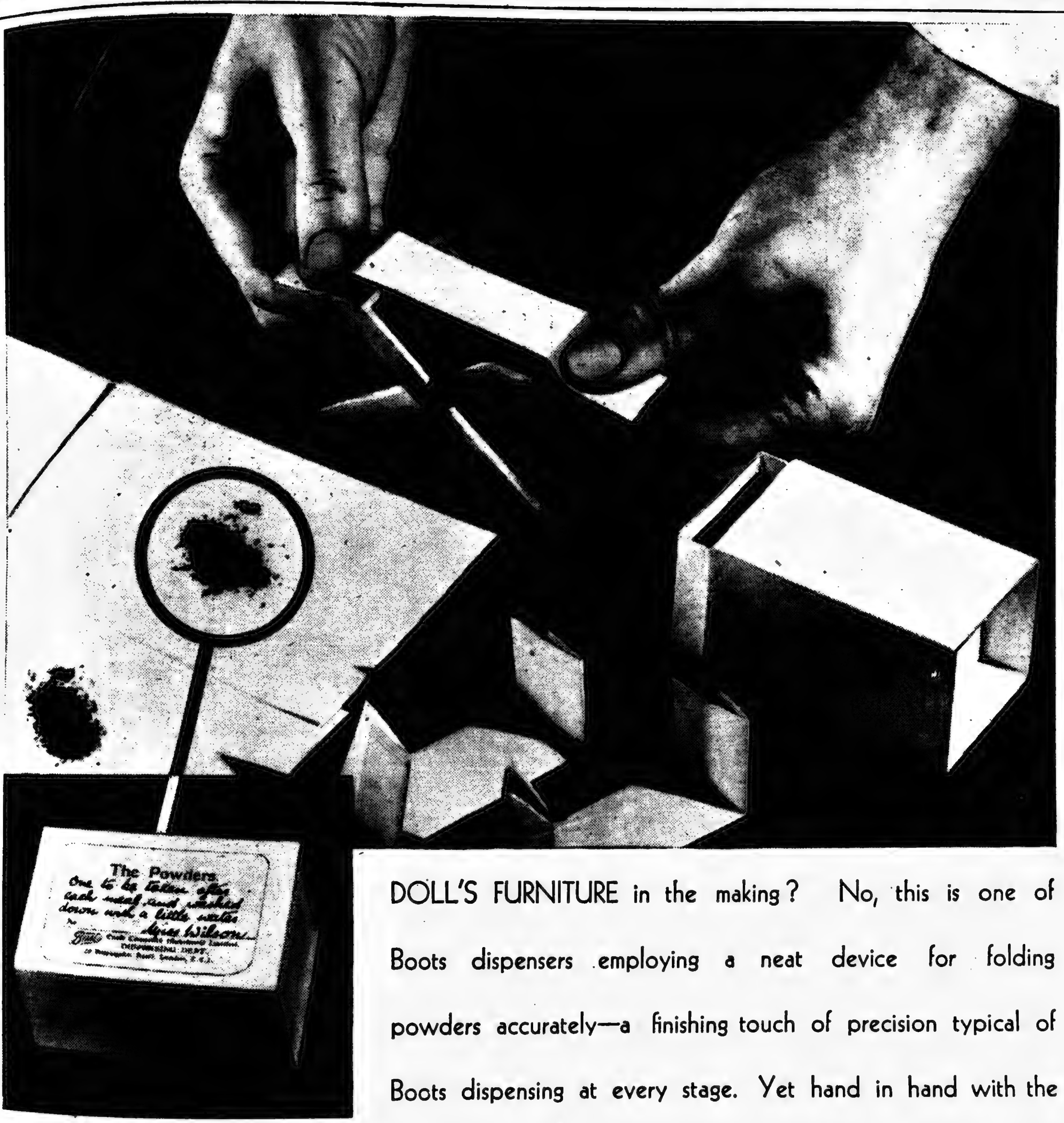
I rowed on for several minutes, forgetting Jock altogether. Indeed, my mind was busy with thoughts of a lass in Edinburgh, when suddenly I heard a great bellow and felt a big hand clamp my wrist.

"Who's yon Blackamoor rowing in the seat ahint ye?" roared Jock MacBain. "Whaur's he been hiding awa'? Throw him out, the swine!"

Involuntarily I glanced over my shoulder, *expecting* to see some one on the bench behind me.

It wasn't what Jock said; it was his eyes that saw. In moments of crisis a man's eyes don't lie: you can see the

*(Continued on page 28)*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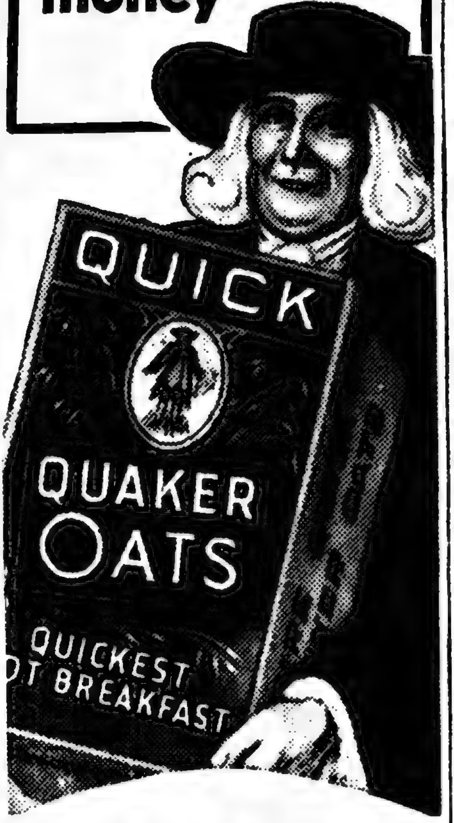

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*Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker*

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ADRIFT with a MAN DEMENTED

*continued from page 26*

# PHANTOM *of the* LOCH

fury or the terror or the surprise in them. And I turned to see the man Jock was *seeing*.

But there was no one there. Of course there couldn't have been. There wasn't room for a cat to stow away in that little skiff, let alone a grown man.

My plain reasoning told me that and fortified me as I turned my head to confront the gaze of the big Highlander.

"Throw him oot, I tell you!" he roared once more, and, starting from his seat, he made to scramble across into the bows

I knew then that his mind had given way, but it did not occur to me at the time that this was delirium tremens and that Jock was not mad, but only "mad drunk" in the literal sense of that rather terrible phrase.

The light rowing boat rocked from side to side, shipping water, as I caught him by the coat-tails and shouted against his shouts.

"Sit down, you fool," I yelled. "Sit down, or we'll both be drowned!"

My words did not reach him. He jerked his coat out of my grasp and it might have gone hard with me if he had *seen* me at all.

But all his rage was concentrated on the invisible "Blackamoor" in the bows. He lurched forward with reaching hands, lost his balance, and fell backwards between me and the tiller seat.

BEFORE he could recover himself I pulled with one oar and backed violently with the other, so that the boat spun round almost in its own length. Then I started to row as hard as I could for the nearer shore.

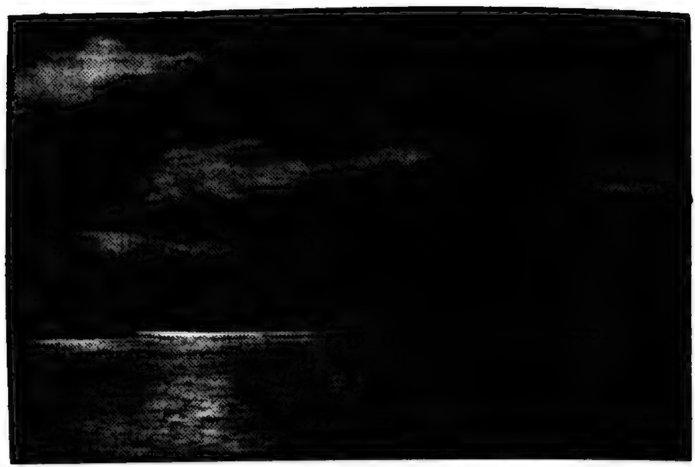
Jock hoisted himself to his knees, fixed his blue eyes on my face and became suddenly aware of me as an obstacle between him and his enemy.

"Oot of ma way, wee mannie!" he shouted, and even in that moment, when I thought that death in the icy waters of the loch was very near, the "wee mannie" rankled, for I am of small stature, though powerfully built.

There was no time for half measures. I knew that we must capsize if it came to a wrestling match, and so I pulled one of my oars inboard, drew back my free arm and then, as Jock crouched towards me, I let him have it with all my force—a clean right-hand punch to the point of the jaw.

He slumped to the floor of the boat. Sober, I doubt whether any sitting punch I could have given him would have put him out.

Drunk as he was, the blow left him dazed I knew it wouldn't be for long,



*The Silent Loch*

and as I went on rowing I planted both feet against his ribs, hoping to hold him to the floor.

For a minute or two Jock lay still. Then, with astonishing agility, he wriggled free and was back in the tiller seat in an instant.

But his rage had changed to a kind of frantic terror. He was still glowering past me at the "Blackamoor," but now there was horror in his eyes.

HE was muttering deep in his throat, but I have no Gaelic, and I did not understand him.

Then he screamed and spread both hands in front of his face. Once again it was all I could do not to look behind me, for I had seen in Jock's eyes the fear of a creeping and loathsome attack.

His "Blackamoor" had turned into something leprous and horrible.

Still shouting and sobbing, he bent forward, tugged off one of his boots, and hurled it past me within a few inches of my head. Then he tried to dive out of the boat.

I caught him round the legs and, even so, he forced the upper part of his body over the side so that his head and shoulders were in the water and the boat, canted over to one side, shipped a considerable volume.

If he had gone on struggling I could not have held him, but he let me haul him back, and instantly swung a blow at my ear that left my head ringing.

I grabbed an oar and caught him a crack on the back of the head. This time he crumpled up and lay groaning and gasping.

There was a rock in the distance, a mere point sticking out of the water and too small to call an island.

I thought that if I could reach this rock and make fast I might be able to haul Jock ashore or, at any rate, deal with him more safely until the crisis had passed.

As I was toiling at the oars this rocky islet was naturally behind me and, with no one at the rudder, I had to keep glancing over my shoulder.

But again I kept my feet braced against Jock's fallen body, and I had almost reached the rock before I felt him stir.

I kept right on, ran the nose of the boat against the rock itself, and then scrambled into the bows to reach the painter.

I had it in my hand and was just poising to step ashore and tie up when Jock threw himself across the intervening seats, caught me by the ankle and jerked me overboard

Never before or since have I felt such a shock of icy cold. I came up gasping, but, though I am scarcely able to swim, a couple of floundering strokes brought me to the rock and I scrambled ashore.

I was safe, but marooned, for Jock MacBain, shouting with wild laughter, had somehow clambered into the rowing seat, and the oars bent under his giant strokes as he pulled away to the farther shore.

In vain I yelled after him and swore. He never turned his head. I heard his mad laughter grow fainter and watched man and boat dwindle until they became a mere black speck which vanished in the sunset.

It was then, I suppose, about four o'clock. The rock upon which I stood was no more than a few yards wide and as bare as the back of my hand. I shouted until I was hoarse, hoping that by some happy chance my voice might reach some one on the shore.

BUT there was no reply, and in my wet clothes the cold became so bitter that I began to be very afraid.

My only hope lay with Jock MacBain. I knew that if he reached shore and was seen by any of the loch-side dwellers there was just a chance that a boat would come back my way, either conveying Jock back to his wife or taking the news to her of his condition.

And, if that boat passed near enough to me, all would be well.

But we had set out from shore unobserved, and on that day of all days in the year it was a thousand-to-one chance against any other boat rowing out into the gathering darkness, except on Jock's account.

Much later, when my clothes were stiff with ice and my body so numbed that I could not have risen to my feet unaided, I lay and watched the stars, brilliant points of light against the inky blackness of the sky.

And I thought, not with anguish or fear, but with detached interest, that it was a queer thing for a young man to die like I should do, alone on a mere patch of rock within a mile or two of warmth and light and kindly human beings.

They found me at one o'clock in the morning. It was not so much Jock himself as his "Blackamoor" who saved my life.

Soaking wet himself, the red hair matted with blood where I had broken his head with the oar and limping upon one bootless foot, Jock had staggered into a cottage still crazed in his delirium.

THEY put him to bed at once, and it was only as they listened to his wild laughter and his talk of the "Blackamoor" whom he had thrown overboard that the "guid wife" said to her man: "I wonder now if there was somebody wi' Jock in Donald's boat?"

She had much ado, I fancy, to persuade her husband to row across and find out. In my semi-consciousness I must have heard the creak of the oars and called faintly for help.

But I remember nothing of my rescue until I found myself wrapped in blankets before a blazing fire.

Jock MacBain has been dead these many years He came to see me—sober for once and penitent—while I was still fighting pneumonia.

And I am told that as he left my room he turned to my kindly hostess and said to her with deep pity in his tones:

"Eh, the puir wee mannie. I mind he wouldna tak a soop from ma flask. Nae wunner he was almost frozen tae deeth! There's naething like a drop of whusky tae keep oot the cold!"

---

*The "Greatest of These—" Fund*

# SAVE THIS HOME!

GEORGE, aged eight, is one of those thoroughly English trustworthy lads. His mother says: "He is ever such a help to me with baby. He amuses her for hours, and he helps his brother, who is disabled. He looks about for wood for me, and is always ready to do anything for his dad."

His dad fought in the Boer War and in the Great War. For the last two years he has suffered from rheumatoid arthritis, and is now racked with pain and completely helpless. "I do anything for him cheerfully," his wife says. "I know I have a good husband, and he is the best of fathers."

His minister says: "He is a poor wreck with a brave wife who is making a fine attempt to hold the home together."

When her husband's illness developed, she went out to clean offices for 17s. 6d. a week in the early morning and evening, while during the day she took in washing to earn a few extra shillings.

But all this had to be abandoned when her baby arrived. The other children are boys, aged thirteen, eleven and eight.

*George*

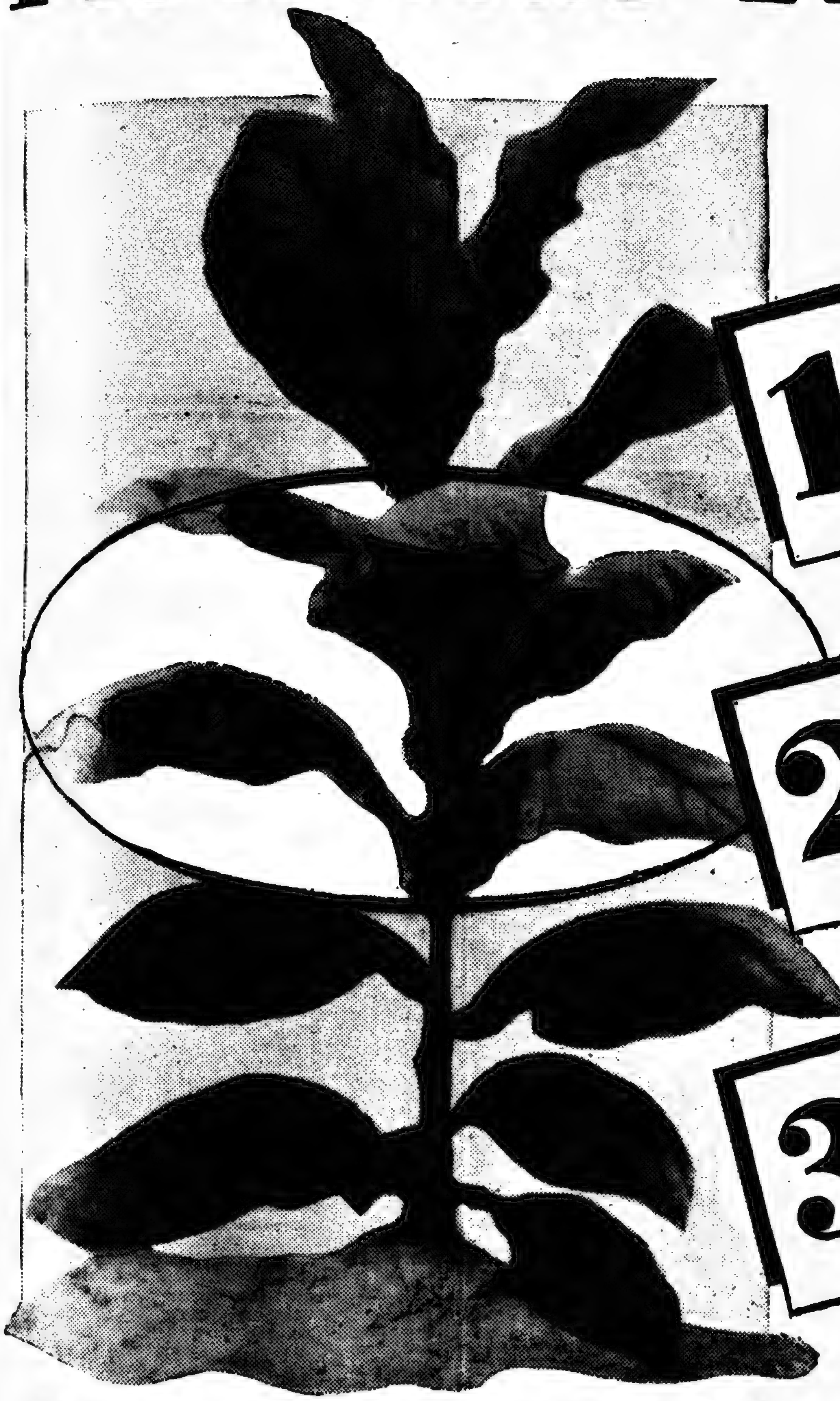
The eleven-year-old boy was recently discharged from hospital after seventeen months with a damaged hand, which is now said to be tubercular.

There is much poverty as well as sickness in George's family. "I have very often had to pawn my own things and my children's to get a dinner," said George's mother, "and stale bread that has been given to me to make a bread pudding with I have had to damp and put in the oven for our food."

In spite of these sacrifices, the rent of 12s. a week is in arrears, and they are threatened with eviction.

That this invalid man should be turned out of his home is unthinkable, and that is why we ask our readers, who are never failing in their kindness, to send donations earmarked "George," which, with subscriptions for the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

# Kensitas TASTE better



**1** *Kensitas do not* use the top leaves . . . because the top leaves are underdeveloped . . . they are not ripe . . . They would give a harsh smoke.

**2** *Kensitas use only the centre leaves* of the finest Virginia tobaccos . . . because the centre leaves are the mildest, tenderest, smoothest.

**3** *Kensitas do not* use the bottom leaves, because the bottom leaves are inferior in quality. They grow close to the ground . . . they are tough, coarse and always sandy.

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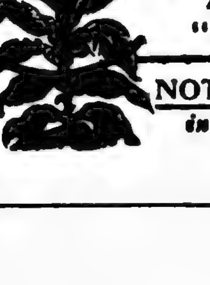
As you can see from this picture — the better TASTE of Kensitas doesn't just happen. The secret is in the centre leaves — the Cream of the Crop. These leaves alone reach precisely the right stage of development to give that mellow-mild, satisfying flavour so appreciated in Kensitas. That's why Kensitas TASTE better.

## Kensitas

*They're Mild . . . They Satisfy*

*They Taste Better*



**NOT** the top leaves — *they're under-developed — they are harsh!*

***The Cream of the Crop***

**"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"**

**NOT** the bottom leaves — *they're inferior in quality — coarse and always sandy!*

**FOR DOCTORS ONLY**

*New discovery about hydrochloric acid*

Indigestion is in most cases due to an excess of "free" hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Now, scientists in a London hospital have discovered that certain of the everyday beverages start an excessive flow of this strong acid in the stomach **with disastrous after-effects on the whole digestive process.**

**These scientists proved, however, that Rowntree's Cocoa actually *neutralises* acidity in the stomach. Immediately you drink this cocoa it starts *helping* digestion.** Thus food does you *more* good!

**KATHLEEN GROWS BONNIER EVERY DAY**

**NOW SHE'S CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S**

*"Such a bonny girl"*

says Mrs. JORDAN, 12 Hawkins Crescent, Harrow. "*Every mother will appreciate the case of my girl Kathleen! She was thin and poorly — then someone said I should be more careful what she* drank. *Since I changed her to Rowntree's she's improved amazingly — grows bonnier every day!*"

**EXTRA NOURISHMENT in each cup**

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# DILEMMA of the Only Daughter

*"In almost every hospital there is a three-months' probationary period"—nurses-to-be with their sister-tutor*

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

ONE of the most gratifying features of my work as "Humanist" is the increasing number of young people who write to me for advice.

When I assumed this office I seldom received a letter from anybody under twenty-one. Now they come in scores.

A good many of them deal with that ever-present problem—the choice of a career. Sometimes difficulties arise. A girl wants to go in for something against the wishes of her parents. A young man finds the choice he made in his early 'teens is the wrong one. And they seek my advice.

Here are three typical letters which I have selected with some care, as they represent varying points of view. My first correspondent is a girl of seventeen.

"My one ambition in life," she says, "is to train to be a nurse in a children's hospital. My parents, however, tell me that I should never be able to stand it. They say the work is terribly hard and the hours very long.

"They also want to keep me at home, if they can, as I am their only daughter. My father tells me that I ought to be satisfied, as I have a good home which thousands of girls would like to have. My mother, in order to pacify me, is willing that I should go into a shop or an office.

"But I long to be a nurse. You see, I have a friend who has gone through her training, and is now doing district work, which she loves. From her I have learnt not of the hardships of nursing, but only of its joys. I am, too, passionately fond of children, especially young babies. I wonder what you think I had better do?"

On one point I agree with those parents. They are right when they say that nursing is very hard work—the hours can be both long and exacting. But it is work that has great compensations. There is, for instance, no profession that offers so many opportunities of helping other folk. And what a different world this would be, if we all made that our ideal!

BUT now let us come down to this particular case. I am always chary of advising young people to act in direct opposition to their parents' wishes. After all, a father and mother should have their children's interests at heart, and desire, above all things, their happiness and material welfare.

I say "should have," because it isn't always so. In this case I think there may be a little selfishness behind it. This girl is an only daughter, and her parents are naturally anxious that she should remain at home as long as possible. But let them remember that they cannot keep her there indefinitely, and it would be a thousand pities if they baulked her ambitions for their own selfish ends.

It may be, of course, that, with their greater knowledge of life, they honestly believe that their daughter is either not cut out for nursing or is not strong enough to stand the strain.

Well, this can easily be put to the test. In almost every hospital there is a three-months probationary period of training for nurses. This girl would know in that time whether the work really appeals to her and whether she is physically fit to undertake it.

I think her parents might at least consent to that step. And, in order to induce them to do so, my correspondent should ask that friend of hers who is so greatly enjoying her district nursing to go and talk to them. She may be able to persuade these parents that it is possible to be intensely happy in this profession, in spite of their fears.

I HOPE this girl will achieve her desire with the full knowledge and approval of her parents. In that hope I am sending to her by post the names and addresses of a few children's hospitals to which she can apply.

My second letter comes from a young man of nineteen—the youngest of a family of five. His father served in the Great War, but, instead of returning to his family upon demobilisation, he went off with some other woman.

"As a result," says this young man, "my mother has had a hard job to bring us all up, as at that time the eldest child was only fifteen and I was only five. However, she managed it, though the worry and struggle of it ultimately caused her death.

"I went to school until 1928, when I left with the idea of getting a job as an office boy, but found the labour market was crowded with others of the same age. It was, however, imperative that I should get work immediately, as we were in dire straits. So, much against my inclinations, I started work on a farm, where I have had to remain. Needless to say, I have no desire to stay here indefinitely, so a few months ago I decided to try for the Civil Service.

"With this end in view, I enrolled as a student at a correspondence college. At school I was regarded as a good scholar, and I am confident that, if I study hard, I can safely pass the entrance examination.

"The question I would like to ask is—if I do pass it, will the Civil Service Commissioners admit a farm labourer to a position in their employ, or is the Civil Service only for those of public school or university education?"

How different is the case of this young fellow from many others I know. There are parents who spend years considering the career problem in their anxiety to find the right openings for their children. My correspondent has had no one to push him. He had to take any work he could get. Now he realises that he must either reconcile himself to spending his life in a job for which he has no liking, or strike out boldly for himself in some new direction.

For my part, I am delighted that he has decided to make a fight for it. And it will be a fight. He can, I presume, only study in his spare time, and, after a heavy day in the open air, his powers of endurance will be tried to the utmost.

But, if his letter is any guide, I will prophesy that he will win through. He already possesses a very essential qualification—the incentive to do so.

It will encourage him to know that the Civil Service Commissioners make no distinction of class, social status, present occupation or place of education. Provided a candidate is of British birth and of good character, and can pass the qualifying examination, that is all that is necessary so far as the ordinary run of Civil Service appointments is concerned.

I urge this young man, therefore, to stick to his task. Obviously, he has enthusiasm, courage and willpower. With these he should go far.

My third correspondent is also under twenty-one. He will attain that age in a few months.

"For five years," he says, "I was engaged in the telephone industry, and got to know quite a lot about the work. Just recently, however, I fell out of employment and obtained a situation at a dyeworks, and am now learning that business.

"When I was at the telephone works I studied a good deal to make myself efficient, but, after coming here, I have begun to wonder if it was worth while as a career. I have been comparing my present occupation with my old one and trying to discover which is likely to bring me the most success in life.

"I look at the position in this way: One telephone will last a person a lifetime. But with dyeing it is very different. People are constantly sending work to be done. As I have no one else whose advice I can ask, would you please help me? Ought I to take up dyeing as a career, or shall I go back to the telephone work when the chance comes?"

This is not an easy problem to solve and for this reason. My correspondent does not tell me where his own personal inclinations lie. I assume, therefore, that his mind is pretty evenly balanced between the two occupations, so far as liking the work is concerned, and that he could make himself happy in either kind of job if he were certain it offered good prospects of advancement. If that is so, I think I can help him to make up his mind.

Interesting though telephone work is, and hard though this man has studied to make himself proficient in it, there is, I should say, not the same scope in it as in the other work.

THE prospects of promotion in dyeworking seem to me far more promising. It is an industry that is developing very rapidly, and seems to have tremendous possibilities. If my correspondent succeeded beyond his present dreams, he might even one day possess a dyeworks of his own. He could never hope to advance so far with telephones.

But, in any case, his future may be decided for him. He seems to have no option just at present but to remain in the dyeworks. He may not get an opportunity of returning to telephones for a long time. As the months and years pass, he may become absorbed in his present occupation, so that he will be able to say without a shadow of doubt: "This is my job, and at this I stick."

---

**Philip Inman is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and exists to help you solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.**

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TESTED JB

Mr. G. D. Turner, Assistant Commissioner of Prisons, has drawn our attention to the caption of a photograph relating to the outbreak at Dartmoor in 1932, which appears in our publication "The Pageant of the Century."

The caption stated that "The Governor of the Prison, Colonel Turner, was relieved of his post, following the official report compiled by Messrs. Paterson and du Parcq." This is quite contrary to the facts.

We willingly give publicity to this statement and offer to him our apologies for any annoyance the error may have caused him.

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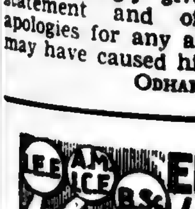
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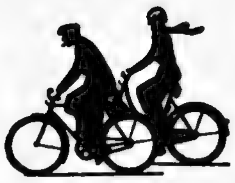

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# Worst Scandal of the WAR

THERE will be published next Monday a document* which must bring eternal shame on the post-war rulers of the British nation.

It is a record of the worst scandal of the war.

It contains the only complete and authentic account of the grossest betrayal of maimed and stricken people ever perpetrated in the name of government, law and justice.

In plain, moderate and dignified language this book relates the terrible, almost incredible, story of the callous manner in which more than 60,000 British civilian war sufferers have been duped and defrauded by successive British Governments since the end of the Great War.

These people were the preferential creditors of Germany in consequence of the loss of life, limb and property caused by the attacks on the civilian population by air raids, bombardments of defenceless coast towns, the submarine campaign and the like.

It was a first condition of the terms of peace that they should be compensated in full by Germany, and in the Treaty of Versailles it was laid down that each sum of money so paid was "due to the person who had suffered the injury."

Every claim of the kind was investigated and verified by the British Government before it was submitted to Germany. The bill was presented in detail to our late enemy and Germany paid it in full for the express purpose of such compensation and no other.

A sum of £44,000,000 has been paid by Germany for the British civilian and unarmed victims of the bomb and the submarine. Only £5,000,000 has been disbursed to the sufferers or their dependants. A vast number have not had a shilling.

The balance of £39,000,000, at the instigation of the Treasury, has been fraudulently converted to its own uses by the British Government.

GREAT BRITAIN alone among the combatant countries has defaulted and denied to its people the reparation provided for their injury and damage. Every other Allied country and all our Dominions and Colonies have paid over every penny received from Germany on behalf of their civilian nationals.

By evasion on evasion and lie upon lie the Government for years deceived the 60,000 people in whose names it claimed and obtained the £44,000,000. But JOHN BULL, alone among the British Press, was not deceived. Nearly fourteen years ago this journal detected and declared that it was the ultimate intention of the Treasury to steal 90 per cent. of the money.

In the end the Government was driven to ask for its immorality to be legally condoned. On behalf of the robbed 60,000, the Civilian War Claimants' Association presented to the courts a Petition of Right. The petition was a just and simple one—a prayer to His Majesty to direct the payment to the sufferers of the amount due to each of them.

To legalise the embezzlement and to enrich itself by the £39,000,000 filched from the injured, the Treasury resorted to a most contemptible defence which it odiously associated with the name of the Sovereign.

*Scores of people were killed and hundreds wounded in the air raid which caused this damage. The injured survivors and the dependents of the dead are some of the 60,000 who have been so grossly betrayed*

The Government sheltered under the prerogative of the Sovereign in refusing to account for a penny of the sum received from Germany. It successfully pleaded to the courts that the Crown, in distributing money collected under the Treaty of Versailles, acted on its high prerogative, and that the prerogative cannot be questioned in a court of law.

In sporting parlance, the British Government welshed, and, when brought to book, defended itself by a plea many degrees worse than the Gaming Act.

The fight for the victims was carried to the House of Lords, but the movement was unsuccessful. That it was entitled to succeed was conceded by everyone; that it would succeed against any private person is admitted; the only bar to success was the invocation of the Royal Prerogative.

Every other civilised State has found the mean defence put forward by the British Treasury repugnant to its conscience, and it has been repudiated by their jurists. In the eyes of the rest of the world a ghastly stain rests upon the Government of this country.

Nothing more can now be done. The executive committee of the Civilian War Claimants' Association has relinquished office. The tribute to the magnificent voluntary work of these gentlemen on behalf of the helpless is the astounding record of the plot to defraud which they tried to counter and which will be made public next week.

IN 103 enemy air raids on British soil, 9,000 bombs were dropped, 1,500 people were killed and 3,500 were wounded.

Amongst these victims was Mr. T. W. Moore, of Manor Road, Romford, Essex, a railway accounts clerk. He can only walk, even now, with crutches or sticks and with great pain. The Government presented a claim for £1,930 on his behalf to Germany, with which he could buy an annuity of £130, which, in view of his incapacity and of those dependent on him was not excessive. The money was paid, but he has received nothing.

The husband of Mrs. Edith Hollington, of Glenarm Road, Lower Clapton, was killed by a bomb at Leyton, her home was destroyed, and she was left destitute with eight children. Six of her children had to be sent to orphanages.

Germany paid generously for her loss and suffering, but she has been deprived of the whole sum by the Crown.

In an air raid on Bury St. Edmunds, Mrs. Charlotte Adams, of Raingate Street, lost her husband, and son aged fifteen, and another son was severely wounded. The Crown claimed £3,000 and Germany was led to believe that a permanent pension of £3 per week was being paid to the widow and her family of four.

She has not been allowed to receive any of the money and no pension at all has ever been received by her.

Germany paid over £105,000 for pensions to the victims of a raid on Folkestone. Only one payment of a pension can be traced—namely, £1 a month to a widow!

In Fulham Workhouse to-day there is an old lady who lived with her sister upon the rents of three small cottages which they owned. Their property was destroyed in an air bombardment, and the two women were forced to enter the workhouse, where one has since died from her injuries.

Germany paid handsomely for their compensation, but all the money was seized and retained by the Crown. So the surviving old lady must remain and die in the workhouse.

As with air raids, so with the victims of the submarine torpedo—widows and orphans heartlessly cheated and men defrauded of money paid for the loss of property and livelihood.

MR. WILLIAM PILLAR, of Berry Head Road, Brixham, owner and master of a trawler, was decorated by the King with the D.S.O. for a particularly gallant action which he performed in rescuing seventy-one survivors of H.M.S. *Formidable*. Before the end of the war, Pillar lost his boat and his livelihood, and Germany paid £1,700 for him. The Crown has given him only £85, as "an act of grace," and refuses to account for the balance which it has stolen.

And so it has also been with the hundreds who were killed or maimed in passenger ships and by naval bombardment of East Coast towns.

Never could all the pitiable stories be told. There are 60,000 of them.

Many of the injured subjects who have been swindled in the name of the Crown are to be found to-day in workhouses and asylums up and down the country; others, crippled in body, are living in awful privation; some have committed suicide, driven to it by the sense of wrong and unmerited hardships.

If the astonishing record of events like these which will be published next week serves no other purpose, it will at least perform a great service by bringing to light the parlous position in which the ancient remedy of the injured subject against the Crown now stands.

That remedy had been handed down inviolate to the people of Great Britain by their forefathers, but the sanctity of it has been destroyed by this robbery of the Crown's most distressed and afflicted subjects.

---

* THE CIVILIAN WAR SUFFERER. *The Literary Press.* 3s. 6d. *On sale Monday, March 12.*

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"Our little girl —doctor told us why she got ill every winter"

"Doctor stood over Peggy's bed and smiled. 'That's fine,' he said, 'all she needs is sunshine.' My heart sank. I knew we hadn't the money to take Peggy away," *writes Mrs. Filbey, 1 Talbot Grove, N. Kensington, W.11.* "Then nurse explained how it is lack of sunshine makes children get ill in winter—and Scott's Emulsion takes the place of sunshine. All that winter we kept Peggy on Scott's. In a few weeks the neighbours were saying they hardly knew her—she was so much better. Now she goes all through the winter with perhaps only one little cold in the head."

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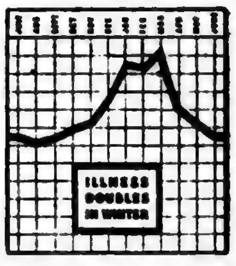
Mrs. E. Jackson, 211 Ducane Rd., Shepherd's Bush W.12., says: "John, aged 11, wouldn't eat till I started him on Scott's. Now he often has two helpings of meat and potatoes, and sometimes even three of pudding. He is eating splendidly."



**TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER.**

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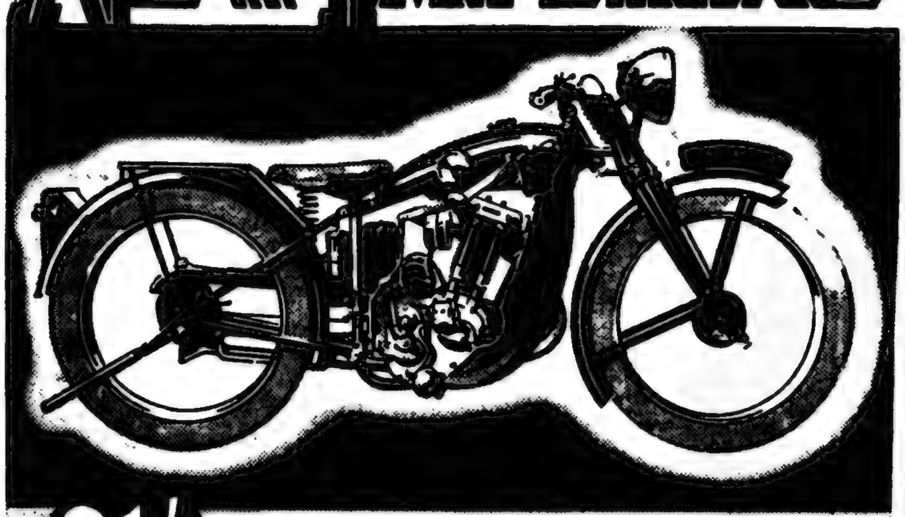

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Perhaps you cannot say. All you know is that something you have eaten upsets your stomach or gives you wind, heartburn, biliousness, headache and pain. It would be tedious trying to detect the offending food by dietetic experiments—and this is not necessary, for as soon as you begin to take 'BiSoDoL' the disturbance will lessen and soon cease.

**'BiSoDoL' Makes Food Agree.**

For 'BiSoDoL' strengthens and restores the entire digestive system, giving tone not only to the stomach but to other equally vital organs concerned; it actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches—indeed all foods.

Fats and starchy foods are the most prolific causes of indigestion, for they overtax the digestive powers of thousands who are troubled with this inherent weakness. To deprive yourself, however, of these nutritious items means an insufficient and monotonous diet.

Why not adopt the pleasant and efficacious alternative—'BiSoDoL'—a level teaspoonful after each meal? Get a tin to-day and see what a difference it makes to your powers of digestion.

PRICE 1/3 AND 3/-
(Family size 4/9)
OF ALL CHEMISTS
Prepared in England by
BiSoDoL Ltd., 12, Chenies Street,
London, W.C.1.

## BiSoDoL

*Pronounce it By-So-DoL*

**Mabel's brimful of vitality— she drinks the 4 FOODS IN 1**

*Once she was easily tired. The lightest task was too much for her*

*And she just didn't feel up to visitors*

*Then her husband bought a tin of the 4 foods in 1*

*And made her a cup every evening*

*Now she's another person—always bright and cheerful and the "soul of the party"*

FRY'S
MALTED MILK
COCOA WITH EGGS
BRITISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT
PURE BRITISH MILK
BRITISH FARMHOUSE EGGS
FRY'S FAMOUS COCOA
7½D
Net weight ¼ lb
*This price does not apply in the Irish Free State*
● Write for FREE Gift List, containing free Start-off coupon to Dept. 8H
J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, BRISTOL
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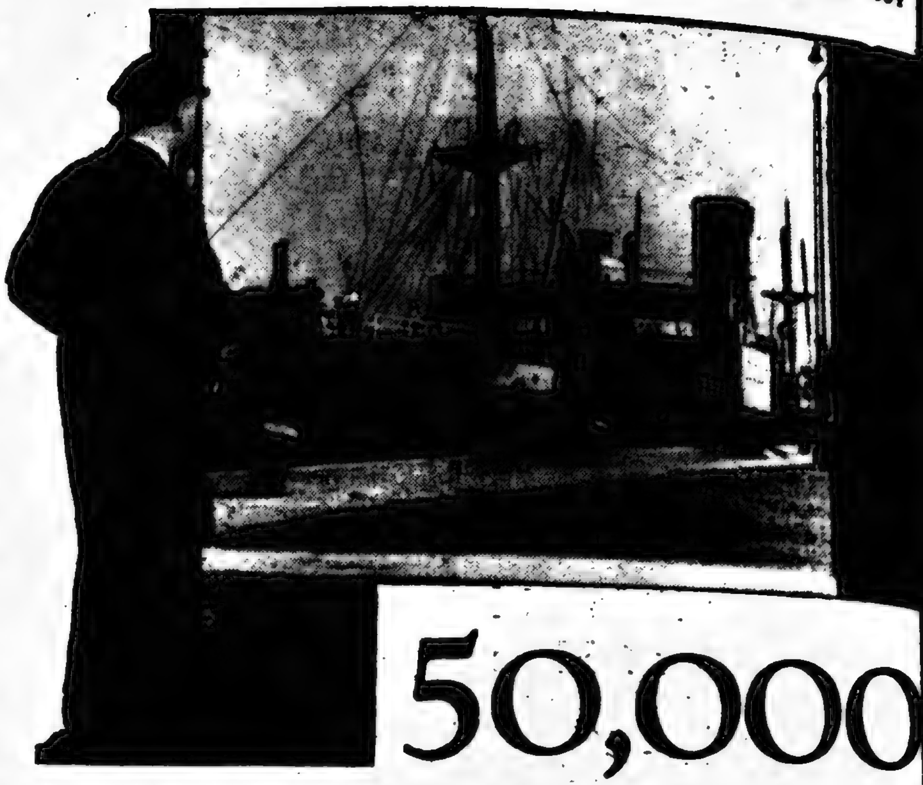
# 50,000 SAILORS *without a* SHIP



*The sailorman haunts the docksides for the berth he never gets . . .*

THE men of the Mercantile Marine are having a rough time, and every day the question of what can be done for them becomes more and more acute.

Fifty thousand of them, sailors, firemen, cooks, and stewards, are haunting the docksides of our seaports vainly seeking for berths. But there is precious little doing. Hundreds of vessels are laid up, with slender prospect of being released from their moorings; never has British shipping known such a prolonged period of depression.

I wonder whether we shall ever get back to the days of labour scarcity in the Merchant Service?

I am not thinking of the days of the sailing ship when "crimping" was the fashion, and unsuspecting strangers who got too close to dockland were in danger of being "shanghaied." It isn't necessary to go so far back as that.

A shortage of labour in the Merchant Service was a common experience before the war, and even after—until the Depression came. I have seen tramp skippers arriving at the Board of Trade office in the morning, and hanging around all day trying to engage a crew. Sometimes they were lucky if the articles were completed the next day.

## They could choose

That was in the "good old days" when shipping was plentiful, and when seamen liked to select the vessel which was to be their home for some months. Perhaps they didn't care much for the chief officer, or the second engineer; or maybe they had heard about the grub; anyway, they preferred a spell ashore, even if it meant piling up a load of debt.

The large liners were no better off than the tramps; sometimes they were worse off, and both on "signing on" and sailing days the ship's officers were driven frantic in their efforts to induce men to take a trip. Many a time I have admired the eloquence (though not the content) of their language.

Ship's officers have no worry of that sort now. When they are lucky enough to have a berth themselves, and have to engage a crew, it's easy—there are a hundred men on offer for every twenty required.

It isn't only the depression in shipping that is to blame. Whenever there is a surplus of labour in shore industries much of it is sure to drift down to the dockside, swelling the crowd clamouring for a trip.

The fact is that even in the best of times there are as many seamen ashore as there are at sea. Many of them are in other occupations, and never intend to return to a seafaring life.

But when trade declines and they find themselves "on the street," their feet wander in the direction of the docks; out comes the old seamen's discharge book, and they are ready for another spell afloat—of course, only until trade improves and they can return to a shore job.

The regular seamen have no protection against these birds of passage. As long as a man is in possession of a discharge book showing the number of voyages he has completed, he is eligible for employment aboard ship, no matter how prolonged his absence from the sea may have been.

So far all efforts to regulate the recruiting of seamen have failed. The National Maritime Board, the body which regulates the wages and conditions of seamen, has never faced up to this problem. If the Board could agree that no man should be eligible for employment aboard ship who has been working ashore for, say, two years, it would be of immense advantage to those seamen who make seafaring their sole occupation.

The most serious calamity that has befallen the men of the Mercantile Marine is the use of oil in place of coal aboard ship. Hardly any of our liners burn coal nowadays, while many vessels of the tramp and coasting class are being converted for oil-burning purposes.

## Unwanted "Black Squad"

The effect of this change on the amount of labour required in the engine-room and stokehold departments is considerable.

I remember when a vessel like the White Star liner *Olympic* carried an engine-room and stokehold crew of almost 300; I doubt whether the same vessel employs more than 60 men below now. The result is that thousands of the "black squad" are no longer required.

I don't suppose that this surplus labour could be absorbed by shortening the hours of labour, as in the case of shore industries, but an improved manning scale would go a long way in that direction.

We are the greatest maritime nation in the world, yet we remain one of the few who have failed to adopt the three-watch system on deck. The Americans, Germans, French, Russians, Greeks and others have adopted the eight-hour day. Only a few nations lag behind. Great Britain is one of them.

Even in the engine-room and stokehold departments the conditions on American, German, and French vessels are superior to ours.

It is hardly credible that in the last three years the number of Chinese, African, Greek, and Spanish seamen employed on British vessels has actually increased. And this at a time when the average British seaman is lucky to get six months' work in the year.

According to the Seamen's Union, one shipping company in Liverpool, trading out East, has, during the past three years discharged over 700 white British sailors, firemen, and catering ratings, and replaced them by Chinamen.

## *This is patriotism—*

On the Indian service Lascars have almost completely displaced white seamen. For a long time the Lascars were confined to the stokehold department: now they monopolise every quarter aboard ship, and it is the exception to find a white deck crew on any vessel serving the Indian trade, in spite of the fact that these vessels are registered in Great Britain and are run on British capital.

Meanwhile, there is much talk of State assistance—whether in the form of a subsidy, or some other fashion—for British shipping. The nation is being asked to show its patriotism by aiding the Mercantile Marine in its time of need.

Very well, now is the time for the shipowners to show their patriotism by reserving berths on British vessels for home seamen—at any rate until the worst of the depression has passed away.

And if the shipowners will not undertake to do this voluntarily, then the Government must introduce legislation for the better manning of British vessels and the exclusion of cheap Asiatic labour.

Seventeen thousand British seamen of the Merchant Service made the supreme sacrifice during the war. The best way to keep their memory green is to give living British seamen the first preference of employment on British vessels.

F. S

# SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE AIRDRIE AND COATBRIDGE ADVERTISER:—"New Dole Board—Scotland will be divided into anything from five to ten ACRES."

WESTERN MAIL:—"—— was accused on three counts of making false SENTRIES with intent to defraud."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"One party were tackled by men of the Scotland Yard's FILING squad."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The Cabinet, as well as declaring martial law in Vienna, has placed the whole of the Province of Upper Austria under MARITAL law."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"A woman member of the party went to a near-by BOOK to wash her hands."

THE NEW ROSS STANDARD:—"Whip two eggs with a little salt and pepper, and one minced OPINION."

OXFORD MAIL:—"Grinning like a wild man of the woods, his HAND standing on end."

THE CYMRIC TIMES:—"The address was outstanding both in spirit and substance, and left a LASHING impression on the large crowd."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"A labourer was sentenced for being drunk and disorderly and for using BAND language."

EAST END ADVERTISER:—"He was charged with corruptly accepting BRIDES from horse-owners as an inducement to show them favours."

KENTISH EXPRESS:—"Firemen are to be provided with a new and safer type of helmet for use at fires. Owing to the danger of ELOCUTION the brass helmets are considered unsafe."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"All trees and PLANS ought to be watered thoroughly."

THE GAZETTE, BLANTYRE:—"The soil has not been water-logged, but well aerated and weathered by the frost and MOTHERLY winds."

"She's had a hard day — she's tired"

**"HE had to make excuses for me—**

*I've got rid of my tiredness now!"*

" I do want you to know how bad I was before Hall's Wine ended my tiredness. Being run down gave me 'nerves.' I looked years older than I should. One night my husband brought some friends home, but about 9 o'clock I said I didn't care what *they* did, I must go to bed.

" Next thing I heard my husband making excuses for me. 'She's tired,' he said. I was so upset I asked a nurse friend the very next day what to do, and she told me Hall's Wine was what she recommended.

**THE VERY FIRST BOTTLE**

" Taking Hall's Wine 3 times a day made a wonderful difference. I got back the strength I thought I'd said good-bye to for ever. I look years younger, now my nerves are better." (Mrs.) J. Burns, 18 Belsize Crescent, London, N.W.3.

**DELICIOUS TONIC**

**Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?**

Tiredness doesn't go by age, because many women of 55 who strengthen themselves look as young as women of 35. If you're "nervy" or weak after illness — it pays to get right. Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Thousands of letters like this above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters are open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. The price is the same everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith and Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

**HALL'S WINE**

**STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN**

**A LIFETIME'S SERVICE**

**FOR £3·19·9**

**ROYAL ENFIELD** or by easiest of easy payments.

*The Bicycle of Distinction*

Is a sturdy, reliable friend, ready to carry you anywhere—at any time. A machine made by experts, backed by 40 years' experience. Supplied complete with accessories.

**THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO LTD. REDDITCH**

*Send Catalogue D.I.*

*Name* ..........................................................

*Address* ..........................................................

**POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

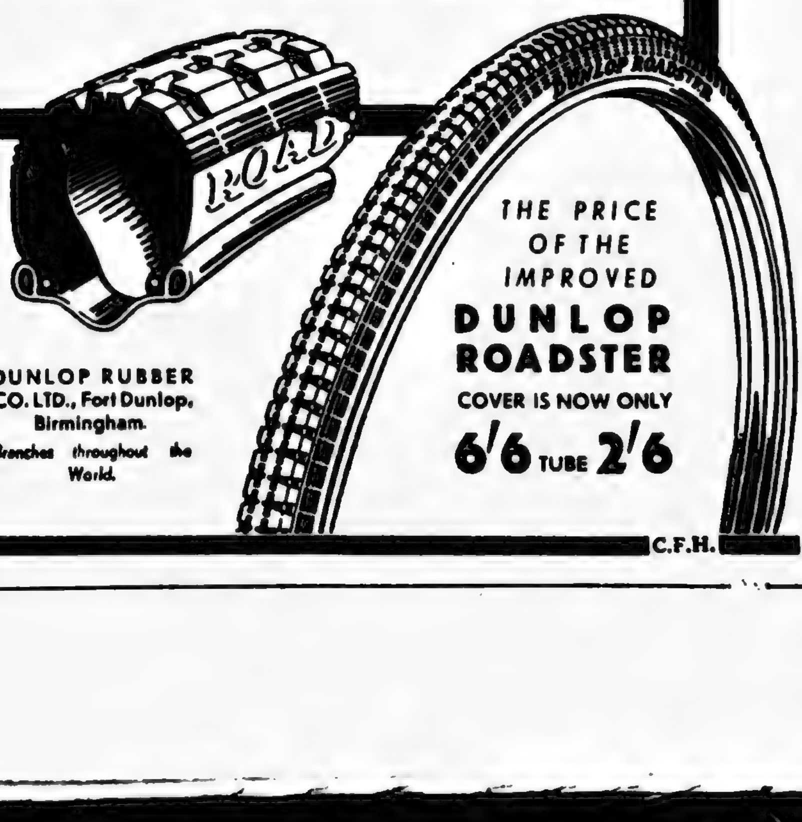
**THE MOST FAMOUS CYCLE TYRE IN THE WORLD**

**THE DUNLOP ROADSTER**

**HAS BEEN IMPROVED FOR 1934**

The tread pattern is now deeper and thicker, giving even greater protection against accidental damage.

Strength and appearance have been improved by the addition of vertical supporting ribs and by a stronger ivory coloured inner casing.



THE PRICE OF THE IMPROVED **DUNLOP ROADSTER** COVER IS NOW ONLY **6/6** TUBE **2/6**

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H.

4H/305

*Lovely* MERLE OBERON

*points the way to*
FASCINATING BEAUTY

*Merle Oberon, who plays Anne Boleyn in the London Film production, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," says:—*
"In my part of Anne Boleyn it was necessary to give very careful attention to my complexion to help me impersonate the lovely and fascinating Queen. I took the advice of other Film Stars who unanimously recommended Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, and I can only say that I am more than delighted with the result."

Potter & Moore
POWDER-CREAM

*Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. Price 1/- per jar. In all popular powder shades — everywhere.*

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

A NEW DISCOVERY

SYNTHETIC FINISH
FOR PAINTING CYCLES, MOTOR-CYCLES and CARS

LIKE LIQUID GLASS

At the great Robbialac Works a group of experts has been engaged for months on one of the most important discoveries of the Paint Industry—the use of new chemical resins in the production of paint. They have altered the very structure of the basic ingredients hitherto employed, and have produced a finishing material for amateur use with qualities so revolutionary as to place it in a class by itself.

This wonderful product is now offered to you as ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH for repainting and retouching the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and cars.

It is easy to use and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork or even a cellulose finish without leaving signs of laps or ugly brushmarks. The film sets free from "tack" in four hours and dries overnight, with a surface as smooth as plate glass, as hard and flexible as Chinese lacquer and with the same vivid beauty. It shows a stubborn resistance to weather and is immune from the effects of petrol, grease, oil and mud.

If you would like to learn more about this remarkable product for painting cycles, motor-cycles and cars, send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC
SYNTHETIC FINISH
(Dept H.2), Robbialac Works, Stratford, E.15.

# TRICKSTERS of the Trade-Mark

AT the present moment there is a widespread traffic in British trade-marks which is giving our foreign competitors an unfair advantage and cheating purchasers at home.

Not only are foreign articles being offered for sale as "British made" in many countries on the Continent, but certain classes of goods are being imported from abroad, stamped with false indication marks, and sold as British-made to the British public.

Recently a large number of such cases have come to the notice of the Trade Marks, Patents and Designs Federation and various Chambers of Commerce.

One of these forged marks is an imitation of the label of Colman's Mustard. This is executed by some Japanese firm, which evidently has only a scant knowledge of English characters.

Instead of "Colman's Mustard" are the words "Colnad's Mustard." The words "By appointment to the Queen of Nomad" are added—the word "Nomad" being substituted for "Norway."

*Japanese delegates arrive in England for the Cotton Conference. They were shown evidence of some of their manufacturers' trickery . . .*

## *Open forgeries*

Tins of metal polish from China have been discovered on sale with clever imitations of the labels of well-known British firms Packets of soap from India have been found bearing labels "Sunlight soap."

English calico designs imitated exactly by Japanese firms are sweeping the markets. Already the Japanese have captured nine-tenths of our cotton trade in Africa.

A short time ago, the Egyptian Customs officers seized a quantity of Japanese cotton goods, which were boldly stamped with the words "Made in Manchester.'

Czecho-Slovakian knitting wool is now frequently stamped with the word "Halifax," which town, of course, is known all over the world for its woollen goods.

Lately, cloth manufactured in Czecho-Slovakia has been exported to Vienna and placed in a Customs store. From here the cloth is released, with forged English invoices, as of "British make."

At this very moment large quantities of this cloth are being sold in Germany and the Balkans. It is fetching higher prices than are usually charged for Czecho-Slovakian cloth simply on the strength of its supposed British origin!

The word "Bradford" often figures in these trade-mark forgeries. A certain Belgian firm has been deliberately labelling its woollen goods "Made in Bradford" And in a recent case from Vienna the Bradford coat of arms was used to mark Austrian cloth.

Protests were lodged recently by the Board of Trade that there was a regular business on the Continent in special marks to make foreign goods appear as if they were British-made

Quite lately French knitting yarns were sold with the label, "Bradford's wool," placed round the skein. In another case the label on a yarn bore the words ' Woolcoat" and "The best for Hand Knitting, Halifax."

The Bradford Chamber of Commerce took the matter up, and the labels were withdrawn. But soon afterwards a complaint was made that a Danish firm was using a label, "Super Skotsk Garn," which is a well-known trade-mark for a certain Scotch fingering yarn. In this case an action had to be brought against the firm in Denmark before the marks were withdrawn.

## *Royal arms faked*

One of the most impudent attempts of all to trade under false colours comes from Italy. An article of Italian manufacture was found to bear the English Royal Coat of Arms!

In the cotton trade Japanese firms are everywhere using patterns of Manchester designs, and the Cotton Trade Defence League, whose business it is to protect the Empire Cotton Industry, arranged an exhibition of these patterns for the inspection of the Japanese delegates who came to Manchester to meet the leaders of the Lancashire Cotton Industry.

It is calculated that our Cotton Trade alone is losing about £3,000,000 a year through the unfair use of British trade-marks by foreign competitors. The total annual loss to British trade generally is said to be £20,000,000.

Nor does the scandal stop at this. There is undeniable evidence that many of the foreign factories recently created in Great Britain are being used as a cloak to conceal the stamping and labelling of foreign-made goods with British marks.

A certain factory in the North, whose head office is in Germany, is supposed to be manufacturing household goods. Actually it does manufacture a few of these with the dozen odd hands which it employs. But by far the greater part of the goods which issue from it are imported ready-made from Germany. At the factory they are simply stamped "British made," and then sent out for sale to the unsuspecting British public.

For some considerable time these household goods were imported extremely cheaply through declaring their value at a mere fraction of the true figure. Later the Customs authorities took action and re-valued them at ten times the figure declared.

## *Dummy factories*

At the present moment the goods are being despatched to the factory indirectly, so as to allay suspicions.

Another foreign factory, whose head office is in Poland, is supposed to be manufacturing iron goods. Its procedure is the same as that of the factory mentioned above. It imports the goods ready-made, and stamps them with marks which advertise them as made in Great Britain.

A third foreign factory, which employs about twenty hands, produces tooth-pastes, face-creams, and other toilet preparations. All the ingredients for these are imported from the Continent. Nothing remains to be done but to mix them and pack them in tubes and tins labelled "British made."

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# A Nautical Swindler

INTO a provincial hotel there walked the other day an impressive-looking officer of the Royal Navy. At least, he appeared to be one, and certainly possessed an extensive knowledge of the work of the Silent Service.

He booked a room and, informing the proprietor that he would be in the district for some weeks, asked that his movements should be kept as confidential as possible.

Every morning he left the hotel as though to attend some urgent business affair, and on his return each night he was always laden with numerous packages of official-looking documents.

After dinner he went regularly to the hotel lounge, where his breezy manner, and nautical stories, soon placed him on friendly terms with many of the hotel guests.

He impudently gave his name as "Captain J. Towers, R.N.," and gradually let it become known that he was engaged in purchasing some land upon which a naval college was to be erected.

No one suspected his story, and the fact that he was absent all day from the hotel dispelled any doubts which might otherwise have arisen.

One day "Captain Towers" left the hotel never to return.

The official-looking documents he left behind turned out to be blank paper, but prior to his departure he cashed numerous cheques with some of his fellow-guests.

And his substantial hotel bill was unpaid.

* * *

It has now been discovered that his business mission in the town did not relate to a naval college at all. For "Captain Towers" visited numerous tradespeople and, ordering goods of all kinds, handed in cheques which have all been dishonoured.

In some cases his cheques were made out for sums larger than the amount of his purchases, and he contrived to obtain the difference in cash.

This man is an impostor who in the names of McKay, Towse and Carew is touring the country obtaining credit by fraud, and posing alternatively as a Naval, Military and Air Force officer.

# VIOLENT PAINS FROM ACID STOMACH.

## Cured by Hospital Formula.

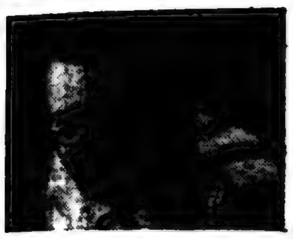
For 18 months this man was a martyr to acid stomach—suffered such violent pain that his poor stomach seemed distorted. Even six months' hospital treatment failed to cure him and he lost weight rapidly. He says:—

"For the past eighteen months I have been a martyr to acid stomach. My stomach seemed distorted. When I ate I suffered violent pain and I was losing weight. As a last resource I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I intend now to keep it always handy as I am convinced it neutralises excess acid. I have gained 9 lbs. in weight since taking your powder."

Mr. C. G. S.———, St. Neots.

If you suffer from acid stomach go to your chemist and get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is made from the famous hospital formula which is used by doctors everywhere. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

# Warded off INFLUENZA..



*"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."*
*—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.*

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

**MUSTEROLE**
BRAND
**MUSTARD OINTMENT**
MADE IN ENGLAND
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors).
4-12 Old Swan Lane London E.C.4

# *A Mother's thanks—*

"I am very pleased to tell you the following re Nestlé's :—I could not feed my baby for more than 2 weeks, so we tried cow's milk. That would not do, so then we tried several other kinds, until my poor baby went back and back. It could not digest any of them; then when it was 6 weeks old I nearly lost him. Then the Doctor said 'Have you tried Nestlé's?' Oh, that he had said those words before! From the third day, my baby started to improve and now everyone says—'My, what a lovely baby; whatever are you feeding him on?'"

Mrs. V. S. . . ., ST. AUSTELL, CORNWALL.

*Nestlé's have never, by word or deed, sought or solicited a testimonial, yet letters like this reach them by almost every post.*

NESTLE'S
FULL CREAM
CONDENSED MILK

# NESTLÉ'S MILK

**"it never disagrees."**
COPYRIGHT

The FLAVOUR proves the QUALITY

# "CAMP" COFFEE

SMOKE
ST BRUNO
It's a Man's Tobacco

# Strange Cargoes of the AIR MAIL

LOADING freight at Croydon Aerodrome is a humdrum, everyday affair to the officials who do it. Yet the cargoes which the great mechanical birds carry to far corners of the earth have attached to them stories as romantic and magical as any that ever came out of the Arabian Nights.

In India a mine is on fire. They cannot put it out. Every resource of the country has been tried and failed. They despatch a cable, and in seven days the means to deal with it is whirred through the air from England.

A party is motoring through the very heart of Central Africa. The car breaks down. There is no adequate help near. Again a cable is sent. And in less than a week the air mail passing through on its way to Cape Town leaves them the things they need.

There is, in fact, no end to the variety of the freights packed into these giant air liners. There are Englishmen staying in Cairo who ordinarily do not get their brussels sprouts on their hotel dinner table as they would at home. And they like brussels sprouts. So fresh ones are sent out by air. Picked in England early on Saturday morning they arrive in Cairo in time for dinner on Tuesday.

*The "wrestling tiger" flies to Britain with his trainer — and arrives at Croydon in fighting fettle*

## Flying chicks

CHICKENS just out of the shell are despatched the day they are hatched by air mail to Moscow. They do the trip in two days. And for two days newly hatched chickens can go without food. They arrive safely. Sent by rail it would take a week, and they would die on the journey. These chickens are for breeding purposes, and the cost of transport is a secondary matter.

To extinguish the obstinate fire in the Indian mine, special gas-masks were ordered in London. They were sent by the regular air mail, and in a week firemen, wearing the masks, were able to descend the mine and put out the fire.

Pigs, tigers, lions, snakes, all fly to-day —by air mail.

A consignment of bees was loaded into an air liner at Croydon to be delivered at a destination in France. Half a ton of bees, all very carefully sealed up! They were put in with other miscellaneous cargo, the passengers got on board, and the aeroplane took off.

All went well until, luckily, the liner was nearing its destination, Paris. Then suddenly something went wrong. Nobody ever discovered just exactly what did happen, but without any warning the passenger cabin was *swarming with bees*.

Everybody got very excited, and feared the worst! But, strange as it may seem, the plane landed, the bees were caught, and the passengers disembarked without anybody being stung.

Pedigree hatching eggs are despatched quite safely by air as far as Cape Town. And once some penguin eggs were sent from Cape Town to the London Zoo to be hatched in England, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Partridge eggs are from time to time carried by the Royal Dutch Air Line to Calcutta and the Far East. They are specially packed in straw, and, owing to the heat of the tropics, are nearly hatched when they arrive at their destination.

## Cake for dinner

SEA-HORSES, those strange little fish one sees at the Zoo, are more or less regular "cargo," as they are continually needing to be replaced. They are carried in special tanks attached to the side of the aeroplane, and throughout the journey air has to be pumped into the tank at regular intervals to keep them alive.

On the Indian run the air mail brings back with it from Karachi, fresh fruit to Sharjah on the Persian Gulf. Sharjah is almost entirely desert, and the mangoes and other tropical fruits brought by the air mail are much appreciated by the inhabitants.

Many of the famous Paris dress designers requiring urgently some British woollen material for one of their creations will have the order despatched by air. The letter ordering the stuff is posted in Paris to catch the ordinary night mail. It is delivered in London by the first post next morning. The goods are despatched by the mid-day plane, and in the afternoon—less than twenty-four hours after despatch of the order—they are in Paris.

Only a few days ago Baron Rothschild wished to have served at a dinner he was giving in London a special cake which is famous in Vienna. Only in Vienna do they make this cake to such perfection. So from Vienna it had to come.

The trouble was how to bring it and preserve it fresh and in good condition. The air mail solved the difficulty. The cake left Vienna at 8 o'clock in the morning and was in London in time to be served at dinner.

Once a horse was taken by aeroplane to Paris. The side of the aeroplane had to be cut away so that the animal could be got in, and it stood the journey well.

Even a motor-car has been taken as cargo. It was a sports model, and the owner wanted it in Amsterdam the same afternoon to show it at an exhibition. The wheels were taken off, the windscreen and other movable parts detached, and the body of the car stowed in the nose of the aeroplane. In two hours it was in Amsterdam, and a little later had been put together again.

## Christmas puddings, too

IN France the game season does not open until September, so immediately after August 12 regular consignments of grouse and other game are sent to Paris and the South of France from England.

In return we get from Cannes and the South of France during the early part of the year mimosa and other lovely flowers. And in the spring strawberries and other fruits.

Last Christmas a woman in London wanted to send a pudding to her daughter in Amsterdam, but at the last minute discovered that by an oversight she had missed the last post to Holland before the holiday. So she took it to Croydon, put it in an air liner, and her daughter received it that afternoon.

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*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# PICK of the NATIONAL TESTS

ALMOST the last of the important Grand National rehearsals—the Hurst Park Trial Handicap 'Chase —is due to be staged this week-end. The race on the Thames-side track often gives us a pointer or two for Aintree, although the last horse to win both events was Music Hall. Moreover, O. Anthony's game old jumper was not too sound about the legs.

Remus, who has been doing good work on the sands at Bognor, Coolinolagh, Southern Hero, Egremont, Richborough, Destiny Bay, Really True and Annandale comprise a useful group of National aspirants engaged in the coming Hurst Park contest.

In addition, there is the French 'chaser El Hadjar, who has paid forfeit for two of our Nationals, and the promising Fouquet.

Richborough may rise to the occasion, although he is not shaping so well as I had hoped.

There will be another opportunity of dealing with the Lincoln. If there is really any truth in the old saying that money talks, I am afraid we cannot leave out Quartz II. He is well forward, as the conditions for training have been better at Chantilly than in most parts of England.

Of my early fancies I prefer Old Riley to Ole King Sole, and my final "doubles" will probably be:

| Lincoln. | National. |
|---|---|
| Old Riley | Delaneige |
| Quartz II. | Delaneige |

My Saturday double at Hurst Park is Miss Diplomat and Strathspey.

## "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday. March 8, to Wednesday, March 14.

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Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B
----------------------------------
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95
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In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.

Don't Run Away

with the idea that the new VAC-TRIC Cleaner, sold at £6 : 12 : 6 is just a cheap 'Tin Lizzie'! This Popular Model costs so little because its instant success has justified our belief that the demand would mean economic production. In other words, we can produce thousands at the price, but not hundreds.

Every part is perfect and constructed from the finest material. Full equipment for every purpose.

£6.12.6

Ask your dealer for a free demonstration—or send this Coupon for full particulars.

VAC-TRIC
NEW POPULAR
VACUUM CLEANER

Messrs. Vac-Tric, Ltd.,
Waterloo Rd., Cricklewood, London, N.W.
Please send me particulars of the Vac-Tric "Popular" Model.

NAME ..................
ADDRESS ..................
..................
J.B.3 ..................

Smoke
FRESH TOBACCO FROM THE VACUUM TIN

LLOYDS'
CAPTIVE
FLAKE

ALL THE RICH NATURAL FLAVOUR IS SEALED IN THE TIN

9d PER OZ.

The "perfect pack"

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

# METABOLISM

*I'm glad I faced the facts about it!*

I USED to suffer terribly from nerves; I was all "shot to pieces," depressed, and had no vitality. The fact was, I was suffering from faulty Metabolism. In other words, the natural process that turns food into living tissue wasn't functioning properly, with the result that my whole system, especially my nerves, was out of gear.

I discovered that there's one safe and simple way to correct faulty Metabolism and banish all the troubles that spring from this condition, and that is by taking *live* yeast . . . *Phillips* Yeast. This is the new kind of yeast that, because it is *live*, supplies the system with *all the much needed Vitamins B* in their most active form, and so helps our food to nourish our bodies . . . the essential factor in the proper functioning of the metabolic process.

Take my tip and take a little Phillips Yeast with every meal . . . it's a grand habit, for it puts your nervous system right, and makes you fit and well by keeping your Metabolism working as Nature intended it to.

*With every meal take*

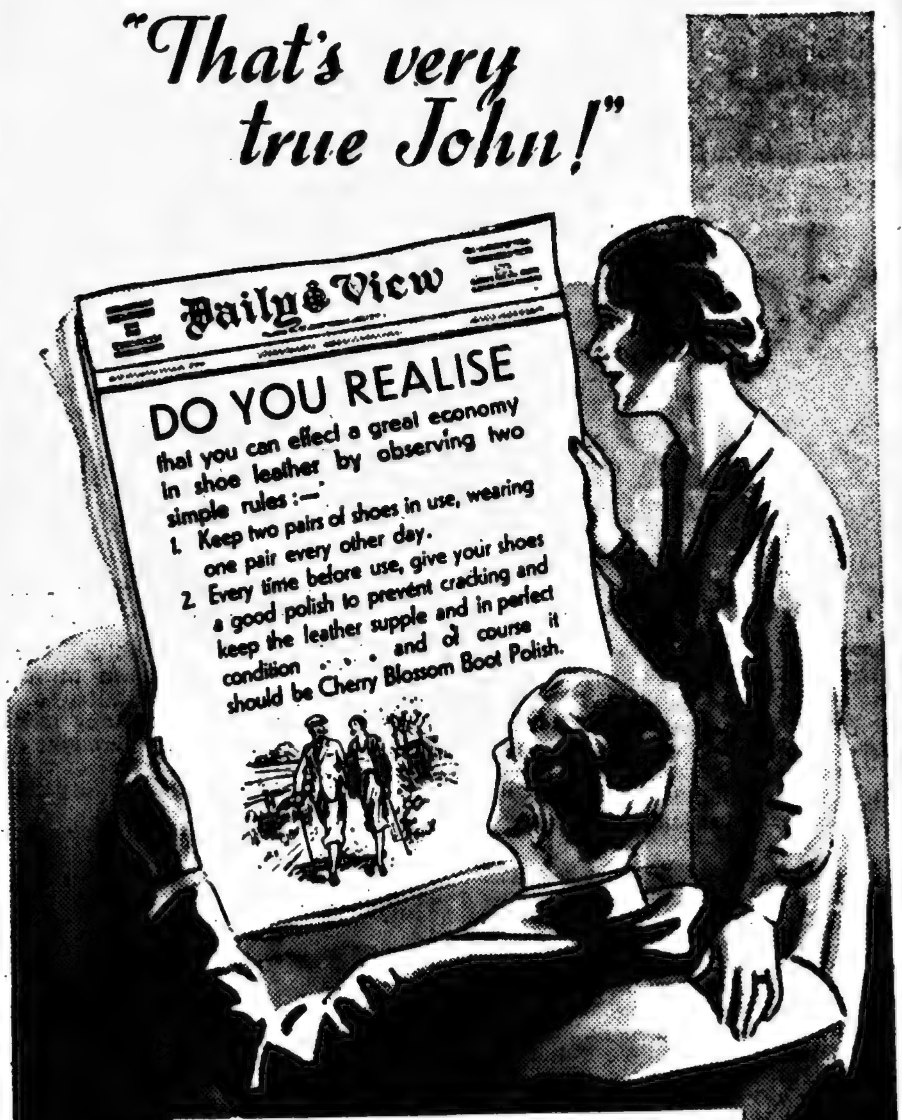
**Phillips**

**Pure Live YEAST**

*IT CORRECTS FAULTY METABOLISM AND IS A WONDERFUL TONIC*

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- per bottle either in *granules* or *tablets*.

*Write for free Booklet to* Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept. D3), 150 Regent Street, London, W.1.



DO YOU REALISE

that you can effect a great economy in shoe leather by observing two simple rules:—

1. Keep two pairs of shoes in use, wearing one pair every other day.
2. Every time before use, give your shoes a good polish to prevent cracking and keep the leather supple and in perfect condition . . . and of course it should be Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

**Before you put your shoes on, put 'Cherry Blossom' on your shoes**

Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Tonette & White. Tins 2½d, 4½d & 6d

## *Build* your own 3 valve radio set *for* 29'6

Valves extra.

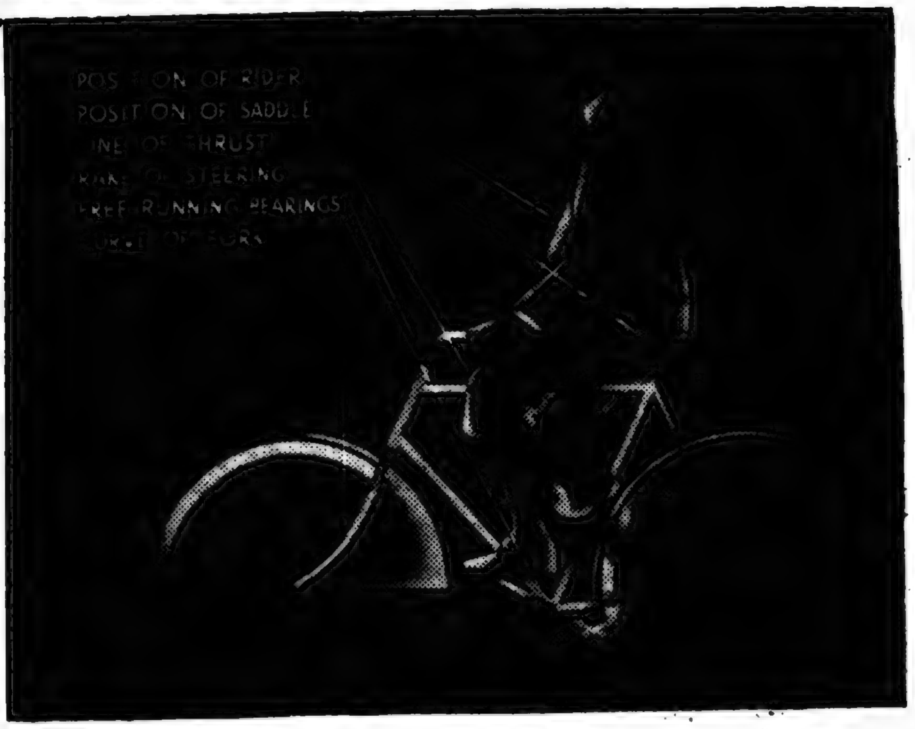
*with the* **TELSEN "323" *Kit***

Easy to build—Simple to operate—and by far the cheapest set to buy—that's the Telsen "323." It is the most amazing value in radio history. You don't have to know anything about radio to build it. All you do is follow the stage-by-stage instructions inside every Kit—and it's built! Get a Telsen "323" Kit from your radio dealer to-day.

GET "THE MODERN RADIO ENGINEER"—3d. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELSEN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

# LET THIS DIAGRAM EXPLAIN WHAT THE YEARS AHEAD WILL PROVE



## EXCLUSIVE DESIGN makes the RALEIGH the Easiest Running Bicycle in the World

The diagram indicates the more obvious methods by which Raleigh easy-running is obtained. The design of the Raleigh is such that the rider gets a perfect thrust forward, expending less effort with every turn of the pedal.

The points indicated in the diagram, and many others, combine to give a sweetness and ease of running, a simplicity and accuracy of steering, and above all a delightful untiring riding position such as **you only get on a Raleigh.**

Invest in a Raleigh for better materials, better design and better finish.

**RALEIGH**

**THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE**

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that "makes cycling easy."

● **SEND FOR THIS, FREE!**

Given free with "The Book of the Raleigh." It explains what are the factors which make for easy running in a bicycle. Don't buy your new bicycle without reading this important treatise.

An explanation of why the RALEIGH runs so easily

**From £4-19-6 cash**

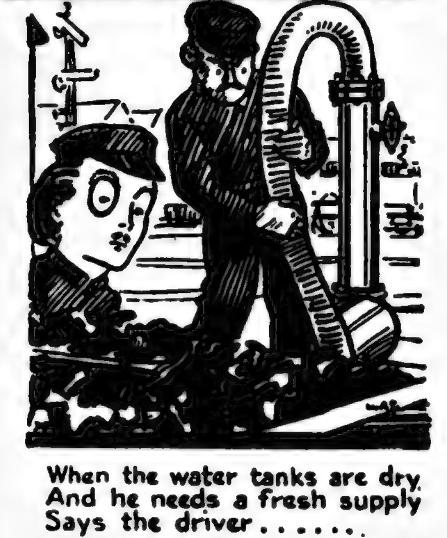
*or* 10/- *monthly (no deposit), fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear,* 20/- *extra. Send postcard for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer. The RALEIGH CYCLE Co., Ltd., Nottingham. Depots and Agents everywhere.*

By Appointment to H.M. the King

They
LOOK GOOD
TASTE GOOD
DO GOOD
and by Golly they are good

GOLDEN SHRED
SILVER SHRED

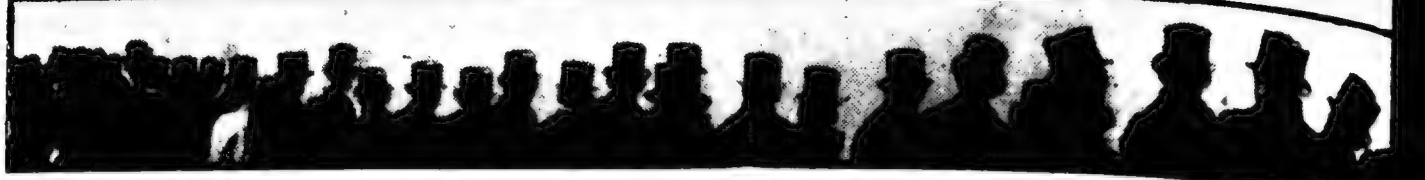
World's Best Marmalades
ROBERTSON — ONLY MAKER



When the water tanks are dry
And he needs a fresh supply
Says the driver . . . . . .
Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

Every Cigarette you make with
AG PAPER
SAVES you money

Tickling Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with
VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d
DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE



# No Top Hat Revival!

by Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.

**There is a movement to restore the top hat to its old pre-eminence in the House of Commons.**

**In this article Commander Locker-Lampson, himself an M.P., discusses this "dangerous revival," and deplores any attempt to bring back to favour "a relic of an outworn class distinction."**

I AM fed up with fine clothes, and wish I had not got to wear any again. I hate the terrible abominations which are forced on foolish people still by King Custom upon so-called State occasions.

It is a great mistake to encourage different sections of the population to wear different clothes. We still have class divisions, unfortunately. Why add to these the arbitrary one of dress!

Above all, I abhor the top hat.

And, alas, the topper still survives. I see it upon the messengers of a certain famous Bank in the City, and upon the clerks of a noted solicitor, as well as covering the employees of a rich insurance company.

I find it strong still at garden-parties and even cricket matches and some race meetings, in a dangerous revival to-day.

## *Badge of protection*

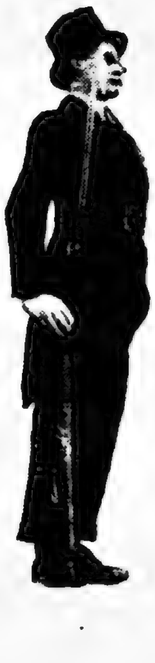
And it no longer carries with it one boon and protection. Formerly no one boasting a top hat could conceivably be arrested by a London bobby. Now crooks have taken to it so readily that our modern Robert may arrest anyone quite regardless of his "tile."

Yes, I abhor the topper.

This is not just an æsthetic objection to the shape and angle of this inverted chimney-pot, although, indeed, it would be hard to create anything uglier for the skull! I inherit my hatred from top hat associations, and from dim days in my young life when I was forced to wear one to my humiliation.

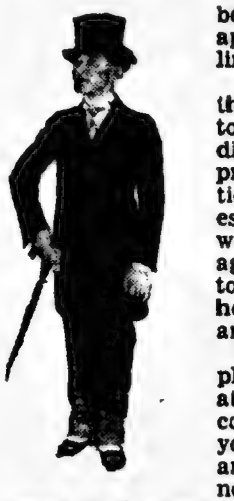
I was sent to school—Eton—where that form of ornament had flourished for generations, and was the uniform of every boy from the age of twelve to nineteen.

It was not a straight-sided, square-topped, square-brimmed cylinder like those worn by mutes at an Irish funeral. Nor was it one of those glorious tin high hats which were once served out to London constables, so that in an emergency they could snatch it from their heads, place it upon the ground, and then stand upon it and become half a foot taller to spy out marauders. Still less was it one of those nameless high hats which cricketers sport in old prints.



Ours was a curling length of ebony piping ending in an oval crown and was supported by sweeping circles of brim, and its characteristic feature was a surface of silk which could be brought to a polish of exquisite tone by a visit down town to the haberdasher, who stretched it over a small anvil, beat out any indentations with an "iron," and brought the final bloom back with a piece of calico which was shiny and even glossy from endless toastings and roastings.

Failing enough pocket money, however, for a visit to this mechanical restorer, quite a respectable gloss could be achieved with the aid of warm candle-grease, or, better still, by the application of vaseline.



But, alas, while the rubbing of the topper this right way did recreate it and produce the regulation sheen the slightest touch in the wrong direction—against the grain, so to speak—produced a horrid furry effect and dulled its glory.

Nor is it out of place to recall that at school there were companions of one's youth whose purpose and pleasure it was not to preserve the lustre of the hats of their brother boys, but quite the reverse.

I came badly out of my first week at school in a top hat. An older boy whom I had known a few days only, and who had a sense of humour more apparent to others than myself, was kind enough to offer to keep my topper safe if I should be called upon to rise in class and construe a lesson.

I was called upon. I rose, I remained standing and pushed my hat along the desk, as arranged, to him for safe custody. Only to find later that he had passed it round the room as I stammered out my Latin, to be returned to me in a state not to be described, even in retrospect, with calm.

## *It frightened crows*

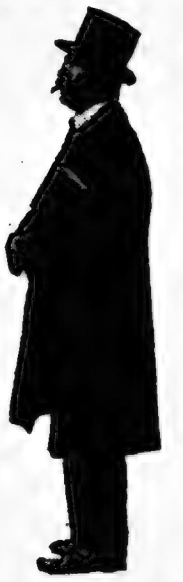
That hat thus reduced in looks and in prestige was not suffered, however, to revive under iron or vaseline as I fondly hoped. Indeed, shortly afterwards a posse of small boys came past on their way to football, and finding themselves for the moment without the regulation sphere of leather appropriate to that game, they decided to experiment with my hat.

To be more explicit, they knocked the battered ghost of it off my head and started to punt it about instead of a football, finally kicking what may, indeed, be called a goal with it, when the biggest of them drove it with one touch of his toe over a wall into a clergyman's garden, where (oh, hideous fate!) I was to come upon it months later frightening crows away (as, indeed, it might) on the top of a stick.

Can you wonder that I experience feelings of sorrow when I think of top hats: and that the very name and thought carries with it a sense of shame.

Nor are these sad memories quite complete. I was sent by fond parents to study languages with a Professor in Karlsruhe, only, of course, not to learn good German from him but to teach hi my bad English.

On my way there I entered a trai and a stranger got into my compar ment, which was empty except for m He wore a top hat!—of a foreign crush type of immense silken length, not th same size all the way up, but taperin to a top of iridescent excellence.



The train starte he pulled down th window, and pushe his head out to recon noitre, holding hi hat on with one han as he did this.

Then as the trai went faster he fe that he might lose hi hat, so he withdre his head back into th compartment, an taking his hat off h brushed it wit laborious circumspe tion, and set it up right in his seat whic he had vacated t look upon the land scape—hatless.

He continued hi craning, half in, hal out, of the window for so long that I a once realised what peril the hat was in The longer he stayed out the more likel he was to forget it, and to reseat himsel where he had placed his hat.

And so to save him and his headgea I did the quickest, cleverest, kindest act I leant forward and pulled the hat from the seat in which he had sat on to th empty seat alongside.

Many minutes elapsed before h decided to reseat himself. He lifted his coat-tails preparatory to seating him self, and, not looking back, did what Why! remembered his hat had been o his own seat, and so subsided with great groan alongside where he suppose it to be, but actually just where I ha placed it, and to telescope it to a fa worse echo of its former self than any school-crushed-topper of mine.

He looked round upon me with mounting fury. For I alone could be th author of this mishap.

## *I shrugged*

Never in my life had I felt mor tongue-tied. I stammered and could no explain. It was too elaborate and subtle and unbelievable what I had done!

Moreover, I did not know a word o his language, nor he one of mine. started doing that which as an English lad I had despised foreigners for doin I shrugged my shoulders and went o shrug! shrug!! shrug!!! holding my hands out in mute expostulation. . . .

Let these memories suffice to explai my hostility to this relic of the past.

It is barbarous to display a relic which had its object in an age of formal pre tence and prudery, but has lost its savour to-day. Why stress an outworn class distinction? Let us repudiate the top hat.

I, myself, have decided to approach certain authorities and to ask them what purpose the perpetuation of this show can serve; and to assure them that I, myself, do not want again to shut myself off from my fellow-men by appearing in an enormity which recalls the days of the Dodo.

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## WHAT AILS YOU!

Every home in the land should have reliable medical advice always near at hand, and JOHN BULL readers can achieve this desirable end by sharing in the free distribution of a 100,000 edition of the "Universal Home Doctor."

On page 4 you will find full details of how to obtain your copy of this great Guinea work—and one for your friend too.

This is a great gift to the nation's health. Edited by a Harley Street specialist, it is the latest medical reference book in the world.

# NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

## REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple that wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils, all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush. *ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.*

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

*Eleanor: Whoever is that handsome young man who has just come into the room? I've never seen him before. He has all the room looking at him. How bronzed and healthy he looks.*

*Her Friend: Oh, that's Jack Mordaunt. He's just home from the East. He's been excavating, and you call him a young man; why, he is older than I am, and I am 48. While he was in the East he put on a dinner jacket every night. He let the Arabs know that he was civilised, and he swears by Shavex Cream. He declares it is that which keeps his face young and keeps his skin in such splendid condition. Many a time he has shaved without water. You have often to do these things in the East, as water is so scarce.*

*Eleanor: How interesting. I want to be the first girl to be introduced.*

**SHAVEX**

**is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.**

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

**For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.**

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

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# DOGE CREAM

## THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

**HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results. Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.**

**If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.**

**We do not pay the Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.**

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND
LADY BELASYSE

***THE FAIR LADIES OF HAMPTON COURT.***

*These ladies were called the fair beauties of Hampton Court. They all had the most beautiful skins, and the gentlemen of their time raved about them. Almond Oil made into a paste with other oils was used and all these ladies at Court used this preparation. No oil has been found so pure, so beneficial, and so perfect for the human skin as Almond Oil. It is the most expensive to buy, but it feeds the skin in such a marvellous manner that it makes the skin look as though it actually is blooming with youth.*

**ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM.**

**Per Pot - - 1/-;**
**Large Pot - 2/-;**
**Large Tube 9d.;**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

**For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream**

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Dol), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

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# Can YOU be A LEADER?

*asks John Moores*

**To the Right Men and Women, I offer a regular, easy, spare-time income, all the year round.**

Have YOU the makings of a Leader in you? Do you get on well with people? Are you popular in your circle? Are you able to talk to strangers without feeling nervous?

If so, you may be the very man or woman I am looking for as an Organiser of Littlewood 20-Week, 1/– a Week Clubs. Already there are over ten thousand Organisers of ours running Littlewood Clubs—**and enjoying it.**

> **They make a regular, sure, easy, spare-time income. They meet fresh people, make new friends. They become widely known, respected and trusted as a "LEADER" in their district.**

I need more Organisers, in all parts of the British Isles, who are ready to be of good service to their friends and workmates, and make a good thing out of it for themselves at the same time. Don't **you** want extra money for holidays, nice things to wear, a new sports outfit, or something for the kiddies?

Shall I send you a copy, Free, of the Littlewood 290-Page Wonder Catalogue, value 2/–? It is packed from end to end with splendid bargains at REAL WHOLESALE PRICES. I want you to satisfy yourself that I am not exaggerating a mite when I say:—

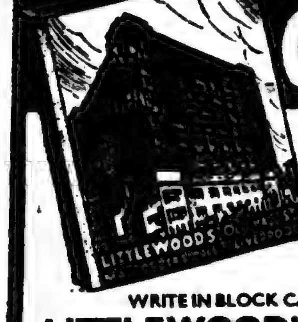
> **Inside this Catalogue there are articles to delight EVERY housewife, EVERY girl, and EVERY family man you know. The Values are unbeatable. The prices are factory prices. People are amazed at what we give for the money.**

When we accept you as an Organiser, this 290-page Catalogue, finely illustrated in colours, will be like YOUR VERY OWN STORE. A Store you can **run without capital, make money without risk.** You don't have to buy goods; nor pay a deposit; nor pay out for rent, fixtures, advertising. We supply all literature, stationery, and everything you need to run successful Littlewood Clubs.

This is a real spare-time OPPORTUNITY for the man or woman a little above the others in energy, initiative, and the ability to make friends. IF YOU WANT THAT OPPORTUNITY, join with us now—and I will make it worth your while. Use the Coupon below.

John Moores.
Managing Director.

**FREE**
**WONDER CATALOGUE, Value 2/-.**
Complete Club Outfit.
Practical Hints on how to form and run a Littlewood 20-Week Club.
Full particulars of Cash Remuneration.



**COUPON—*Yes, send me***

Free, your 2/- Catalogue, Complete Outfit, Hints and full particulars of Cash Remuneration.

NAME ........................................................................

ADDRESS ....................................................................

........................................................ COUNTY....................

WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS, in pencil. Post Coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to

**LITTLEWOOD'S MAIL ORDER STORES LTD.**

100-110, OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3. *DIRECTORS: JOHN MOORES, CECIL MOORES*

J.B./5. M.R

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## £5,000 Won in Crossword Competition No. 248.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following forty-five competitors, who share the £4,000 offered: Ahier, W., 25, Poonah Rd., St. Helier, Jersey; Barnes, J., 117, Ellesmere St., Moorside, Swinton, Nr. Manchester; Barnes, J., Prescotts Farm, Parbold, Lancs; Barr, W., 16, Rosewood St., Belfast; Beadsworth, Mrs. S., 122, Ashley Rd., Hale, Altrincham; Bell, Mrs. N., 331, Grane Rd., Haslingden, Lancs; Brooks, J., 6, Shaw St., Denton, Manchester; Cartwright, Mrs. W., 12, Queensland Grove, Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees; Cordingley, B., 4, Tenby St., Old Trafford, Lancs.; Cornwell, Mrs., 7, Cross St., Penygraig, Rhondda; Coulton, S. J., 20, Regent St., Bingley; Crompton, W., 31, Sandgate, Blackpool; Crook, W., 16, Wellesley St., Blackburn; Erskine, M/s A., 11, Charleston Rd., Rathmines, Dublin; Fearon, W., 63, Solway St., Lodge Lane, Liverpool; Foote, K. A., The Red House, Trumpington, Cambs; Forge, Miss A., 78, Grosvenor Rd., Twickenham; Franklin, Mrs. H., 3, Calf Croft, Hopton, Mirfield, Yorks; Harrison, J., 36, Richmond Rd., Fallowfield, Manchester; Harrison, J. B., 7, Cricket St., Manchester; Healey, J., 31, Binglow Park Rd., Swinton, Manchester; Horsfield, W., 74, Segars Lane, Ainsdale, Southport; Howells, Mrs., Oakdale, Albert Rd., Grappenhall, Warrington; Kerr, H., s.s. 'Inverglass,' Southend Pier, Southend-on-Sea; Knowles, Mrs. A. A., 59, Bankfield Lane, Southport; Marsland, C. H., 234, Manchester Rd., Werneth, Oldham; Markland, D., 480, St. Helens Rd., Bolton; Mawson, Mrs. L., 84, Millfield Lane, York; Meopham, F., 45, Higher Lord St., Stalybridge; Mills, Miss, 134, Cox St., Coventry; Nield, R., 63, Chatburn Sq., Castleton, Rochdale; Phillips, N. A., Rest Dene, Newton Rd., Stowmarket; Playfair, W., 28, Kensington Rd., Southport; Poole, W., 114, Hucknall Rd., Nottingham; Rose, Mrs. F. G., 45, Newman St., Kirkdale, Liverpool; Sharpe, Mrs. M., Mountain View, High Seaton, Workington; Sharpe, W., 41, Cowper St. Teams, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Smith, Mrs. I., 2, Mill St., Coppull, Nr. Chorley; Swift, G. H., 309, Bramall Lane, Sheffield; Taylor, M. N., Luxulyan, Old Sneed Ave., Stoke Bishop, Bristol; Taylor, J., 28, Union Rd., Tonge Moor, Bolton; Towers, J. T., 300, Manchester Rd., Rochdale; Watson, L. F., 145, Ladybridge Rd., Cheadle Hulme, Ches; Wilson, Mrs. H. M., Oval Cott., Oval Gardens, Gosport; Wood, Mrs. A., 12, Longford Ave., Bolton.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £88 17s. 9d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 20th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £1,000 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 253 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £3 16s. 9d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 247.—Two hundred and seventy-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 7s. 4d. have been despatched.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First-Prize of a Life Pension of £5 a Week and £500 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 44. Try your skill now.

No More Sleepless Nights

Mrs. Bob E. Raymond, of the "Humpty Dumpty" Company, and mother of "wee Michael," pictured above, writes from the Theatre Royal, Leeds, that she had been up five nights with the promising young actor, because he could not breathe properly, "but after being rubbed with 'Vick,' he had his first full night's rest, and now he is as well as ever."

Many mothers have learned this simple way to ease children's breathing at night and check their colds. Vick brand Vapour-Rub gives off medicated vapours that are inhaled all night long; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, helping the vapours to relieve the congestion. Of course, it is just as good for adults' colds. At all chemists, trial jar, 1/3; double quantity, 2/-.

VICK
VAPOUR-RUB

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H MAURICE LTD.
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

EVERY CLASS OF BET CATERED FOR

ONE SHILLING
UP TO ANY AMOUNT
may be invested in accordance with rules.

Back your fancy now for the
LINCOLN
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Long odds quoted for every horse.

STARTING PRICE
Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.
WINNINGS BY RETURN

No Limit—Win or Place

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Systems—all accepted. First Favourite also accepted for Doubles, Trebles and Accumulators.

Our 'Challenger' Football Lists give choice of Six Leagues—Nothing Barred, Nothing Starred.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

# When I made a FOOL of Myself

ONE day I found a French newspaper on the seat of an empty railway carriage, and, picking it up, entered another compartment occupied by a young lady.

As the train started I opened the paper and spent the next twenty minutes looking at its pages with well-simulated interest. When I put it aside to light my pipe my travelling companion spoke to me in French.

I had made a fool of myself, and she very soon found out that I could not understand a word of the language.—*"Swank," Kettering.*

## *Too Soon!*

I was only a boy of fourteen when I made a fool of myself. I was fond of music and as everyone said I had a nice voice, so I gravitated to the village choir.

One Sunday morning we were to render the Anthem "How Bright these Glorious Spirits," and I was all agog to do my bit. The organ pealed forth, the choir rose, and I, quite forgetful, suddenly bellowed out the word "How"!

The pastor looked shocked, the congregation tittered, while I, covered with confusion, sank on to my seat.

I had certainly made a fool of myself! —*J. G., Crouch End.*

## *Not Bombed*

Owing to a weak heart, during the war I remained a civilian. People were instructed to take cover at the first sign of bombing, and about three months after the Armistice I was walking along a quiet road when a lorry backfired near to me.

Without stopping to think what I was doing I dived underneath a stationary car near by, and lay there for several minutes; then I realised what I had done, and crawled out.

The astonished crowd must have thought me a lunatic, for I had made an absolute fool of myself.—*"Vick," Anglesey.*

## *Dismounted!*

A mounted policeman, it was my first day on duty in my native city. How proudly I rode through the streets on my spirited horse!

Passing a factory with a number of girls standing outside, I, intending to show off a bit, dug my spurs into my horse to make him prance.

He responded with a violent buck, and I sailed clean over his head, landing in the gutter, to the obvious amusement of the girls, whose shrieks of laughter still ring in my ears.—*J. M., Bradford.*

## *Shy Return*

I was on holiday and, having decided on a swim in the cool, inviting sea, I stepped out of my cabin and strolled, with a certain amount of dignity, down the beach.

I reached the water and customarily lingered before taking the plunge. It was then that I became aware of the grins and sniggers being cast in my direction.

Thinking it was for my timidity, I took the plunge and emerged right beside my best hat floating gently upon the surface. Needless to say, my return up the beach was rather shy and confused. — *"Homer," Eastney.*

## *Really "Special"*

It was one of those much-hated "Special Ticket Inspection" days on the Underground. Hurrying along I suddenly found myself face to face with an inspector at the head of an escalator waiting for my ticket.

Diving my hand into my pocket I thrust what I thought to be my ticket towards him. With a shout he drew my attention and that of the impatient crowd waiting behind me. In their full view he held up the cigarette card I had handed him, and on which was a portrait of Ronald Colman

Even my admiration of that famous star did not mitigate my chagrin at the laughter at my expense.—*"Fan," S.W.17.*

## *Arrested*

Ten years ago, a hot-blooded young man, I went to the scene of an accident, and there heard a constable say: "Ambulance won't be here yet; there's only the 'reserve' in."

I hotly demanded to know why a reserve ambulance should not be commissioned for the fellow on the floor, and so vehement was I, that I was promptly arrested.

"You are a fool," said the inspector at the station. "You shout about things of which you are ignorant. The fellow is not seriously injured; but at any moment there might be a serious call. That is what the 'reserve' is always kept for—life and death!"—*A. B R. Birmingham.*

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post *Tuesday, March 13.*

**The Custom I'd Abolish—and Why**

## *Disconnected*

At the end of a card game in a friend's office one evening, wishing to impress the chaps present, I picked up the telephone, saying to the host: "I'll just 'phone my man to meet me with the car, old chap, if you don't mind."

Then I gave a number, and after the necessary pause, told my chauffeur what train to meet.

When I suggested paying for the call, my host said with a grin: "That's all right, old man, the telephone was disconnected this morning."

The general laugh that followed added to my discomfiture.—*T. C., Brighton.*

## *Paralysed*

It was at a local kinema. A "crooning" competition open to all was being held, and I was persuaded, against my own judgment, to enter.

Having no intention of being called a coward I attended the kinema and, in due course, was given my cue. I walked on the stage to face a packed house; I was trembling in every limb and my vocal chords seemed paralysed. Twice the pianist struck my note and, each time, not a sound came from my throat.

As I fled off the stage amidst loud clapping and shrill whistles I realised what a fool I had made of myself.—*A. J., London.*

## *Wet Reception*

On three nights running I had been awakened about midnight by rowdy youths knocking at my door. The fourth night I decided on a plan of action.

About the usual time I was again aroused by a loud knocking. I crept stealthily to the window, flung it open, and emptied a bucket of water over my unwelcome visitors. There came a roar of rage from below; I laughed mockingly, and slammed the window.

But there came another thundering knock from below, and, wonderingly, I looked out. My visitor was a policeman who had come to tell me I had left my garage unlocked.—*F. T., Cardiff.*

## *Stitch in Time . . .*

There had been a lot of pilfering at my office, and when, one day, I missed a pound note, I went straight to the manager.

The result was a thorough search of all the other clerks' desks. It yielded no result, and with all eyes upon me I searched through my pockets for the twentieth time.

Then, with a face burning like fire, I drew forth the missing note. It had slipped down into the torn lining of my jacket.—*H. B., Surrey.*

## *Costly Conceit*

I am a typist with a firm owning many huge storage warehouses. One day the junior partne: dictated a letter to a firm that would place a valuable consignment with us.

When typing the letter I transposed two or three words that improved, I thought, the literary quality. My conceit cost the firm £2,000 and myself a good job.—*"Typist," New Malden.*

* * *

A self-conscious youth of twenty, I dressed up as Sarah Gamp and paraded the streets of the town. As it was Hospital Saturday I don't regret having made a fool of myself.—*"Student," Winsford.*

The day I bought my young son the pair of roller-skates he had long desired, and tried to teach him how to use them. —*"Arnica," Hull.*

The first morning I spent in a factory and I went to the foreman and asked him for a round square for a workmate. —*A. J., Birmingham.*

# FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

### By our Expert—for Matches played on March 10

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) DERBY v. Portsmouth.
(2) Middlesbro v. Hotspur.
(3) W. B. Albion v. Huddersfield.
(4) ARSENAL v. Aston Villa.
(5) BIRMINGHAM v. Stoke.
**(6) BLACKBURN v. Liverpool.
(7) EVERTON v. Leicester.
(8) LEEDS v. Sunderland.
**(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Sheffield U.
(10) NEWCASTLE v. Chelsea.
**(11) WEDNESDAY v. Wolverhampton.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) Swansea v. Grimsby.
*(2) BLACKPOOL v. Burnley.
(3) MILLWALL v. Forest.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Oldham.
(5) BURY v. Plymouth.
(6) FULHAM v. Bolton.
*(7) HULL v. Manchester U.
(8) Lincoln v. West Ham.
(9) Notts County v. BRADFORD.
(10) Port Vale v. Preston.
(11) Southampton v. BRENTFORD.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) Torquay v. CHARLTON.
(2) Aldershot v. Coventry.
(3) BRIGHTON v. Southend.
**(4) NORWICH v. Exeter.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Gillingham.
(6) ORIENT v. C. Palace.
(7) LUTON v. Reading.
(8) NORTHAMPTON v. Watford.
**(9) Q. P. RANGERS v. Boscombe.
(10) SWINDON v. Bristol R.
*(11) NEWPORT v. Cardiff.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

*(1) HALIFAX v. Gateshead.
(2) ROTHERHAM v. Rochdale.
*(3) DONCASTER Hartlepools.
(4) York City v. BARNSLEY.
(5) Barrow v. Wrexham.
(6) Carlisle v. Southport.
(7) CHESTER v. Mansfield.
(8) CREWE v. Accrington.
(9) N. Brighton v. CHESTERFIELD.
**(10) STOCKPORT v. Darlington.
(11) WALSALL v. Tranmere.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

(1) Hearts . Rangers.
*(2) HAMILTON v. Clyde.
(3) ST. MIRREN v. Hibernian.
(4) AIRDRIE v. Third Lanark.
(5) Celtic v. MOTHERWELL.
(6) Cowdenbeath v. Dundee.
(7) Kilmarnock v. St. Johnstone.
(8) Partick v. AYR.
(9) QUEEN'S PARK v. Falkirk.
(10) Queen of South v. ABERDEEN.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best wit' one

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

## SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—Div. I.—9 (*H*); Div. II.—11 (*A*); Southern Section—4 (*H*); Northern Section—10 (*H*); Scottish League—10 (*A*) would indicate Manchester City, Brentford, Norwich, Stockport and Aberdeen.

# ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

### Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

## CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

*A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.* **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

*This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.*

**PALM OIL**
**costs 4d. per lb.**

**ALMOND OIL**
**costs 5/6 per lb.**

**Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.**

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

**1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from*

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.
(Dept. S14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap.

It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

*SALOME.*

*SALOME was the beautiful daughter of Herodias. She married her father's brother, Philip, the Tetrarch, son of Herod the Great, by Cleopatra. She charmed Herod by her wonderful dancing and her glorious figure. He promised her anything she desired and she asked for the head of John the Baptist. She was known for her glorious complexion and her beautiful skin. The Oils we use in Zee-Kol Soap to-day were used in the East in those days. Cleopatra and Salome both covered their bodies with oil to keep their skins supple and youthful. The unguents in those days were the same oils as used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day.*

---

# SKIN DISEASES

## Cured in a Night

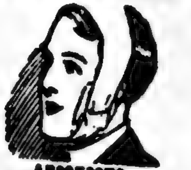
### WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

*Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol*
*Beware of Imitations*

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

**ECZEMA.**
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

**VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.**
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



**ABSCESSES.**
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

**ERYSIPELAS.**
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

**CORNS.**
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

**BURNS.**
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

**BOILS, ETC.**
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

**PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.**
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

**LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.**
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

# ZEE-KOL

## The Wonder Skin Remedy

### 4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

---

# *In bed—"absolutely worn out"*

# because his Blood was IRON-STARVED

Blood that is iron-starved is thin, poor and unable to keep your body well-nourished and vigorous. *Medical statistics show that nearly all of us have iron-starved blood.* Only very few people have blood up to the standard required for vigorous health.

A feeling of weakness, poor appetite, susceptibility to colds and chilblains, breathlessness, faintness, mental depression, lack of self-confidence, are *symptoms* of iron-starved blood. *Don't waste time and money treating*

## Two boxes of Iron Jelloids made him fit and well again

*the symptoms. Get to the root of the trouble.*

Strengthen your blood with the IRON it is starving for, by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' three times a day. For over forty years, doctors and nurses have recommended IRON 'JELLOIDS.' They are *"the world's best and most honest blood enricher and tonic."*

Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The 3/- size lasts 36 days, the 1/3 size, 10 days. Get a box from your chemist to-day.

### His letter says:

*"I lost fifteen pounds in weight in three weeks and eventually found myself in bed, absolutely worn-out and tired. I tried all kinds of physic until at last a friend recommended your Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2a. I have had two 3/- boxes and am to-day feeling fit and well, READY FOR MY WORK AND ALWAYS READY FOR MY MEALS."*
*(Signed) Mr. P—*

# Iron Jelloids

## Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

*Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)*

**FOR MEN: No. 2a**
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

**FOR WOMEN: No. 2**
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

**FOR CHILDREN: No. 1**
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

*The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture*

---

# WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

### WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

### and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

---

Our Mellowdrama
Goch

*Our Mellowdrama's splendid police*
*When husky throats disturb the peace,*
*Direct you where your "ticklings" cease.*

## "Go—suck a ZUBE"

# ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In Flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

# WIN A CROSSWORD LIFE PENSION

AND A BIG 'JOHN BULL' CHEQUE THIS EVENING!

# £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE · · · · AND £600 CASH

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1000

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

Nº 251

SATURDAY is pay-day for the fourteen solvers of "John Bull's" Crosswords who are already enjoying Life Pensions.

This week's huge offer gives you an opportunity to become Pensioner No. 15, secure in the knowledge that a "John Bull" cheque for £2 will arrive for you each Saturday as long as you live. And remember—these 52 payments each year of your life come on top of a £600 fortune you will receive at once!

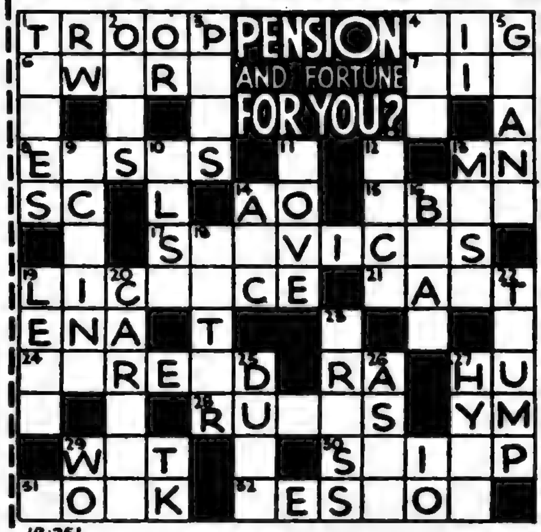
Start on the problem this evening; provided that your entry is in by noon on Thursday, March 15, a telegram seven days later may bring you the news that filling up a few squares has given you £600 and an income for life.

**WINNERS' WIRES**

Commencing with this Contest, Winner *or* sharers of First Prize will receive telegram seven days after closing date.

**JOHN BULL** will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 22, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 29.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 251—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 15, 1934



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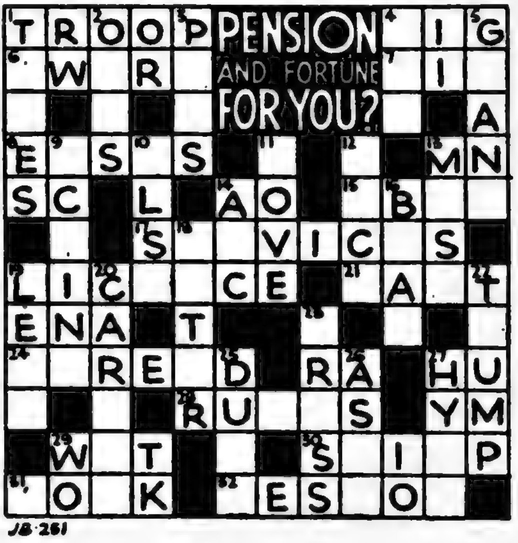


JB·251

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........ No. ...........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE**
for 2 Squares
**6D.**

*SIGNED* ..............................

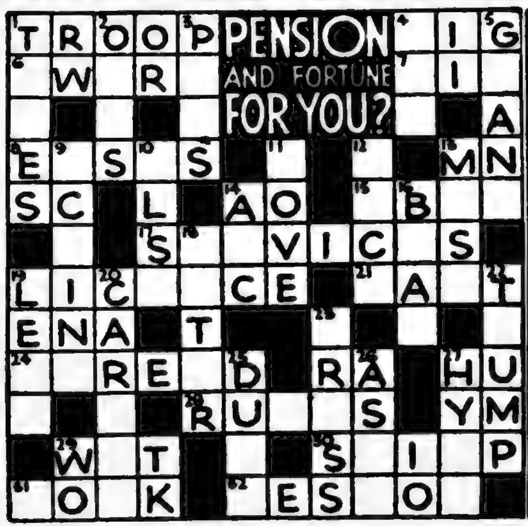
*ADDRESS* ..............................

..............................

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 251—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 15, 1934



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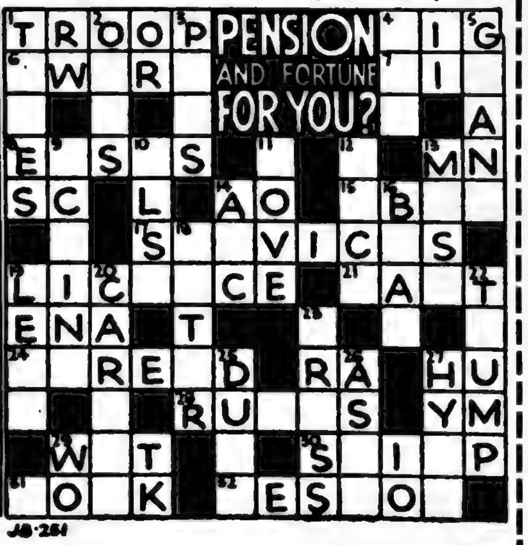


JB·251

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value ........ No. ..........

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE**
for 4 Squares
**1/-**

*SIGNED*..............................

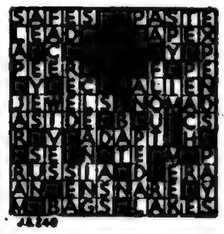
*ADDRESS* ..............................

..............................

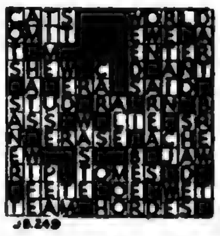
*If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.*

**FREE HELP** with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

## Solutions of John Bull X-Words Nos. 248 and 249



JB 248



JB 249

Winners in Crossword No. 248 appear on page 41. Winners in Crossword No. 249 will be published next week.

The solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 248 and 249 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

## STUDY THESE CLUES

### ACROSS

1. Body of cavalry
4. Provides us with pork
6. Conscious of
7. We breathe this
8. Relieves
15. Between the sheets
17. They swell the country's expenditure
19. You need one to drive a car
21. Where the sun rises
24. Assented to
28. Often go against the players
29. Opposite to dry
30. Do a thing in slip-shod style
31. Is sometimes put in pickle
32. Often makes Sonny sore

### DOWN

1. Are a tax on the farmer
2. Should be taught to pull their weight
3. Lambs are sometimes turned into these
4. It's often hard to part with
5. Splendid
9. May bring tears to the eyes
10. Otherwise
11. Is often suspect at Geneva
12. A runner's is often set
13. A muddle
14. Part of a circle
16. May provide fur, when captured
18. Go in
19. Sometimes found in ship's bottom
20. Is helped by smooth road
22. Helps one to make points
23. Good one helps actress
25. Describes some people's personality
26. Enquires
27. Is sung in church

## READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / Co. /: write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 15, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 29, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 10, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

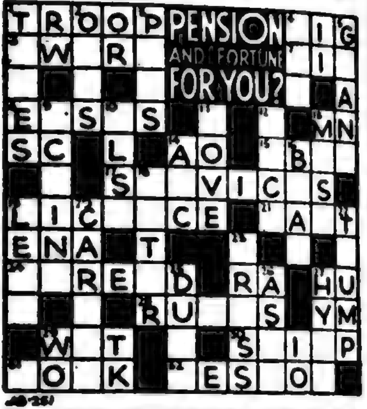
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED**

## KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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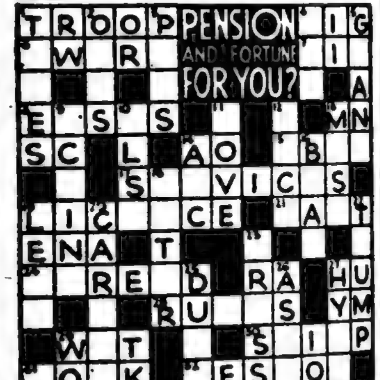

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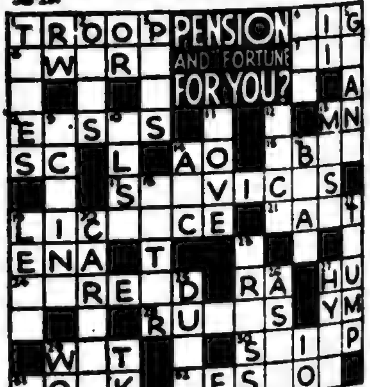

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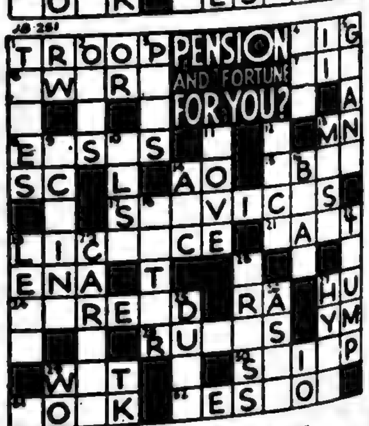

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**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

**ENTRY FEE**
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

**Address Entry**
"JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORDS No. 251, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

# The EDITOR Laughs LAST

Peter (Finsbury).—"My dog barks all night. What should I give it?" Away.

R. G. (Hendon).—"What wakes a man to the stern realities of life?" The alarm clock.

Insomnia (Hull).—"What is the best position for sleeping?" Government official.

H. M. (London, S.).—"He was arrested for stealing volumes from a library." Brought to book.

S. D. (Leith).—"I expect to double my sales of ice-cream this summer." A cool 100 per cent.?

R. F. (Newcastle).—"What really is an optimist?" The fellow who put "80" on the speedometer of our car.

Sam (Woking).—"I'm a steeplejack by trade, but do not get steady employment." Up one week and down the next.

B. Y. (Sheffield).—"What do you call a man who is always exposing other people's faults?" A tennis umpire.

George (Norwood).—"I told my wife the other day that she was so lovely she could wear any old thing." Ours is after a new spring outfit at the moment, too.

J. H. C. (Newport).—"Do you know how much pickpockets cost this country?" No but they certainly run away with the money.

W. R. (Falkirk).—"I see that an American has walked half a mile pushing a piano." We frequently feel like this after dancing with some partners.

Psychologist (Hammersmith).—"The average man doesn't mind if his wife makes mistakes." So long as he doesn't have to eat them!

Sensible (Cardiff).—"There is only one way to get what we want—labour!" There are other ways, of course, but they often end in hard labour.

E. T. (Burnley).—"Our present-day artists are utterly devoid of imagination." Then you haven't seen this season's seed catalogues?

J. E. D. (London, E.C.).—"Do you find the noiseless typewriter an asset?" No, we never know when the typist is working now.

Mrs. D. (Leeds).—"A friend has invited me to dinner and requested me to take my own cutlery." Probably a ruse to prevent you taking hers!

F. C. (King's Cross).—"At times, grown men love to play boyish pranks." Such as ringing a dentist's door-bell and running away.

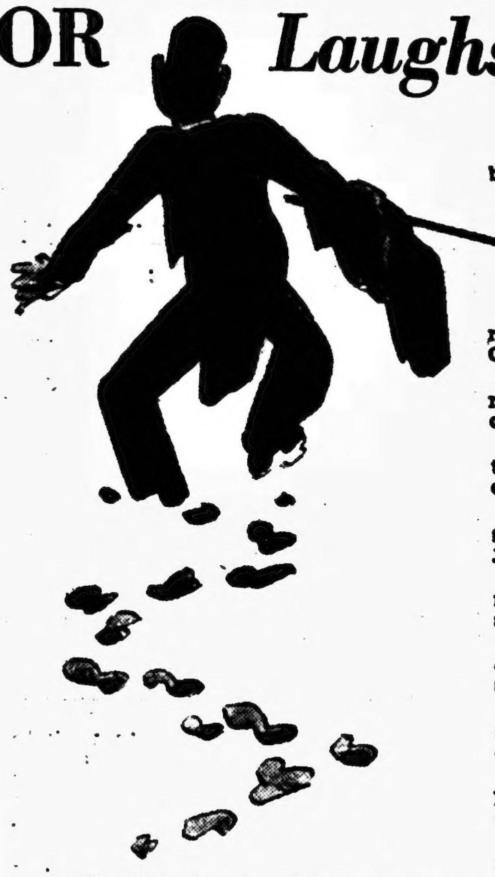
M.P. (Westminster).—"I think I hold the record for questions asked in the House." Our nephew holds a similar record.

Gladys (Plaistow).—"It is so inspiring when a young man tells you he would go through floods for you!" But just the opposite when he postpones his visit because it is raining.

J. G. (Manchester).—"By 1950 Londoners will be able to travel to Manchester in half an hour." One consolation, however, is that we shall be able to travel back again just as quickly.

R. B. (Bude).—"50,000 eggs are stolen by rats in this country every year." It speaks volumes for the rodents' accountancy system that they are able to keep to this nice round figure.

R. N. (Hitchin).—"An exceptionally large number of steamrollers are now at work in the country." Yes, this levelling of our roads looks as if hikers are to be pampered more than ever this year.



*J. G. (Halesowen).—"It is so easy for good men to stray into the crooked path." By following the direction of the corkscrew.*

G. D. (Bayswater).—"American reporters visited the Mint." But they were not allowed to take notes.

K. D. (Keswick).—"It is very rude to point." Unless you happen to be a housebuilder.

Dentist (Ely).—"Bad teeth may cause insanity." This shouldn't apply to wisdom teeth.

Roy (Glasgow).—"I have written a mystery novel around a sponge." How absorbing!

F. P. (Oundle).—"People in love often develop a sixth sense." Just like other blind people!

N. N. (Mablethorpe).—"You can't put my pal's back up without inviting trouble." Is he a goalie?

Mary (Selly Oak).—"My auntie is very much like me; she makes witty remarks half the time." Sort of half-witted.

Cyclist (Rotherham).—"I wouldn't be bothered by a car." That depends entirely upon its age.

H. H. H. (Bedford Park, W.).—"Now I am older I have quietened down." You probably have more to keep quiet about.

Housewife (Ealing). — "My grocer always gives me short weight for my money." Perhaps you give him a long wait for his.

R. H. (Oxford).—"I have worked for my present employer for twenty-four years." At that rate you'll soon be celebrating your silver wedding.

G. K. (Esher).—"A motorist can't see much of the country." Knot-holes in roadside hoardings would enable him to catch a glimpse of the scenery behind.

F. M. (Frome).—"A parrot that had been lost for a week was found on a golf course." Now it is always covered up when the vicar comes to tea.

A. N. (Dunoon).—"Bandits in America jacked up a store, placed it on wheels and towed it away." They do their shoplifting very thoroughly over there.

Lecturer (Manchester). — "Youth should always play the game in workshop and office." A great many do when the boss is away.

G. M. (Kingston).—"What makes wives bad-tempered?" Husbands.

H. B. (Edgware).—"A card game should never be noisy." Whist!

R. G. (Dalkeith).—"A man has been caught making coins for 1935." He was forging ahead.

D. C. M. (Mayfair).—"My drawing-room carpet measures 25 ft. by 18 ft. 6 in. Can you beat it?" We'd rather not!

J. H. (Seacombe).—"I have made a round letter-box for my door." To take circular letters?

H. C. (Warley).—"What term is applied to a man who writes other people's names on cheques?" About seven years.

P. G. (St. Andrew's).—"My daughter is getting a man's wages now." Had you a jolly time at her marriage?

D. N. V. (Colindale).—"Alcohol in moderation is a recognised specific for sea-sickness." Especially port.

Curious (Wembley).—"Can you easily explain what a vacuum is?" Certainly—there's nothing in it.

T. H. (Leeds).—"The most willing of all beasts of burden is the horse." Evidently your wife goes shopping alone.

P. J. (Bury).—"I wonder if you would lend me £100." There's no need for you to wonder. We wouldn't.

Author (Bloomsbury).—"It is hard to get a brilliant idea until after midnight and all is quiet." And then, of course, it strikes one!

E. L. (Chesham).—"I am a third son, born on the fifth day of the seventh month." We thought there was something odd about you.

A. O. (New York).—"On my visit to London I was at once impressed by the spaciousness of its parks." Evidently you had no vehicle to put in a car park.

G. M. (Kensington).—"Who won't agree with me when I say that the prices of theatre tickets are much too high?" Theatrical managers.

H. L. (Totnes).—"I am the author of a 500,000-word story, but it is not typewritten. If I send it to you, what shall I get?" A rejection slip.

F. R. (Tring).—"After the cuckoo is heard for the first time, what generally follows?" Hundreds of letters to the editor.

Car Owner (Plymouth).—"Motorists are a very upright crowd of people." They don't have to bend to get under the car so frequently nowadays.

Old-timer (Banbury). — "I dislike modern dancing. It is nothing but young people hugging each other to music." So you'd cut out the music?

Rebel (Belgravia).—"I shall go off the deep end if I'm asked for any more income-tax." All the same, you'll dive down for it like anyone else.

A. J. B. (London, N.W.).—"A friend of mine who knocked down a girl with his car has since married her." We always have held that travelling by bus is much safer.

Auctioneer (Liverpool).—"Many amusing things come under the hammer at spring-cleaning time." The most amusing of all, of course, are the thumbs of amateur picture-hangers.

J. M. (Kettering).—"How can one tell when Easter is coming each year?" By winning that £1,000 for a "Bullet" on page 47. We shall be adding a £20 Easter reminder every year as long as you live.

F. T. (St. Albans).—"An Ohio man has been divorced by his wife for carving his initials on her dressing-table." He should have occupied his time with a book or a jigsaw puzzle until she was ready.

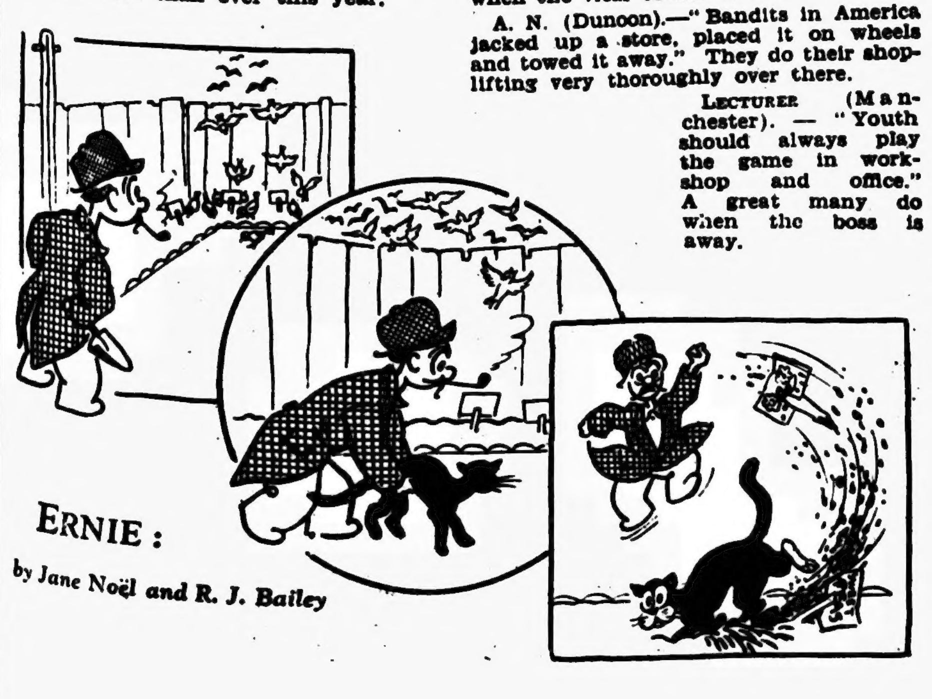
Business Man (Wembley).—"What would the Tube be without the thousands of men and women who travel regularly to and from business?" Comfortable!

E. W. (Plymouth).—"An M.P. in the present Government, I read, was at one time an inspector of roads." Nowadays, of course, he is kept busy exploring every avenue.

E. G. (Dunstable).—"When a burglar broke into the flat of a newly-married couple recently the husband smashed on his head a china ornament given them as a wedding present." The couple are understood to be eagerly awaiting further burglars.

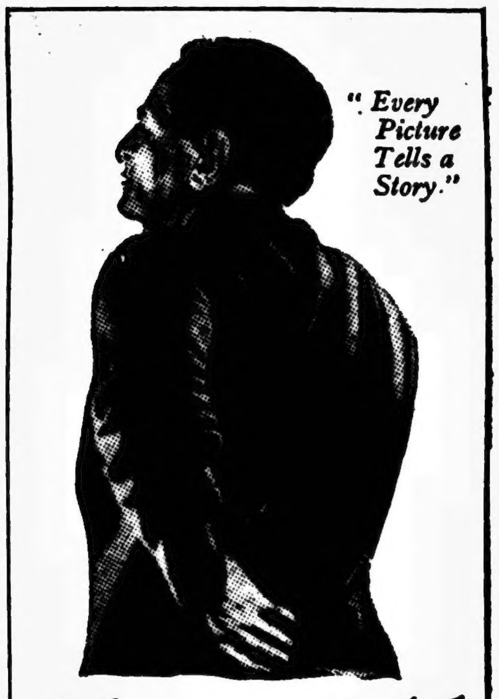
*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey


"Every Picture Tells a Story."

After a Cold
guard against Kidney Trouble

Backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night, and rheumatic complaints frequently follow a cold or influenza attack. At such times an excessive strain is thrown upon the kidneys, but prompt treatment with Doans Backache Kidney Pills will avert worse troubles. This special kidney tonic brings relief in long standing cases, but it is wiser to prevent rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and renal dropsy by taking Doans Pills, now.

"No permanent relief seemed possible"

On 12th November, 1913, Mr. W. J. Luxford, 6, Cradley Road, London, S.E.9, said :—"A severe chill settled on my kidneys and I began to suffer from terrible pains across the small of my back. My eyes were puffy and I felt miserable. The kidney excretions were unnatural and caused a burning pain.

"No permanent relief seemed possible until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They made me feel fine, and I recommend them."

On 5th September, 1933, Mr. Luxford said : "Doans Pills keep me right. They are wonderful for kidney trouble.
(Signed) W. J. Luxford."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon Doans Brand Backache Kidney Pills

LIFE IN DANGER FROM NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Only those who know how bad a nervous breakdown can be will realise that one's life can actually be endangered through it or appreciate the wonderful recovery of Mr. Arthur Carlton, of Beaumont Road, Bournville. Just read his own unsolicited letter.

"Last year I had a very bad nervous breakdown, my life being in danger. My wife got me Wincarnis which I continued to take during my slow recovery and afterwards.

"I had a very heavy winter's work, leaving home about six at night, and I never get home again till midnight. Most nights when I have to go to Leicester, Coventry, Rugby or Northampton, I arrive at New St. Station after my last car has gone, so I walk (over five miles). I have never missed a show, lost my voice or felt the slightest effect from fatigue. This I think is a test of endurance and, without a tonic and a food like Wincarnis, I feel I could not 'carry on.'"

If there are times when you, too, feel "you cannot carry on," just try this wonderful Wincarnis yourself. It is the most delicious tonic wine you can take and, remember, it has received over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

WHY RICH MAN CHOSE THIS GIRL To Be His Wife

Typist tells story of her Amazing Romance

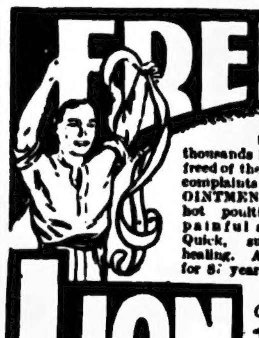
Mrs. B. . . . . of Hammersmith has recently married the son of an enormously rich manufacturer. When interviewed she said: "You ask why did my husband choose me? Well, I used to be a typist in his father's office. I could not afford expensive frocks like all the other girls he used to go about with, but I always took the greatest care of my skin. My husband has since told me it was my wonderful complexion that first made him notice me. I always use Tokalon Skinfoods—the white one during the day and the rose colour at night. It is simply astonishing what a tremendous improvement it makes to one's looks in only a few days. I shall never use any other creams."

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (Non-Greasy) contains pure olive oil and dairy cream. These penetrate deep into the pores and remove impurities which soap and water can never reach. Blackheads, enlarged pores and skin blemishes rapidly disappear. The skin becomes fresh, smooth and clear.

To get rid of wrinkles use Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood—the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna.

The manufacturers guarantee that any woman who uses Tokalon Skinfoods as directed will get a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or her money will be refunded in full. Tubes 6d. Jars 1/- and 1/3.

FREED! from



Scores of thousands have been freed of these painful complaints by LION OINTMENT. No hot poultices; no painful squeezing. Quick, sure, safe healing. A standby for 8? years.

BOILS
CARBUNCLES
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CUTS, BURNS
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Chemists 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Per Box

LION OINTMENT

Only 1/- weekly

You can obtain this superb 44 piece China Tea Set *and everything else you need for the home at factory prices* on the easiest payment terms ever offered. Write now for details and save pounds. **SEND NO MONEY** till you have seen the wonderful array of astounding bargains offered in our 460 page sumptuously illustrated Catalogue. Write for FREE Copy *TO-DAY*. **The Great Universal Stores Ltd. (Dept. 130D), Ardwick, Manchester, 12.**

44 PIECES 20/- THE SET

As EASY as washing your face

...to wipe away UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6d.

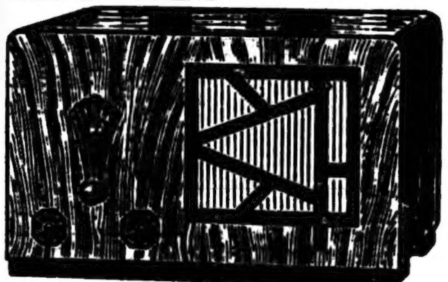
*"John Bull" Guarantee*

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,*
Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3 Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

*Mrs. I. A., Aylesbury, 25.2.34, writes:—'We must write and express our thanks to you, on the Wireless we purchased from you exactly 8 years ago. Perhaps it seems impossible, but we haven't had a new wire or valve or anything whatsoever on the set, and what's more it is going as good to-day as the first day we used it. It has been used an average of 5 hours a day, and we feel certain our set will continue to function because it is Graves make, and only Graves can produce such bargains.*

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9 : 0 : 0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

# CLERK'S VICTORY

*Chat with "John Bull's" Special Representative*

HOW does it feel to go to work in the morning a poor man and be worth £3,000 the same afternoon?

To seek the answer to that question from the First Prize-winner in our 925th *Bullets* Contest, I went to a warehouse down by the Thames, where he works in the office of Smith's Wharfs.

There I found Mr. J. H. Turner, whose wife had hurried out from his house at 23, Broadway Mansions, Winchmore Hill, to telephone the good news to her husband.

"I'm not exactly excited about it myself," this winner said, "but you should have heard the wife when she read me JOHN BULL's telegram on the telephone!"

It has been a stiff fight for Mr. and Mrs. Turner these last few years. The salary of a warehouse clerk is a modest one, and to build up a home and two children as well has left little for anything but necessities.

But now their troubles have passed away, for he has just won £3,000 and a fully-paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy for his homely and ingenious *Bullet*: HIS MATE—EASES "COLLAR"—TIGHTENS "TIE."

"All the same, I'll keep on at this job," Mr. Turner assured me. "But it is grand to feel that I can be my own master now and we can have a house of our own at last. With a family to provide for, you can imagine what that £1,000 Life Assurance means to me."

I asked Mr. Turner how he came to make up that telling *Bullet* of his. "I followed my usual method," was his reply. "It consists of noting down a promising phrase in my book and waiting for a suitable *Example* with which to use it.

"I've never before won more than 5s.," he continued. "But what kept me going was the constant advice to 'stick it' given by Mr. Clarke, a First Prize-winner who used to work here."

It was the success of this colleague, who won £500 in our 555th Contest, I learned, that started Mr. Turner on the road to a *Bullets* First Prize.

Week after week he has plodded on, with rarely any success bigger than "Target" Prizes. From these he took encouragement and it was upon a "Target" Prize free-entry coupon that his First Prize effort was submitted. And he won a "Target" in the same Contest as his giant 2-in-1 prize!

'BULLETS' 933
HUGE DOUBLE RECORD OFFER COMING

• • •

To the book of *Bullets* history Mr. Turner has thus contributed a further story of determination rewarded at last and of a huge success coming swiftly on the heels of a small prize.

Remember what Mr. Turner has done as you study this week's interesting *Examples*. A four-figure fortune and a yearly income for life are now awaiting somebody's *Bullet*—an dthere is no reason why one of those coupons on the opposite page should not add your name to JOHN BULL's list of Life Pensioners.

## OVER £1,300 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

### FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000, COMPETITION NO. 926

Mr. W. D. EVANS, 13, Church Street, Treherbert, Glam.
Example:—GLEAM OF SUNSHINE
Bullet:—PASSED—THE "OPENING'S" FILLED.

### SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. JOHN FELL, 2a, Lord Street, Blackpool.
Example: Relief For The Taxpayer
Bullet: "Ambushed" In "Armament Wood."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. E. H. LANGRIDGE, 10, Victoria Road, Eastbourne.
Example: Famous Man
Bullet: Wins Public—Loses Privacy.

### 10 PRIZES OF £5:

W. BOYD, c/o 60, Port Glasgow Road, Greenock
Happy Family—No Ills—Owes Nil.
W. G. G. CLARK, 27, Lyndhurst Drive, Leyton, London, E.
Hard—My "Nosebag" Feeding Warhorse.
S. DREW, 65, Heigham Road, East Ham, E.
Order Of The Boot—So Boots "Doing Overtime."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
Miss R. GRAINGER, 39, Bull Royd Avenue, Bradford.
Happy Family—Around Me—My "Escape."
W. A. KNOWLES 4, Lea Yeat, Lake Road, Kendal.
Meeting Her—Keeps Me Dodging Tailor!
Mrs. I. R. MACKIE, 28, Annick Road, Irvine, Ayrshire.
In Life's Snowstorm—Past's "Ashes" *Cause* "Skids."
A. W. READ, 4, Green Close, Charlton, Blandford, Dorset.
In Life's Snowstorm—My Mongrel's "St. Bernard."
H. A. ROSS 2 Norfolk Avenue, Sanderstead, Surrey.
Gleam Of Sunshine—Politicians Mustn't "Bask" In!
Mrs. N. SCOTT, 1, Mark Street, Oldham.
Entertainment Tax—Chancellor's "Haul"—Theatres' "Drag."
P. S. TURNER, 12, The Square, Caterham Valley, Surrey.
In Life's Snowstorm—"Way Blocked"—Denied "Shovel."

### 12 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

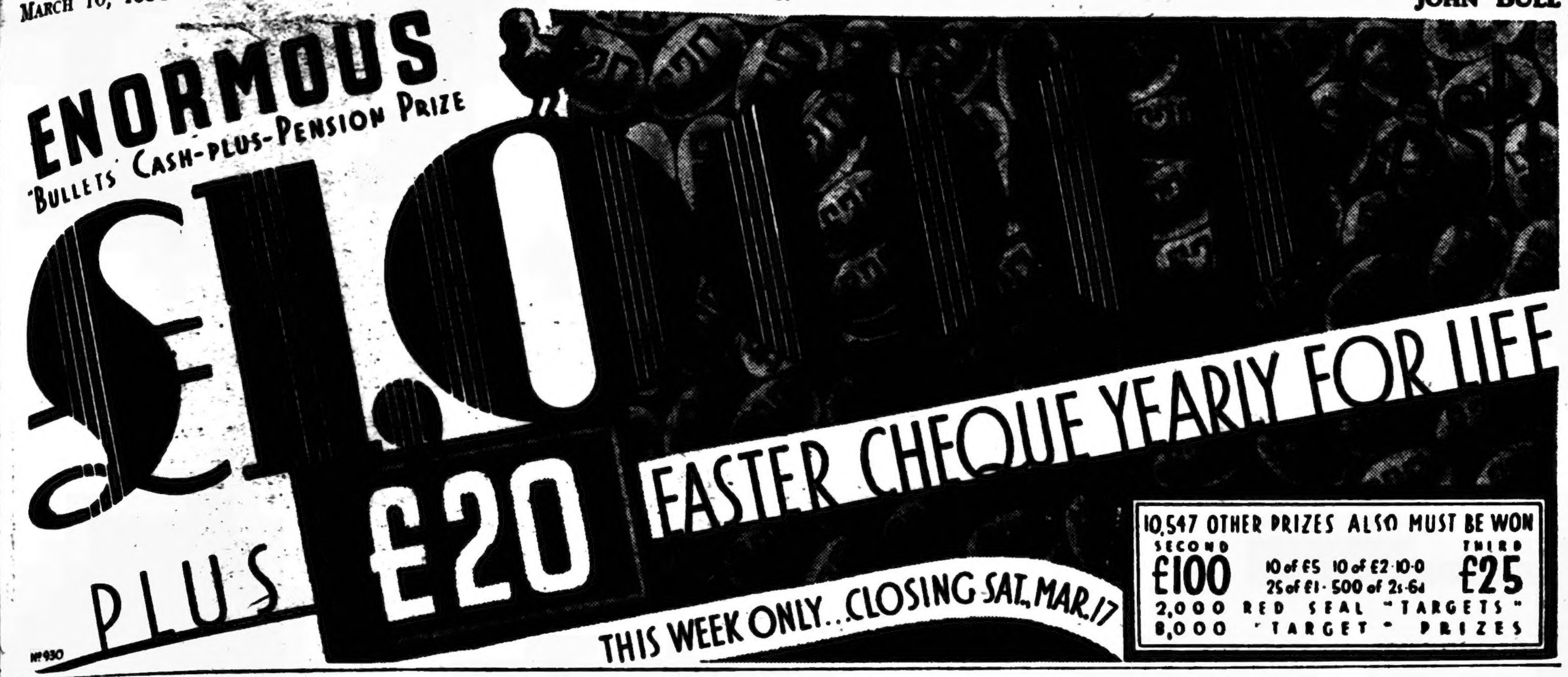
W. G. ADAMS, 7, Briscoe Road, Coventry.
In Life's Snowstorm—School Tie's Poor "Muffler."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
P. A. COOK, 193, Kinson Road, East Howe, Bournemouth.
Gleam Of Sunshine—Auntie's Umbrella Gave Passengers.
G. A. HEMUS, 854, Bristol Road South, Northfield, Birmingham.
What We're Grumbling About—"Knocks" *Since* Politicians Canvassed.
H. JAMIESON, 21, Upper Kessock Street, Inverness.
Tattered And Torn—Bullet-proof Shirt—In Laundry!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
J. JENKINS, Sailors' Home, Swansea.
Drink—"Master" That "Slaves" *Buy*.
Mrs. H. KAY, 116, Werneth Hall Road, Oldham.
On The Mat—Cutlery Drops—China, Tiles!
J. KENDALL, The Stores, Somerton Road, Newport, Mon.
Usually Wins—Missus—Picking From *Catalogue*.
O. S. MOUNTAIN, 192, Brixton Road, S.W.
Treat For All—Pushing The *Cunarder* Out.
Mrs. MULLINS, Grangewood, Grange Road, St. Leonards, Ringwood.
Relief For The Taxpayer—Strengthening His "Little Army."
Mrs. D. THOMIS, 36, Roxby Street, Bradford.
What We're Grumbling About—"Dirty Way" Food's 'Handled."
G. A. WHEELER, The Stiles, Godmanchester.
When The Time Comes—The Clock Watcher Goes.
J. YOUNG, 32, Rothesay Terrace, Bedlington.
Relief For The Taxpayer—Can Bomb Enemy Taxpayers!

Each of the above winners will also receive a "Bullets" Bagatelle Table, as will 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners. Complete list can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

**"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.**

BRITISH MUSEUM 19 34 APR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'BULLETS' CASH-PLUS-PENSION PRIZE
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£20
EASTER CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
THIS WEEK ONLY...CLOSING SAT., MAR. 17
Nº930
10,547 OTHER PRIZES ALSO MUST BE WON
SECOND £100
10 of £5 10 of £2·10·0
25 of £1 · 500 of 2s·6d
THIRD £25
2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS"
8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

# Win This Fortune And Life Income!

TO-DAY, for the third time this year, JOHN BULL launches a one-week contest with a First Prize of £1,000. Notice, however, that this week's £1,000 cheque is to be followed by *a yearly payment of £20 each Easter for life!*

There are 10,547 other prizes which also must be won—and one of the coupons on this page may well bring you a place in the long list of winners.

Owing to the Easter Holiday, that thrilling telegram for the First Prize-winner in this contest will be despatched one day earlier than usual—to be precise, at about noon on Easter Thursday, March 29. But if that message is to be addressed to you, your entry for this great one-week contest must be in by Saturday, March 17.

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

AS you read slowly through the *Examples*, almost every one will bring some words of comment to your mind.

One *Example*, perhaps, may suggest some joking comment—another, a serious message—a third, some neat allusion to a topic of the moment.

Each *Bullet* you enter, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which fit closely to the selected *Example* and form, in conjunction with it, some apt and original comment. As an instance, suppose you had jotted down against the *Example* STRONG TEAM the rough idea *Government Has, Through Fusion*.

After a few minutes' consideration you could easily arrive at this finished *Bullet*, STRONG TEAM—PARTY "TRANSFERS" GAVE GOVERNMENT.

Before beginning on your efforts, however, start your mind running along *Bullets* lines by studying closely the list of winning efforts in Competition No. 926 printed on the opposite page.

You are now ready to start on your efforts. Put your best into the *Bullets* you write on the coupons provided and before Easter you may learn that you have been awarded this enormous 2-in-1 prize.

## USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

FOR BRITAIN'S GOOD
WILL OF THE PEOPLE
THE DOCTOR
MAKES ME ANXIOUS
STRONG TEAM
GETS ON
IDLE FANCY
LEADING US A DANCE
COMMON JUSTICE
ON EARTH
WITHOUT A HOME
HUNGRY MAN
SERIOUS BUSINESS
WORSE STILL
TO HELP ME
WASTING HER TIME
SONG SHE SANG
GOOD-BYE, WINTER
THE BLOW FELL AND
TO SAVE HIS SKIN
MORE MONEY
MUST BE PAID
MERCIFULLY
NOT SO BAD
MADE A FOOL OF HIM
SCHOOLBOY HOWLER
LET'S TRY
TO OPEN THE DOOR
FOR HOURS AND HOURS
MISSING
IF SHE COULD
UNLUCKY DAY
WE'RE SPRING-CLEANING, SO
UPSIDE-DOWN
BEFORE THEY'D GONE FAR
ON THE WRONG SIDE

## 96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

## POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ..............................

ADDRESS ..............................

..............................

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
*(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)*

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

**NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.**—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 930 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £2,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 925 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Wade, The Quadrant, Winchmore Hill.

**ENTRY-FEE.**—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

## Make Your Entry on These Big Coupons

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(930) Closing SAT., Mar. 17
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(930) Closing SAT., Mar. 17
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(930) Closing SAT., Mar. 17
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

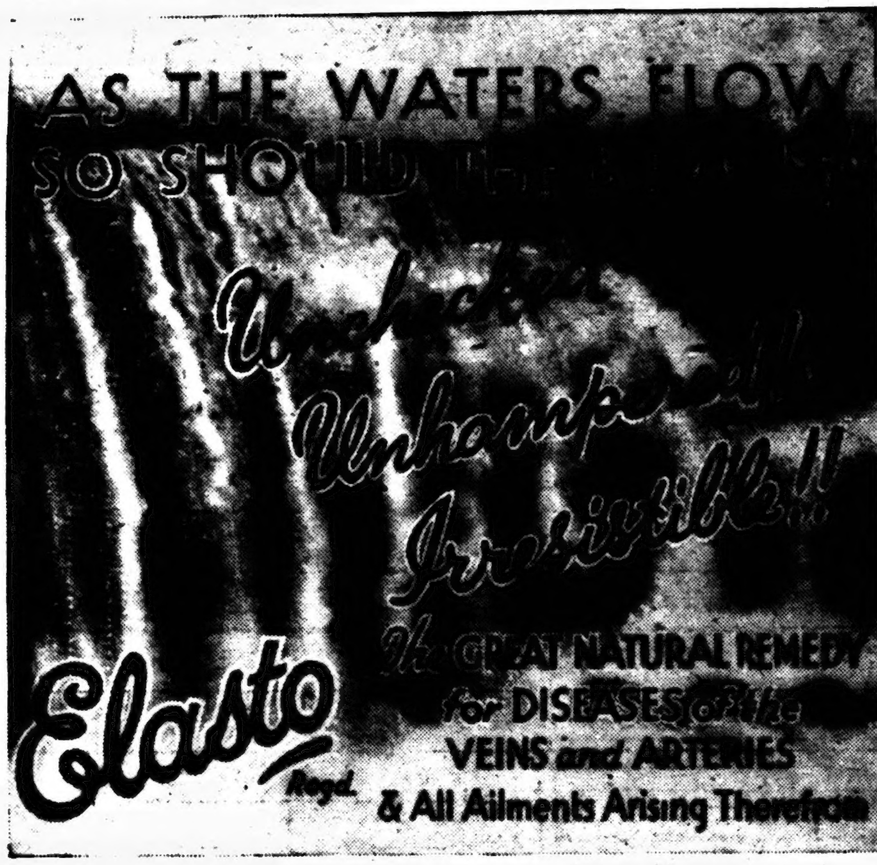
(930) Closing SAT., Mar. 17
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 930, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

**ANOTHER RECORD £2,000 CASH MUST BE WON COMING NEXT WEEK ONLY**

# A GOOD CIRCULATION MEANS SOUND HEALTH



**ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.**

**Such troubles as bad circulation, varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, heart troubles, hardened arteries and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment; to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the great blood revitaliser, does this, surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.**

## *You Naturally Ask—What Is Elasto?*

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect. *Elasto saves you time, worry, suffering and expense.*

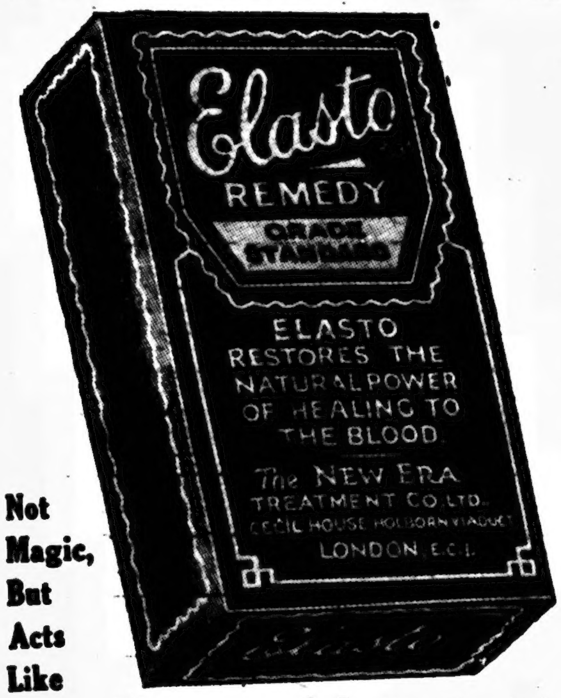
## *Stagnation Means Decay.*

Some of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct results of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health MUST result. That means take Elasto, for this is precisely what Elasto is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science.

## *What Users of Elasto Say—*

*"No sign of varicose veins now."*
*"Elasto put new life into me."*
*"Wonderfully active at 80."*
*"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."*
*"Now walk long distances with ease."*
*"Elasto has cured my bad legs."*
*"Worked wonders; legs quite clear."*
*"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
*"Now free from piles."*
*"I feel 10 years younger."*
*"It put me on my feet."*
*"Heart quite sound again now."*
*"All signs of phlebitis gone."*
*"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
*"I am now free from pain."*
*"My skin is as soft as velvet."*
*"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
*"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."*
*"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."*
*"Elasto has saved me pounds."*
*"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."*
*"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."*
*"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
*"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
*"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
*"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."*
*"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."* Etc.

*Elasto corrects all Circulatory Diseases, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.*


Elasto
REMEDY
GRADE STANDARD
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD.
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1

**Not Magic, But Acts Like It!**

***Beware of Imitations!***

*Here is Your Great Opportunity!*

# FREE—

## A Generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

### JOHN BULL COUPON

*for Trial Sample of Elasto*
*The Great Blood Revitaliser.*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

*NAME* ..............................................

*ADDRESS* ..............................................

..............................................

..............................................

My Ailment is ..............................................

*John Bull,* 10.3.34

*Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!*

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